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Articles by Paul Woodring and Bernard Baum

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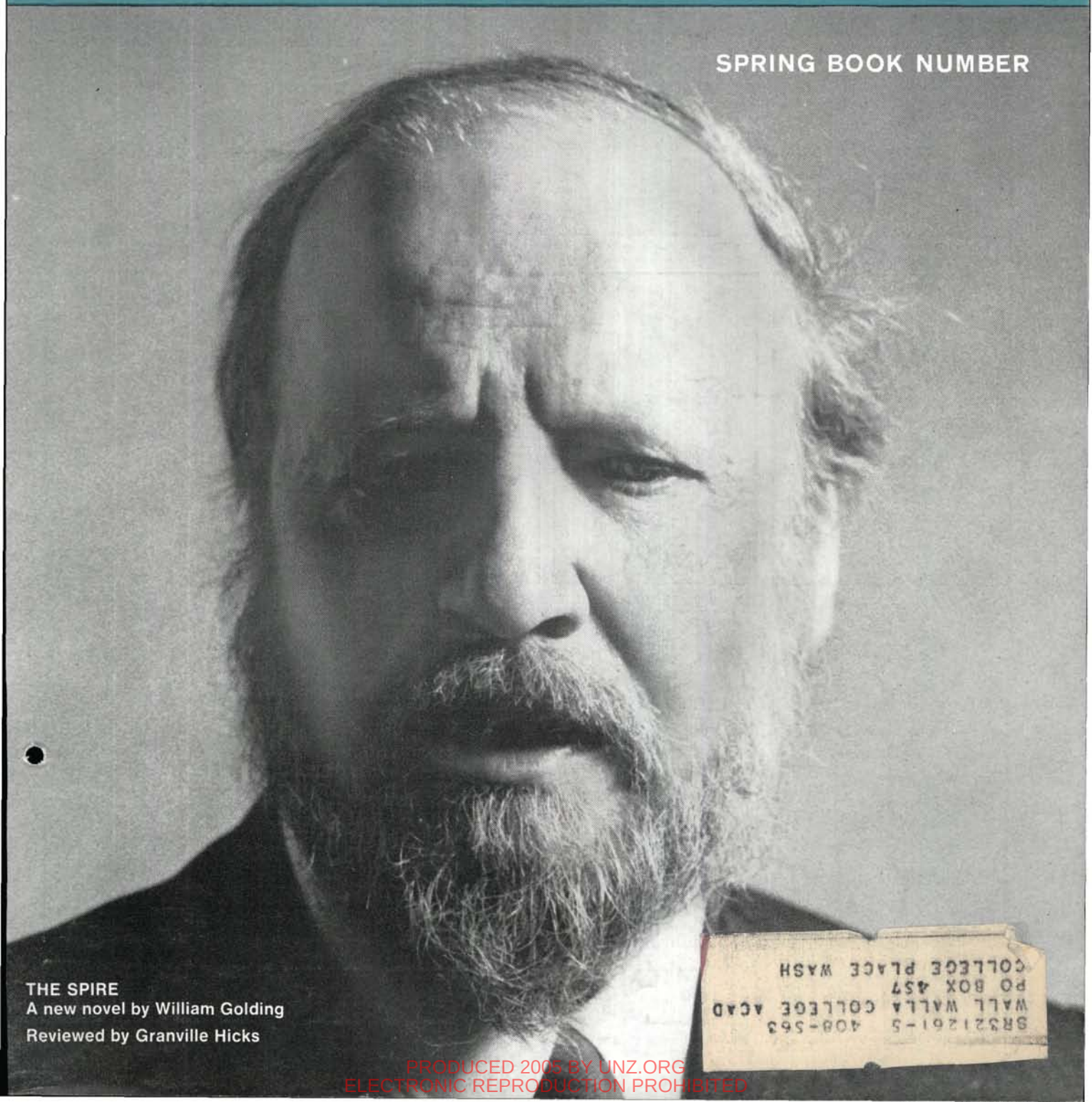

THE SPIRE
A new novel by William Golding
Reviewed by Granville Hicks

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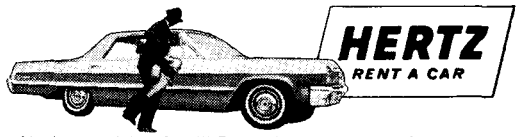

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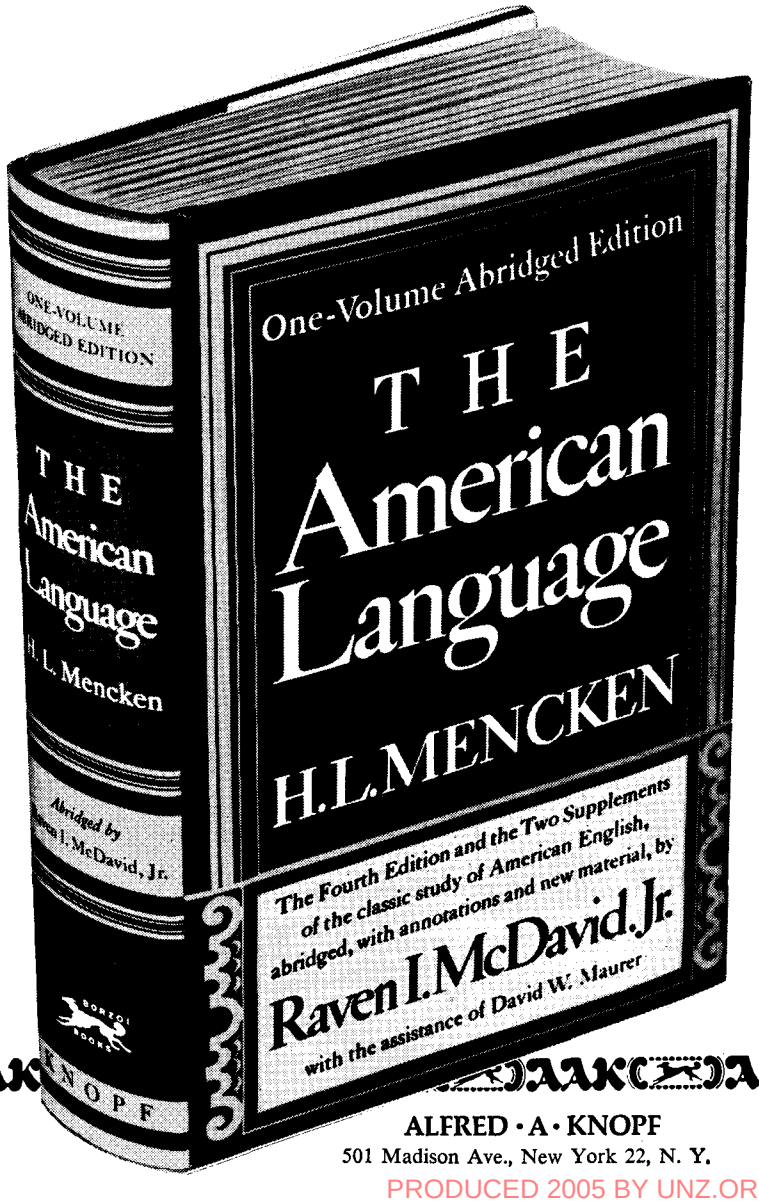
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Saturday Review

April 18, 1964

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These buy and sell orders converge at a post on the floor where that particular stock is traded. In the two-way auction market, brokers try to get the best price possible for their customers. The highest bid and the lowest offer have precedence, and thus the transaction is made. It can all happen in just minutes.

In other cases, of course, this smooth functioning of supply and demand can hit a roadblock—an unusually wide spread, for example, between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay.

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Still other sources contribute to liquidity.

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Another is the institutional investor—organizations like banks, colleges or pension funds that often trade in big blocks of stock.

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Edited by Martin Levin

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To REXHAME, ROCK RIMMON,
REHOBOTH and RIVULET
And ROOTY PLAIN . . . green.
To SEEKONK, SECONNET
From SODOM and SODAM,
SQUANTUM and SOAPSTONE,
And SPOTLESS TOWN . . . clean.

TACONIC to TAUNTON
From TATHAM and TATNUCK,
TIGONET, TEATICKET,
TACK FACTORY, Mass.
With farewells to WIPPLES,
To WOBURN and WYBAN
For WING'S NECK is waiting
And WORLD'S END . . . alas.

—MURRAY J. SARLIN.

Our Man in Absentia

(David Brinkley's Journal, a few million years ago.)

GOOD evening. Usually, we piece together a number of interesting —if disconnected—oddities, some important, some not, but all of which share the same basic ingredients: they are interesting; they are disconnected; they are oddities; and some are important and some are not. But tonight we have a complete story. About a man who is building a boat. Although he doesn't call it a boat. He calls it an "ark." No one knows what "ark" means, or why he is calling it that, but he's building one, and that's what he's calling it.

The man's name is Noah, and he lives with his wife, his three sons, and their wives in a small town whose previous importance can best be gauged by the fact that nobody bothered to name it. All that is in the past, however, because right now it has a name: Chutzpehleville—which in the native language means "The Place Where That Crazy Man Is Building the Big Boat."

We can't say whether or not Noah is crazy, but we can tell you the boat—or ark—is indeed big. It is 450 feet long —the length of one and a half football fields, an illustration which doesn't go very far there because nobody has ever heard of football. It is seventy-five feet wide, stands forty-five feet high, and, if nothing else, is a virtual monument to "do-it-yourself"-ism. He and his sons built every bit of it by hand, and, what is more amazing, as one onlooker said yesterday, "It is the first ark they ever built." He might have added, it is the first ark *anybody* has ever built.

If Noah is not crazy, he surely is eccentric. He believes the world is going to be destroyed by a flood caused by forty days and forty nights of constant rain. This is his reason for building the ark in the first place and why he is not disturbed when local critics sarcastically point out that he has built it in a completely landlocked area, miles away from any body of water large enough to float it. Noah says he will not have to take the boat to the water since the water is coming to the boat. This is as simple an explanation for an apparently monstrous mistake as anyone has ever heard, so, naturally, it is not accepted, and people laugh at him.

But the people can *afford* to laugh at him, and all because his prediction of a flood has already come true. A flood of people—tourists—all wanting to see the ark that has descended on tiny Chutzpehleville, bringing to the town an economic bonanza the like of which Chamber of Commerce presidents dream about, but rarely experience.

For far more than the predicted forty days and forty nights, tourists have come pouring down on the village from hundreds of miles away, cascading in and out of the newly erected novelty shops, showering their money over the local merchants for the privilege of buying oceans of souvenirs, postcards, knickknacks, gewgaws, and bric-a-brac all bearing the likeness of Noah, or the ark, or his wife, or their three sons, or their wives, and sometimes—as on one large ashtray—all nine of them.

The biggest-selling items are replicas of the ark made in all sizes and of every possible material, including soap. The soap does not float, but many people don't think the ark can either, so arks made of soap are very popular.

Recently Noah announced he was going to take animals along in the ark with him. Whether by coincidence or design, the announcement

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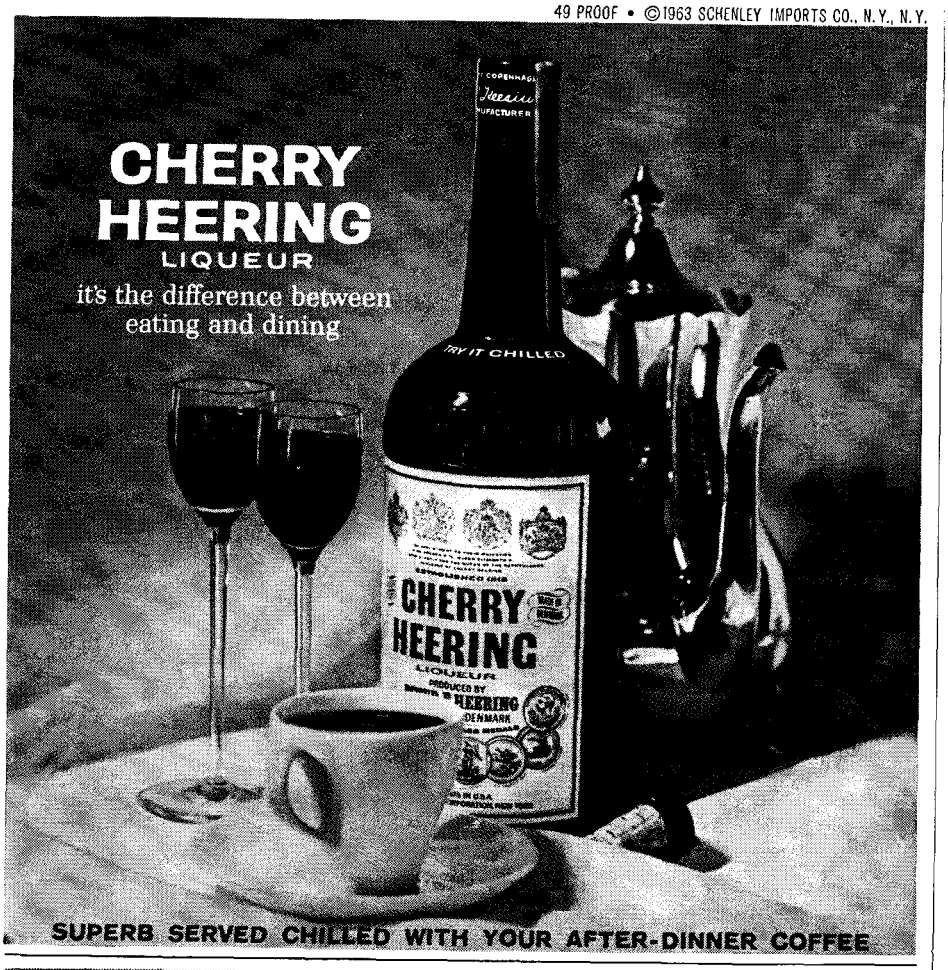

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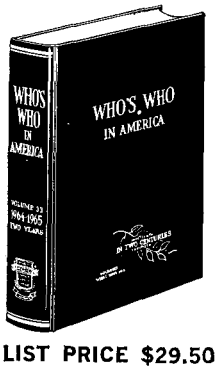

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came just in time for the winter tourist season, with the result that every shop is now overflowing with genuine Noah Teddy Bears, Noah Quack-Quack Ducks—in fact, Noah souvenirs of every beast that walks, every bird that flies, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Looking at Noah, looking at the merchants and tourists, one gets the feeling he hopes the rains come soon, and that if they don't, some Saturday night when the town is off dancing at its weekly "End of the World Jamboree," he, with his wife, their three sons, and their wives, will jack the ark up on wheels, hitch up the animals, hop in, and drive away.

If Noah does go someday, he will surely be remembered—at least till the last bar of ark-shaped soap slowly dissolves and washes down the drain.

Of course if he does not leave, if he stays, and the flood does come, and his ark does float, he'll have the last laugh on everybody.

Goodnight. —DENNIS MARKS.

Morning at My White Collie's Grave

How vividly you live in these pale hours,
So much more clear before me than these friends
On whom the legend of my soul depends!
You have no motion now, no joyous powers;
Your autumn grave is frosted with spring flowers.
And yet I see you running to my call,
As though your eager and so simple will
To be loved, fed, and fondled, and lie still
Beside my chair, or if I threw a ball
To catch it in your bright teeth ere it fall—
Had proved more worthy of immortal life
Than all the spiney and brain-tangled strife
With which men try to lift themselves from earth.
Dance now once more, and twist yourself in mirth,
Oh let your tongue hang laughingly again!
Make me forget the soulfulness of men. —MAX EASTMAN.

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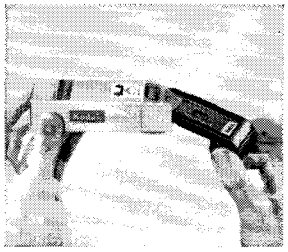

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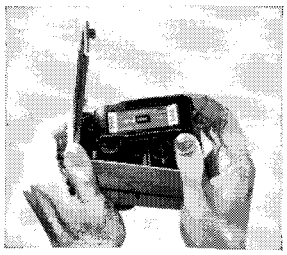

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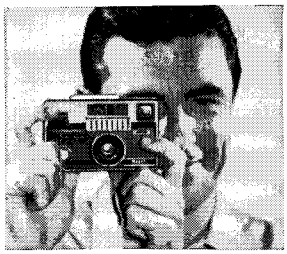

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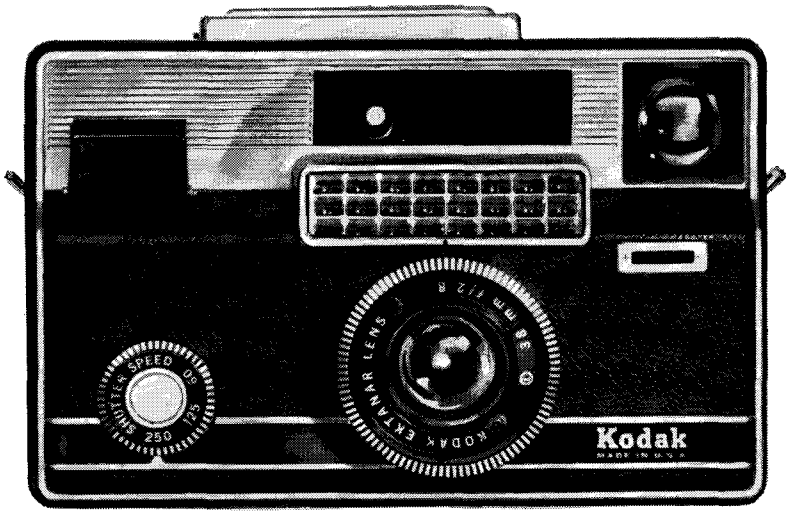

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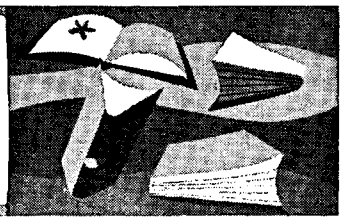
Trade Winds



Just before the Ides of March, as you may remember, we asked a group of publishers if they would care to stick out their literary necks and make some forecasts of future best-sellers on their lists. Doug Andrews, at Doubleday, predicted flatly that *Diplomat Among Warriors* would be on the best-seller list by Sunday, March 22. It was. Stu Harris, at Harper & Row, was waiting to predict that *Convention* would occupy a similarly exalted position on March 29. It did. Mary Greene at William Morrow offered an unqualified statement that *When the Cheering Stopped* would be posted on the chart by April 15. It jumped ahead of her prediction to land there by March 29.

But at this point the success story changes from prophet to loss. Putnam's made its claim for *A Fine Madness,* which was to appear by the end of February. But in spite of big promotion and good reviews, it simply lacked the steam to make it. Wrote Lewis Nichols in the *New York Times*: "The odds seemed loaded that it would take off to become an immediate best-seller. Not at all, for of all the bookstores reporting . . . none say the demand is great." Meanwhile, our secret, nonaffiliated nonprofessional prophet retains a perfect score, having predicted the book would miss the list. His latest prediction for the best-seller list: *The Keepers of the House,* by Shirley Ann Grau.

For the most part, best-sellers remain elusively unpredictable. If anyone had forecast, prior to the current era, that a $21,000,000 fortune would hang on such lyric poetry as the following, there would have been severe psychiatric repercussions:

Oh, yeah, you got that sumpin'
I think you'll understand
When I feel that sumpin'
I wanna hold your hand
I wanna hold your ha-a-a-a-a-a-a-n-n-n-d
I wanna hold your hand.

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that the poetic abilities of the Beatles are limited to such lightly spontaneous canzonets as this. Other efforts by the four gentlemen often strike rich veins of metaphysical passion:

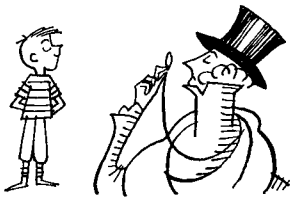
She loves you
Yeah, yeah, yeah
She loves you
Yeah, yeah, yeah . . .

It's a comfort of sorts to realize that poetry is at long last coming into its own commercially. These phrases and others like them are going for about $100,000 the word, at current market rates.

On the seventh day of May, Al Morgan's seventh novel, *To Sit on a Horse,* will move into active circulation. Morrow has great hopes for it, but to get a straight story out of author Morgan is as confusing as listening to the Beatles and Beethoven simultaneously.

"It's a brilliant, warm, affectionate Valentine," Mr. Morgan told us when we inquired about the book recently. "It hits you right where you live—at 54 Wilgarth Road. And it may be my usual bad job, but it has the virtue of being short. Actually," he added, "I'm a gentle, heart-warming cynic myself, but I don't think most people take the time to understand me."

It is sometimes difficult to keep Mr. Morgan on the track during an interview. It is even more difficult to keep him serious in talking about his books. "I'm not really Peter Sellers," he continued. "I'm just a guy with three kids, and what do I do? I hang a lousy sailfish on my library wall. How did I feel when I finished the book? I'll tell you, when that last cold steel key hit the paper, I said goodbye to the people who had become more real to me than the people you meet on the subway. They no longer belong to you, you've cut the umbilical cord, and they're standing there like the lonely and the fleeing and the dreaming and the sharing and the dying. How's that? Isn't that what an author is supposed to say?"



Morgan, who manages to write a continuous flow of novels and plays, is also responsible for producing ten hours of television each week on NBC-TV's *Today* show. He wrote his first short story when he was twelve, in response to which the *New Yorker* asked him to

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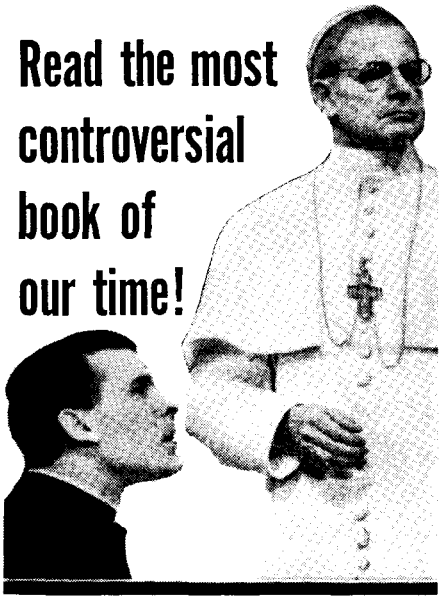

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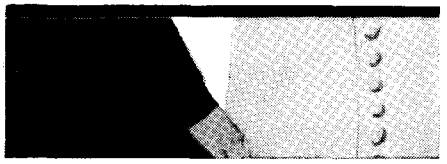

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come in to discuss future stories. When he appeared in knickers, they refused to believe he was the author, and his career was temporarily cut short.

Probing further into Mr. Morgan's history, we were surprised to hear him reveal, for the first time, the nonexistence of a personality who has become rather well known in certain quarters.

It all started when Morgan was a combat correspondent for the Armed Forces Radio Network in France. When news got slow, Morgan found himself, out of sheer boredom, inventing news stories. One of his fictional heroes for these purposes he named Jocelyn Croud. The nonexistent Jocelyn soon became the focus of many staff stories, some of which even found their way into print in this country.

After the war Morgan carried Jocelyn into fame in several stories he invented for CBS radio, after which the fictional hero went quietly into retirement. Jocelyn came to life, however, for one brief moment in the last year. When the *Today* show needed an uncopyrighted poem as a testimonial to New York City, Morgan sat down and rapped out a verse attributed to Jocelyn Croud:

We are all hostages of the city.
In the morning light . . . the eerie,
half-concealed mist
Around the towers . . . the city is
a beautiful woman wearing
A lace veil . . . the beauty half-
hidden, hinted at . . . softer,
More available. An attainable mis-
tress for all of us.
We enjoy our bondage . . .

"Pretty soupy, isn't it?" said Morgan. "But Jack Lescoulie read it with such an agonizing lump in his throat we got dozens of requests for copies. Poor Jocelyn. I hate to say goodbye to him. I think we ought to write a novel for him. How about *The Dreaming and the Sharing*? Make a pretty good title, wouldn't it?"

It may be good. But don't look for it on the best-seller lists in the immediate future. Mr. Morgan is too busy with his own next novel. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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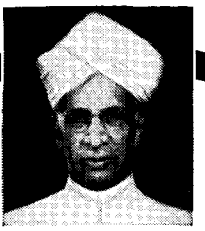

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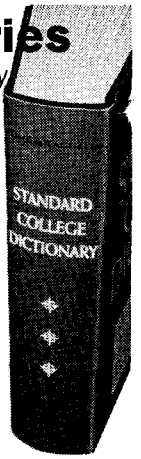

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THE TROUBLE WITH DRINKING CHAMPAGNE ORDINARILY IS, YOU HAVE TO ORGANIZE IT LIKE BRIDGE OR TOUCH

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Do you see what the trouble is? You have predicated your suggestion on opening a bottle (fifth) of champagne.

To protect yourself from being victimized by spoil-sports, keep a couple of half-bottles, or better still, splits (quarter bottles), in the icebox. So that when everyone else wants to drink bullshots or other graceless concoctions you won't be deprived of *your* champagne.

You can buy half-bottles and splits of Paul Masson California Champagne at your wine store*, and probably should. It is all right to be an organization man at the office, but your spare time is your own.

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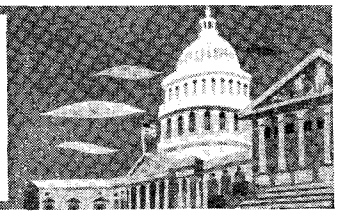
State of Affairs



Choosing a Running Mate

THE shattering experience of President Kennedy's sudden and violent death may well have a lasting effect on future selections of the Vice President. So often in the past this choice has been influenced chiefly by his supplementary vote-getting abilities in the jigsaw of the American voting pattern and whether he could "deliver" his own state. In future the decision ought to be guided by who would make the best successor President, and I don't doubt that President Johnson is well aware of this. With the shock the nation experienced last November still in its bones, and a President once struck by a heart attack now in the White House, the voters will also be particularly anxious to see that the next Vice President is chosen for his executive abilities.

No doubt President Johnson still has an open mind about whom to tap. There is in fact a good deal of evidence that he is not only shrewdly sampling the qualities of a number of men, but that he is consciously building up several and quietly testing them. Since leadership qualities—not political opportunism—are shaping the President's thinking, it is not surprising that he has thought a good deal about his Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara.

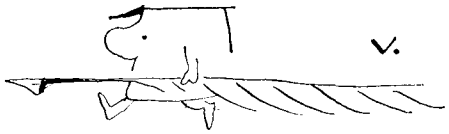
In the President's mind, McNamara has emerged as the strongest and most impressive member of the Cabinet. The combination of decisiveness and prudence, drive and courage, supported by a razor-sharp mind, and the capacity to move mountains or resist steamrollers have aroused the respect even of McNamara's critics. The way he approaches problems has been compared to the workings of a computer. Yet behind this matter-of-fact exterior, there is also a very humane individual. McNamara would inspire special confidence in the business community, but his Republican past and the Vietnam millstone around his neck, growing heavier every day, may in the end work against him.

If the President turns to his old stamping ground, the Congress, for a running mate, Senator Humphrey would seem to be the most likely choice, though he has become almost indispensable as a leader in the Senate. It is the President's complete mastery of the inner workings of American politics that has enabled him to take command of his job so swiftly and with such ease, and his instinctive reaction therefore may well be to turn to a professional of his own hue—as Senator Humphrey is. The Senator serves not only as a liaison between the Executive and the Legislative, but at times he has even functioned as a link between government departments and the President himself.

Senator Humphrey firmly believes that the American government cannot be run like a large machine with each man operating his particular lever, simply concentrating on his own conveyor belt and his own products. He sees it as an intimate organization that needs, because of the built-in rivalry, much subtlety by its handlers to be effective. Surprisingly, the late President's experience on Capitol Hill did not enable him to create this kind of intimacy; it has been President Johnson's greatest strength. In a curious way, under his leadership the workings of the American government have come closer to the parliamentary system than perhaps under any of his predecessors. He has created a deeper understanding and a closer rapport between the Executive and the Legislative. While obviously the constitutional chasm remains, each branch now has more sympathy for the other's tasks and aims.

If the President feels that these faculties are of paramount importance in a running mate, then he may well turn to Senator Humphrey.

Leading the polls for Vice President by a wide margin is Attorney General Robert Kennedy. This is something of a mixed blessing for him. It certainly shows that the Attorney General is a popular man with political strength of his own in the country. But there is no evidence that he really wants to run for Vice President. In private conversation he merely leaves the impression that he does not yet really know what he wants to do with his future. He has made up his mind to leave his present job after the next elections, and he does not see anything else that he would want or that he could get in a Johnson Administration. His lack of personal contact with President Johnson is also an indication that the two have little in common. Their relationship was never easy. The attempts to promote his name for the Vice Presidency are therefore somewhat embarrassing for both the Attorney General and the President.



To the President it must seem that somebody is trying to force his hand, and Mr. Kennedy has difficulty in proving the contrary. The enthusiasm of his friends also has the disadvantage that even if President Johnson wanted him for the Vice Presidential spot, it would look as if the President had given in to outside pressures that would in turn be interpreted as an admission of weakness.

Thus Mr. Kennedy is today the most tragic figure in Washington. He has lost the brother to whom he had dedicated his life, and he has no job in any real sense because the Department of Justice, without the additional responsibilities he had in helping the President, does not satisfy him; it never was to him a full-time job. If he takes advantage of his popularity as reflected in the Gallup polls he will only harm himself, and if he repudiates his political ambitions he may also harm his future. He has no easy choice.

President Johnson has made no bones about his fondness for another member of the Kennedy family—the ever-cheerful, friendly, and dynamic Sargent Shriver. He was selected to head the President's anti-poverty campaign, no doubt because a more suitable man for the job could hardly have been found; in addition, the President most likely wished to enhance Shriver's stature in the country should he want a member of the Kennedy family for the Vice Presidency. During the budget-cutting process last December, for instance, it was the President who insisted that the Peace Corps, which Shriver still directs, get what it actually asked for. Mr. Johnson at the time told the budget slicers that he wanted "Sarg" to get what he needed.

It is difficult to estimate how much of a hold the Kennedys have over the Democratic Party machine today and how much of a bargaining asset it is. Certainly some of the key men feel a personal loyalty to them, especially in New York State. But in the final analysis it is to the White House, where the power lies, that Democratic Party leaders will turn.

With men like Adlai Stevenson and Senator Eugene McCarthy in reserve, President Johnson has a wide choice. Judging by some of the maneuvering behind the scenes, the job of Vice President looks far more desirable than ever before in American history. But as a professional, President Johnson will probably wait until the convention before he finally makes up his mind about the man he wants to team up with.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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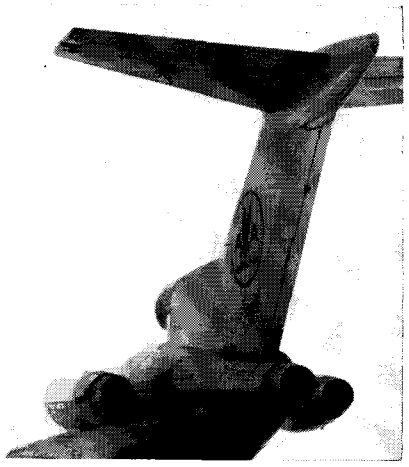
The American Airlines fan-jet story



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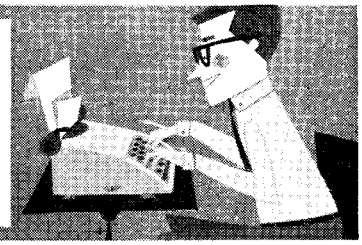

A Rose by Any Other Name . . .

ALMOST every day there have been hot news flashes from the TV networks about changing the titles of some of the new shows they're preparing for us come next September. Unlike Shakespeare's rose, a television program by any other name could still smell. Nonetheless, coming up with a catchy title is considered most important to entice and lure an audience into watching the show. Besides, it gives people who had nothing at all to do with conceiving the show a feeling of creativity.

Thus a new series that had been written under the title of *The Lawmaker* has been renamed *Slattery's People*. A lot of good thinking probably went into that change. *The Lawmaker* might have been confused with another series titled *Lawman*, or another titled *The Lawless* or even with Lawrence Welk. Another new program is now titled *Yours Truly Danny Taylor*, which was formerly *The Reporter*, which might have been confused with *CBS Reports* or *President's Report to the Nation*. And you know what kind of ratings shows like those get.

A new comedy series coming up stars William Bendix and Martha Raye and concerns a butler and a maid who inherit a palatial home and maintain it on a rental basis "where anything funny can happen and usually does." This series has been titled *Bill and Martha*. You can look for a reversal of that title if I know Martha, and I do. Another comedy program, which had been called *The John McIver Show*, has been retitled *Many Happy Returns* because it concerns the head of a complaint section in a department store "where anything funny can happen and usually does." Are you enticed and lured?

A catchy title may not seem much to you. As for me, this past season I was enticed and lured into watching the first showing of a series called *Harry's Girls*. But when the announcer shouted over the opening title, "*Harry's Girls* IS brought to you . . ." my set was off in a trice. I have the same querulous feeling about the title *Dr. Kildare*, a most unfortunate name for a man you look to to get you up and out of the hospital and among the living. Just as, in these days of highly specialized medics, you would want someone a little better than Thackeray's just *Dr. Goodenough*. No, they don't turn out mass media doctors like they used to. Jean Hersholt—there was a doctor! His title was his shingle—Dr. Christian. Hippocrates and God as interns. And all you ever had to do for him was to open your mouth and say "Ahhh," not why you hated your mother.

I first came up against this preoccupation with title changes some years ago at CBS. This was back in the days when radio had class, courage, and compassion for its listeners, reflecting the spirit and guiding genius of CBS, William S. Paley. I came to the programing department with an idea for a radio series to be titled *CBS Was There*, in which an anachronistic microphone was placed at historical events and history was broadcast by the news staff as it would have been done had radio been around. After some weeks spent writing, casting, and directing in collaboration with this magazine's Robert Lewis Shayon, one of the few able triple-threat men in the business, the first script was finally recorded as a sample show and was presented to the men in charge of programing.

There was a long, silent delay for the green light we had expected for the first broadcast. We finally learned that some executives in charge of changing titles were undecided whether to call it *CBS Was There* or *CBS Is There*. After another long delay "Was" finally won. After two years on radio the show went to television. The title: *You Are There*.

I'll hate myself in the morning for saying this, but I like to think the content of a program can make a title palatable, rather than vice versa. For instance I would like the *Dick Van Dyke Show* even if it were titled *Beverly Hillbillies*. But not vice versa.

The other late night I was watching an old movie. The opening title read "Starring Va Gardn." I was enjoying the beautiful Va Gardn immensely, and it was only much later in the movie that I learned my small screen had not been able to accommodate the movie's entire opening title. Some of the title had crept into the woodwork and it should have read Ava Gardner.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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By Edmund S. Muskie

GOVERNMENT'S HIDDEN DIMENSION

A United States Senator sees in federalism a neglected source of national strength and stability

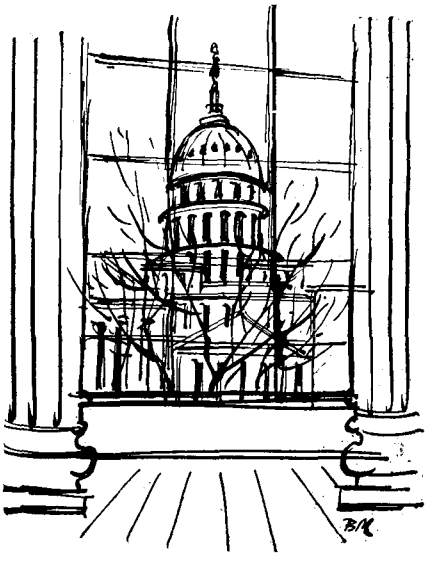
IT IS one revealing commentary on the image of the United States that our friends abroad are so quick to congratulate us on the stability of our institutions in time of crisis and so ready to condemn us for our deliberate speed in dealing with critical issues both foreign and domestic. Few really understand that the basis of our stability is the cause of our deliberation.

An assassin can rob the nation of a beloved leader. But the constitutional structure of government remains inviolate, held together by procedural threads stoutly woven into the fabric of our system and tested by time and experience. The madman's bullet may damage the national psyche. Even so—to quote Lyndon B. Johnson's quiet estimate of his own first hundred days—"the peoples' part was well done."

Let foreign princes marvel at how swiftly a new President may apply his own spurs to an ornery national legislature. Americans have accepted our scheme of succession without qualm or question since John Tyler first subjected "the wisdom and sufficiency of our institutions to a new test" by deliberately establishing that the Vice President becomes President in fact and not merely an acting caretaker on the death of an incumbent. So once more "the great federal establishment has moved on with the business of state," as the Washington *Post* said recently, "steadying in the wake of calamity to all the demands that crisis has made upon it."

But stability and effective constitutional government are not all that is expected of the United States. Throughout the world as well as at home querulous voices are raised whenever our government fails to act decisively on a point of international conflict, or when domestic pressures "are permitted" to condition foreign policy, or when the nation "fails" to scrub away the tarnish of civil wrongs from its own image.

Our critics overlook the fact that America's governmental institutions are stable because they are pluralistic, because they are democratic, because they are counterbalanced and constitutionally inhibited. For the same reasons, they are sometimes slow—at least by comparison with authoritarian regimes. If we have only begun to resolve the promise of civil rights for all and the problems of the aged, of urban expansion, of education, of poverty, of unemployment and all the rest—if the product of our federalism is still imperfect—it is not for lack of recognition. The problem of meeting common needs today is more procedural than philosophic. The issues are when and how, not whether.



There are, of course, many elements of stability in the American constitutional system: the checks and balances based upon a separation of powers among the legislature, executive, and judiciary; the bicameral legislature; the practice of judicial review by the Supreme Court; congressional control of appropriations; constitutional limitations upon the powers of the central government; and even custom and tradition.

But far and away the most powerful and pervasive force for stability and continuity in our system of government, beyond the Constitution itself, is the division of governmental powers and jurisdictions between the national government and the states. Under the U.S. Constitution, the states are indestructible organs of local government that exist and function in their own spheres. Without this kind of democratic decentralization the future of our democratic institutions, subjected to increasing pressure from centralizing forces within and totalitarian forces without, might well be placed in jeopardy.

Despite the critical importance of our multi-sovereign federal system, it is precisely this aspect that is so poorly understood. For non-Americans, it is easily the most incomprehensible facet of the American constitutional system.

Our Constitution is honored throughout the world as a model charter of representative government and democratic freedoms, but its role as a vehicle for apportioning sovereignty between the federal government and a state is but dimly perceived. It strikes the "aver-

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The author of this article, Edmund S. Muskie, is a United States Senator from Maine and former Governor of Maine. He is currently serving as chairman of a Senate subcommittee created in 1962 to study intergovernmental relations. His article is based in part on that subcommittee's findings.

age" European or Asian as anomalous in the extreme that our powerful central government should feel itself compelled to bicker with state officials about the enforcement of U.S. laws—or that the Supreme Court should find it necessary to arbitrate conflicts between the authority of "political subdivisions" and the authority of Washington.

If the precise nature and functioning of our multi-sovereign system is an esoteric subject for our neighbors overseas, it is equally true that most Americans today only vaguely sense an even more significant complication—namely, that the whole interplay of these relationships has been profoundly altered today from many of their original concepts. Mutations of far-reaching consequences have occurred and continue to occur throughout the whole structure.

Only two months before his death, President Kennedy sought to focus public awareness on the importance and meaning of this quiet revolution. "The problems of government," he said, "are becoming more and more complex, and the relationships between state and federal government more and more interdependent . . . [but] the more important point is to recognize that we are allies under the Constitution. . . . Too often it is suggested that the federal government and the state governments are competitors. Instead we must work closely together for the benefit of our country which we all seek to serve."

It is necessary to recognize the changing patterns of this alliance not only to understand American federalism today but also to draw valid conclusions about its vitality and its importance for the future.

The Constitution does not define the term "federalism," nor does it describe precisely what its framers had in mind regarding the boundary between the central and state governments. In fact, the Constitution does not use the word "federal," nor does the Preamble go further than to say that the founders hoped to "establish a more perfect union."

The union they founded was one of semi-autonomous states under a national government that exercised "enumerated" and carefully circumscribed powers. The powers retained by the states were not enumerated, although it was implied (and later explicitly stated in the Tenth Amendment) that those powers not specifically given to the central government would be retained by the states or the people.

Debate since the adoption of the Constitution (and even before) has centered primarily around two opposing concepts of the proper balance between federal and state powers. One doctrine would restrict the national government to its enumerated powers. The other would supplement these powers with authority implicitly delegated throughout the Constitution and with inherent powers deriving from the national character of the central government. Strict construction on the one hand to preserve the state powers has been opposed on the other by a viewpoint giving full freedom to the central government to pursue constitutional ends even at the expense of state prerogatives. The history of federalism has been, largely, a history of conflict between these interpretations.

Roughly speaking, the dividing line between the older approach of "strict construction" and the newer philosophy of national pre-eminence was the Civil War and the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. The implications of that amendment, as it has turned out, were enormous, but its practical effect remained negligible for almost sixty years.

It is sufficient for our purposes to recall that from 1865 to 1930 the emphasis of constitutional struggle shifted more toward the protection of property rights against the monopolies of public power, and that during the past thirty years it has shifted again increasingly toward promoting the use of federal authority to preserve and enhance individual rights and welfare.

Certainly the most fundamental and dramatic changes in American federalism have taken place since 1900 and, principally, since the 1930s. Considering that for almost 150 years prior to the present generation the emphasis of constitutional law in the U.S. has been upon preservation of state powers and limitation of the federal, it should come as no surprise to find large areas of opinion today that cling to the astringent approach to federal powers. In fact, the constitutionality of many federal powers under the Fourteenth Amendment and the Commerce Clause is still debated by many who draw sustenance from an era of constitutional

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law when states' rights theories such as interposition and nullification seemed more plausible than they do today.

The scope of the constitutional revolt of the 1930s, and the rapidity with which traditional concepts of federalism were altered in favor of the central government to meet the exigencies of the great depression persuaded many people that federalism, as a technique of government in the U. S., would rapidly fade away.

Professor Harold J. Laski, writing under the title *The Obsolescence of Federalism* in 1939, expressed the belief that while it is a suitable technique of government during periods of capitalistic expansion, federalism is a luxury that contracting capitalism cannot afford. Federalism has failed and is dying, he said, not only in the United States but also in Canada, Australia, Germany. To explain this failure, he argued that ". . . it has become clear the true source of decision is no longer at the circumference, but at the center, of the state. For forty-eight separate units to seek to compete with the integrated power of giant capitalism is to invite defeat in almost every element of social life where approximate uniformity of condition is the test of the good life."

In more typically American terms, other critics of traditional federalism found their strength in the heritage that endowed promotion "of the general welfare" with an overriding moral as well as constitutional importance. They recognized that, after 140 or more years of national growth, the problems of the "general welfare" required solutions that were in many ways as foreign to the expectations of the founding fathers as were the problems themselves.

But the critics of federalism have committed a fundamental error. They have judged it in the light of its controversial dimensions—the historic spheres of federal powers, state powers, and judicial interpretation—in which the weight of supremacy has clearly shifted in favor of the central government. But these changes in jurisdiction, sovereignty, and prerogatives have had little effect on the powers of the states to govern freely in the interest of their citizens.

The vitality of the federal idea in America has not only survived the crisis in political and economic philosophy of the last three decades; it has also asserted itself in a broad new dimension that has given rise to the greatest growth in state powers and functions in the history of the nation.

A typical example: In the decade from 1950 to 1960, the non-defense expenditures of the federal government increased by the relatively modest amount of 6.4 billion dollars—a growth of about 24 per cent. State expenditures during the same period increased by $19.3 billions, from $13.2 billion in 1950 to $32.5 billion in 1960—a growth of 146 per cent, or more than six times the growth rate of the federal government.

This explosion in the functions and powers of local government is one of the most fascinating and challenging developments in modern U.S. history. Yet it has taken place with so little fanfare and public attention that it remains an area of relative mystery to most Americans. It represents an annual expenditure of immense proportions and involves the states and the federal government in joint enterprises of vital national significance. By comparison with more sensational developments in federal-state relations, however, it has received very little public notice.

This largely unknown and unexplored area of government is what might well be called federalism's "hidden dimension."

Functioning almost as a Fourth Branch in meeting the needs of the people, this dimension is directly involved in such matters as highways, housing, urban renewal, planning, education, public welfare, hospitals, airports, public health, unemployment compensation, agricultural extension, water and air pollution, and sewage treatment facilities. Yet it has no direct electorate, operates from no set perspective, is under no special control, and moves in no particular direction. It operates *sans* legislature, *sans* executive branch, and *sans* judiciary. It is represented by no policy-making body (although it is developing its own sacred cows). We're not certain even of its cost. Some estimates range as high as $14 billion annually.

THE principal framework of this structure is the system of federal "grants-in-aid." Although traceable back to ante-bellum days, the technique of quasi-contractual relationships between the federal and state governments for federal aid to state-run programs of social and economic development has grown primarily since 1911. Over the years, Congress has enacted some seventy-three such programs. Only fourteen have been terminated; fifty-nine are still on the books. Grants-in-aid to state and local governments during fiscal year 1964 will cost an estimated $10 billion—an almost fourfold increase over the estimated cost ten years ago of $2.7 billion.

It was in 1962 that the U.S. Senate authorized creation of a Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations to undertake serious exploration of this government within government.* In fulfillment of our warrant to explore the whole area—to give definition and identity to the hidden dimension, to understand what it is, its potential, and in what direction it is moving—our subcommittee prepared a voluminous in-

*The subcommittee of the Senate Government Operations Committee consists of the author as chairman and Senators Sam J. Ervin, Jr. (N.C.), Hubert Humphrey (Minn.), and Abraham Ribicoff (Conn.), Democrats; and Senators Karl Mundt (S.D.) and Carl T. Curtis (Neb.), Republicans.

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tergovernmental relations questionnaire. It was designed with the help of numerous experts to probe deeply into significant areas relating not only to grants-in-aid but to apportionment, conservation of resources, metropolitan area problems, assignment of tax sources, tax coordination, and payments in lieu of taxes. Its distribution to all governors, state attorneys-general, state budget officers, to 250 state legislative chieftains, 800 school boards, 1,900 county officials, 1,600 city managers, 900 mayors, and 400 academicians and other experts evoked responses ranging from dismay over its length and complexity to heartening demonstrations of closely reasoned collaboration.

The *Northern Virginia Sun*, one of the more responsible suburban dailies to emerge in recent years, greeted the subcommittee's field inquiries as an opportunity for local officials "to show their stuff." Said the *Sun*: "If these echelons of government have the capacity to clean away the deadwood of decades and grapple imaginatively with the huge dilemmas of city, town, and county, Congress will be only too happy to hear it."

In showing their stuff, our respondents inevitably raised more questions than they answered. Still, the returns to date from more than 460 state and local officials have given Congress a massive and informed cross-section of grass roots opinion on a scale never before attempted and with a wealth of detail that illuminates broad issues bearing directly on the future of federalism.

General attitudes are always difficult to gauge, especially on the basis of multi-itemed questionnaires. But given an awareness of such pitfalls, a careful assessment of the aggregate returns clearly suggests that our participating state and local officers fall into four groups.

THE first include all those who reject the present system of federal-state cooperation and yearn to re-establish firm distinctions between the enumerated powers of the federal government and the reserved powers of the states. Numbering approximately 11 per cent of the total, this small but articulate group approached the issues raised in our inquiry with a strong allegiance to the concepts of state powers that prevailed in the United States until the mid-1930s.

Closely allied to this group were those whose intellectual inclinations placed them among the states' righters but whose pragmatic bent persuaded them that some abridgment of traditional state prerogatives and powers, some collaboration with the federal government, is desirable and necessary. This group, in general, was far less willing than the first to eliminate or reduce the present degree of federal involvement at state and local levels.

"Melvin, you're on television!"

Most within this classification, comprising 43 per cent of the whole, accepted the grants-in-aid device as a means of solving certain common problems, and they did assign a role, albeit somewhat restricted in scope, to the national government in a number of complex problems facing metropolitan area residents.

The third group accounted for approximately 33 per cent of the total. Here we find most of the governors, state budget officers, some academicians, and a scattering of urban area officials. This group declined by and large to enlarge upon their ideological views but expressed general satisfaction with present methods and trends of cooperative federalism.

The fourth group constituted some 13 per cent of the total and included, among others, a significant number of school board members and academicians. In the main, this category adopted a fairly consistent pro-federal stand in their answers. They strongly supported greater use of the grants-in-aid system; they opposed assumption by the states of certain taxing and financing functions now exercised by the federal government. And they assigned to Washington a major role in helping to solve the problems confronting the nation's metropolitan areas. Over and over again in the responses from this group appears the theme that the state and local governments are unable to cope with the more pressing domestic problems confronting America in the 1960s.

The extremes at both ends of the scale—*i.e.*, the traditional states' righters and the nationalists—comprise less than a quarter of all the respondents. For this reason, both may be considered atypical. By combining the "reluctants" with the "positives" and reexamining their responses to certain key questions, it is possible to sketch the broad outlines of what might be called the majority's implicit consensus about what our federal system is and what it may become. To join these middle groups, to be sure, blurs the ideological distinctions that separate them, but they are in fact joined by their acceptance of certain practical solutions to common problems.

Extended review of the answers to those questions on which there was agreement among the two middle categories enabled us to piece together the following "composite" theory of how federalism works and can work in America in the 1960s:

1. Theory and ideological differences aside, the dominant view of federal, state, and local governmental relations is one that pictured the entire system as integrated in practical matters but with each level attempting to maintain its separate institutional identity and sources of power.

2. The practical functions of government are not neatly parceled out among the three levels; several governmental functions may be undertaken jointly at each governmental level with the result that significant and continuing responsibilities may be exercised by all.

3. Decision-making in the intergovernmental process is shared fairly equally among various public bodies in the three echelons, thus preserving a basic

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principle of our traditional federalism.

4. The administration of programs of common concern are joint undertakings. Such devices as joint boards, joint inspection, the sharing of specialized information and use of another level's technical personnel, reveal the benefits of this collaboration among equals. Competition rather than collaboration, however, is produced when administrative regulations are unilaterally imposed without full consultation with another level's officials and without recognition of the merit of some administrative practices or other jurisdictions.

5. The federal grant-in-aid is and will continue to be an inescapable and important feature of contemporary intergovernmental relations. It provides a necessary means whereby the three levels of government can collaborate to fulfil common purposes. If not encumbered with excessive administrative red tape, it can also serve to strengthen state and local governments, since it utilizes the existing institutional framework for administering these activities of common concern.

6. Representative, responsive, and responsible state governments are vital for the proper functioning of American federalism. They collect a sizable proportion of total revenues, directly administer several important governmental services, provide assistance to their local units of government, and serve as crucibles for the development of improved policies and techniques.

7. When properly empowered, financed, and aided, county and municipal governments singly and in voluntary association with one another can meet many of the challenges that ubiquitous urbanization has created.

8. Intergovernmental relations should be viewed primarily as a network of functional, financial, and administrative arrangements that seek to advance the commonweal. Parity with respect to the power positions of the various levels is indispensable for successful collaboration in this area. Inequality undermines the voluntary stimulus that is so essential for any full-fledged cooperative endeavor.

9. Every level has a fundamental duty to preserve the inter-level balance, but a primary responsibility for maintaining this balance rests with Congress. Its past enactments constitute the greatest single force shaping the federal system under which we live, and its future actions will exert no less an impact.

IN the final analysis, the tensions existing within this composite view of American federalism, created by the commingling of conflicting ideals within the confines of a practical solution of shared problems, augur well for the future of our system of intergovernmental relations. American federalism has always been a bold attempt to reconcile stridently conflicting ideas.

And it is most illuminating to note how the protagonists in this debate change sides from time to time, from one historical epoch to the next. None of the great geographical sections of America, nor the major political parties, nor the principal segments of political opinion (liberals or conservatives), nor even the economic interests of the country have pursued consistent policies where federal-state relationships are concerned. The remarkable ease with which these groupings have shifted positions at various periods of history on this subject provides a dramatic confirmation of the dynamism of the federal system and its vitality for the future.

If nothing else, it should illustrate the futility of political platitudes and the danger of shibboleths. Certainly, labels and slogans tend to lose their meaning when we realize that in the crucible of practice, the ideological tenets of General Motors ten years ago may well be labor's central argument ten years hence. It is certainly historical fact that the states' rights dogma of yesterday's liberals is the staple of the conservative case today.

Thus, it seems to me, we do not validly reflect the fundamental vitality of American federalism to argue that it is dead because it is changed or that it will die because of its advocates. The system's real test lies in how effectively it is meeting the needs of the American people today. It cannot be measured against an abstract formulation of the past or of the future.

President John F. Kennedy understood this very well. "It is the best system yet devised," he said shortly before his death, "but we have to make it work . . . in a common effort to reduce unemployment, and to eliminate poverty among our people; to make our urban centers a better place in which to live; to guarantee equal opportunity in all fields; to conquer mental retardation and mental illness; to keep this country strong; to keep it in a position where it can fulfil its responsibilities to all the free world. . . ."

History may one day include among the greatest achievements of the New Frontier the powerful momentum evoked by its young leader to harmonize the rational design of the founders with the kind of pragmatic action necessary to exercise all those specters that still haunt our own society—and the world. In meeting this challenge President Kennedy summoned us to begin anew; President Johnson has committed us to continue. The quest embodies our best hope for achieving a yet more perfect union.

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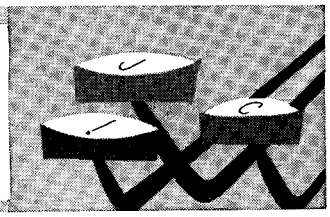
Manner of Speaking



Of Writing and Writers: There is no formula by which a man can become a writer, and there is no end to the number of ways in which a man can be one. Writing can be an art, a trade, a craft, or a hobby. The artist writes compulsively, as a way of knowing himself, or of clarifying what he does not know about himself. He writes, let us say, for those glimpses of order that form can make momentarily visible. But add that he writes in about the way a drunkard drinks. His passion springs not from reason, but from thirst.

The artist-writer and the drunkard are both aware—if only in moments of painful sobriety—that there are consequences to what they do, but for both of them the doing itself is the real consequence. The happy difference between the writer's compulsion and the drunkard's is that the drunkard hopes to lose himself in his bottle, whereas the writer hopes to find himself on his page. In his act of writing, the writer finds himself wiser, more sentient, more pertinent to his own life, perhaps more confused by it, but more meaningfully confused. He is a language-haunted man and a cadence-haunted man and a form-haunted man and an image-haunted man, and he knows that whatever ghosts he gathers about him in the writing are, finally, his best sense of himself. And he knows that those ghosts are the shadowy tribesmen of every man's first-and-last identity. The writer as artist does say things, but he does not write for the sake of saying. The saying is inevitable but secondary. He writes to be in the company of his necessary ghosts, much as a man will trek halfway round the world to get back home to the company of what names him.

The man who writes as a trade is simply an employed person, a wage-earner. He may be more or less serious about his trade. He may be good or bad at it. He may, at times, confuse his own motives and try to write as an artist does. He may even refuse easy assignments that could produce fat checks. Still, as a man practicing a trade, he must write, finally, to make a living. That is to say he must write not for himself (compelled) but for the check his writing will bring.

The difference between the craftsman and the hobbyist is, as I see it, a matter of intensity. Or perhaps there is no real difference except that the word "craft" implies at root an agonizing exertion, whereas the word "hobby" carries no feeling with it but the sense of idle play. The craftsman works at his writing harder than does the hobbyist, whether for pay or not, and is likely to be more self-demanding without ever quite achieving the passion and the compulsion of the artist. I am tempted to think of Dr. Samuel Johnson, lexicographer, as practicing the craft of writing without quite managing to make a trade of it. But who would dare call him a hobbyist? The hobbyist simply amuses himself. The center of what he does with his life is somewhere else. The writing, like a stamp collection, is a way of passing a quiet evening in a room somewhere off the center of the house.

In writing, trade blurs into craft, and craft blurs into hobby, but there can be no blurring of the line between the artist-writer and every other kind of writer. Except, perhaps, that it is possible to write well on any of these four levels. Even the hobbyist might turn out an enduring if slight fragment—say, a memorable piece of light verse. Even a craftsman or a man plying a trade—say, a Daniel Defoe—might turn out a piece of real or imagined journalism so firmly marshaled upon itself that it stays memorable and firm. But only the writer-as-artist, I believe, can write in a way that burns forever.

Combustion is, of course, the heart of it. And combustion in art can be produced only by the passion of compulsive men. The artist is once more like the drunkard in that he cannot stop to count the cost of his compulsion. The writer may write himself (as the drunkard may drink himself) out of employment, family, social acceptance, and out of health and life itself. There is no help for it: the man *must* do what he does. There is no mercy in it: no page cares what it has cost the writer.

All writing is measured, in the long run, by its memorableness. A man either writes in forms that cling to human memory, and so become unforgettable; or he writes forgettably and is soon forgotten—with, perhaps, the temporary exception that the American school system often seems to be a conspiracy to keep some unflaggingly forgettable writing in student memory by forced feeding.

The fact is that language supremely used will survive the death of its own mother tongue. Latin and Greek are both dead languages, but the high moments of Greek and Latin writing are still alive in men's minds. Man needs language because he lives by it and knows himself by it, and because he lives in it and knows himself in it without recourse to logic, but as an act of identity he can never hope to reason out or do without. He will store great acts of language for the simple reason that he lives by them.

The combustion of the artist-writer springs from the passion with which he engages that mysterious act of identity, losing himself in it as his only hope of finding himself. The writer may be wrong, of course. And there is no mercy for the wrong. If a man ruins himself in his compulsion to write a dull book, I am left with no compulsion to read it. Another man may write, no, not easily, but joyously, thriving on his difficulties because he has an appetite for them, and that man may come in a glow of well-being to write a good book. The page has treated him kindly.

BUT the reader does not care what it costs the man. Why should he? The library is full of books, and he owes no duty to any but those that please him. He reads joyously through the happy man's good book without a thought for the self-ruined failure whose volume continues to gather dust until it becomes itself dust. Or, finished with the happy man's good book, the reader may lose himself next in the good book another man killed himself to write. What should the reader care? He does not so much as see the corpse. There is no corpse in good writing: the writing is always a life. It is the writer who becomes the corpse, but never in his writing—not if it is of the memorable and burning.

And add one thing more about the writing—on whatever level, the success of the writing is measured by the most democratic process in human experience. Whoever you are as a person, whoever you were, the writing lives or dies outside of you and apart from you. Whether you write from a throne or a dungeon, and whether or not you deserve to be on the one or in the other, the reader does not know you and does not care and has no reason to care. Take a piece of paper, put a life on it or a piece of a life, make that life burn to reality (that is to say, to the illusion of a reality) in the act of language in which you summon it—and the reader (always the unknown reader) is yours without a thought of who you are in yourself on the other side of that page.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Hiroshima 1964

HIROSHIMA.

FIFTEEN years ago I flew over Hiroshima for the first time. From the air, the city seemed sparse, brown, bony. The skeletonized dome of the Exposition Building threw a beetle-like black shadow into the muddy-bottomed river nearby. Much of the debris had been cleared away but the city still wore the aspect of a bomb crater.

A few days ago I flew over Hiroshima again in the early morning, riding the same sky lane from which a new age was exploded into being. This time I looked down on an entirely new city. Wide, tree-lined boulevards dominated the area. The Exposition Building, retained as a symbol of the bombing, was still identifiable from the air but all around it were bright, sturdy, modern business buildings. Off the main streets I could see the crowded living areas and public markets. And Hiroshima's trade-mark, its fabled rivers, cut into the city like outstretched fingers pressed into sand.

For many years after the war, the planes serving Hiroshima landed at Iwakuni, more than two hours away on what seemed to be the bumpiest road in the world. This time our plane put down at a modern airport only a few minutes out of the city. Even the automobile ride to downtown Hiroshima reflected sharp change. The first time I came to Hiroshima, I rode in what was then one of the few functioning automobiles, the mayor's pre-war vintage Buick, circa 1935, operating off a charcoal burner because of the fuel shortage. This time a long line of trim, sleek taxicabs waited outside the terminal building, most of them the products of Japan's booming automobile industry.

On the ride into the city, Mayor Shinzo Hamai, who, except for one term, has been in office since the bombing, discussed the present situation of the city.

First of all, the population is now higher than it was before the bombing—close to a half-million against 400,000 before August 6, 1945. A census of survivors in 1946 showed approximately 200,000 names. There are still no exact figures on the death toll caused by the bomb. It is definitely known, however, Mayor Hamai said, that the early estimate of 75,000 dead is inaccurate. That estimate did not take into account several categories of casualties—among them the thousands of troops stationed in Hiroshima who were awaiting embarkation, the thousands of people from surrounding towns who had come into the city to help build fire barriers against expected air raids, and the thousands who died in the weeks and months immediately following the bombing. The city's official estimate, taking all factors into account, is in the vicinity of 230,000 dead.

Only in the last year or so has the mayor found himself preoccupied with the conventional problems of a mayor's office—social welfare services, expanding educational facilities, taxation, trade, etc. Until then, his main concerns were tied to problems created by the aftermath of the bomb. Hiroshima still has a fairly substantial population of *Hibakusha*, the term used to designate people who were affected by the bombing, and the mayor has a strong concern for their needs; but his job, on the whole, is no longer predominantly that of a disaster-area administrator.

ONE of the milestones in the personal and psychological recovery of Hiroshima, the mayor said, was the passage of national legislation in 1957 providing free medical and surgical attention for all atomic bomb survivors in need of it. Until that time, virtually the entire burden fell on the city's own private and public medical facilities, plus such voluntary help as was made available from the outside. The Hiroshima Maidens Project, which brought twenty-five disfigured girls to the United States for plastic surgery, helped to focus Japanese attention on the moral obligation to provide adequate care for survivors.

Mayor Hamai takes pride in the fact that Hiroshima is one of the few major cities in the world today built according to a grand plan. Nowhere in Japan—indeed, in very few places in the world—are there thoroughfares to compare with Hiroshima's main artery. It has a wide center section, some eight lanes across, plus service roads on each side and tree-lined divider strips for strollers and sitters. In an age notable for super-horsepower and traffic stoppages, Hiroshima is capable of keeping its wheels in motion.

As we approached the heart of the city on the ride from the airport, I observed dozens of modern glass-and-concrete office buildings recently built or under construction. Like Osaka and Tokyo, Hiroshima is caught up in a major building boom. The city was filled with the staccato, stuttering sounds of steel riveting and ironworkers. The rising skeletons of the new buildings were covered with large colored plastic sheets, protecting construction crews against wind and rain.

The big change in the city, however, was represented not by broad avenues or modern buildings but by people. Even on the short drive to the hotel from the airport, it was possible to see a new human reality. People's faces were no longer dominated by harrowing memories; they didn't walk as though out of the past. A new generation has come of age since the bombing. It is a busy generation. There is work to do and a living to make. The fact that most of the citizens

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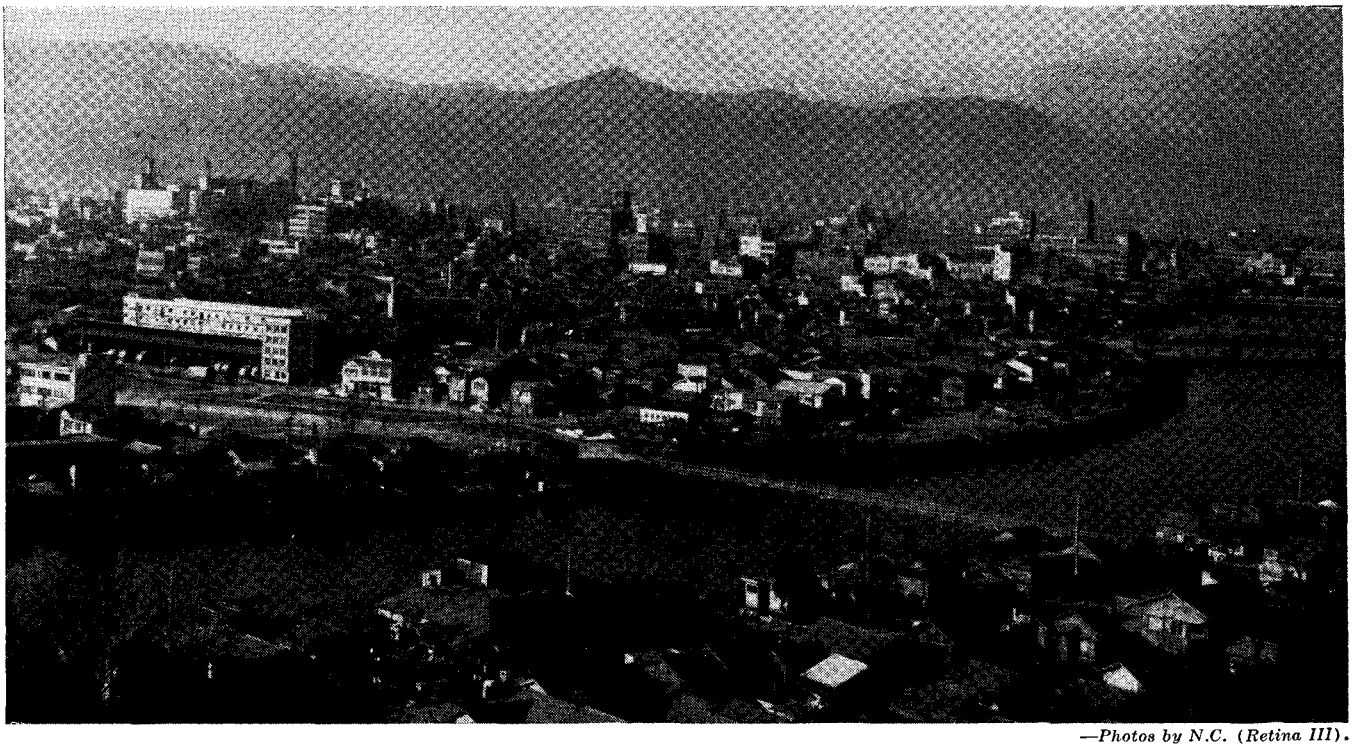
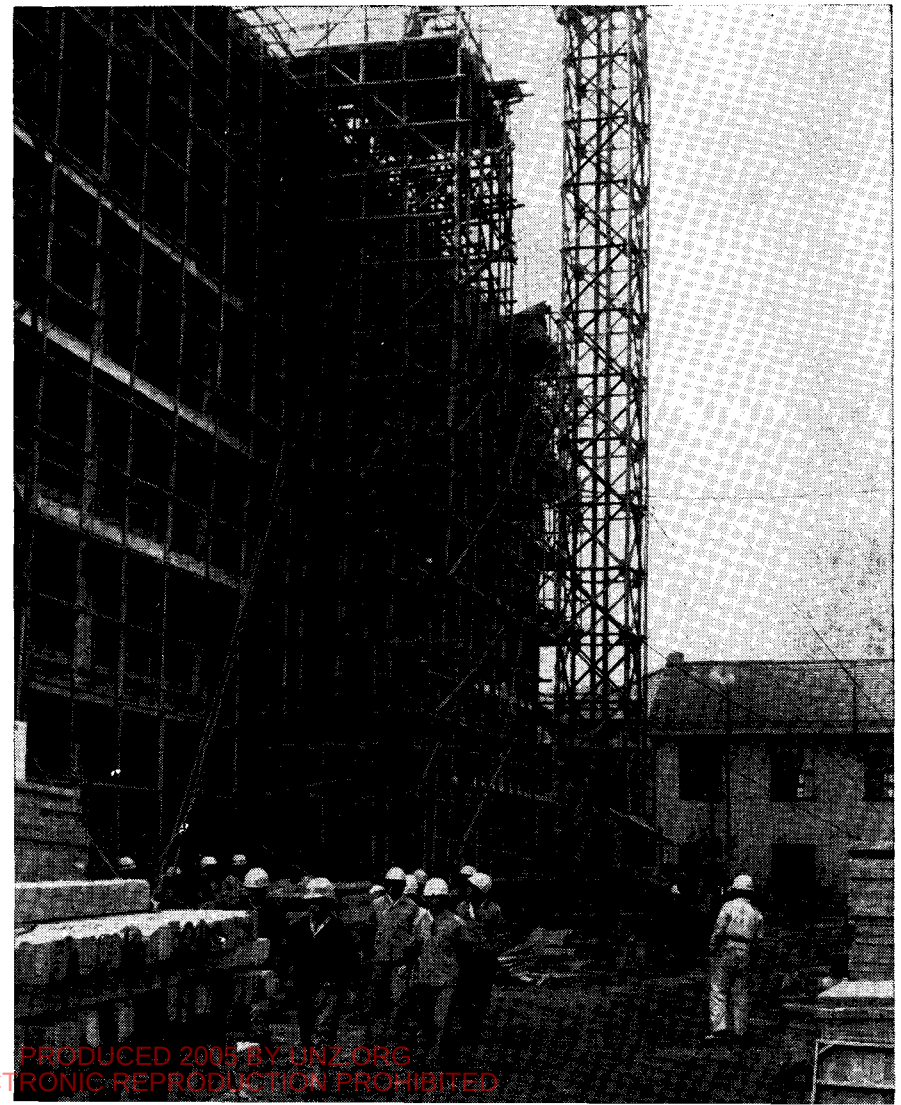


—*Photos by N.C. (Retina III).*

Hiroshima in 1964: Above, a view of the rebuilt city from the site of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission. Below, one of the countless new steel-and-cement structures now going up. The city is even larger and more populous than it was before August 6, 1945.



in Hiroshima today are young people is the key to its personality and its psychological horizon.

Mayor Hamai said that the consciousness of Hiroshima's place in history is still a prime fact of life but it is no longer an obsession. There is far less of a disposition than there was ten years ago to display or exploit personal and municipal scars. The atomic bombing, like life itself, has become matter-of-fact. Not so long ago, one of the principal industries in the city was built around tourists who came to see the evidence of the bombing. They were guided around the ruins and to the city's atomic bomb museum. They bought postcards and miniature replicas of the Exposition Building. There are still tourists and souvenir pieces to match, but they are comparatively nominal.

SOME citizens feel that the drift away from the awareness of a special station has gone too far. Along with this is the conviction that Hiroshima has a mission assigned by history, best defined by Mayor Hamai's slogan shortly after the war, "No More Hiroshimas." There is a conviction among concerned Hiroshimans that this mission has not been sufficiently pursued.

Certainly nothing like the activity of a decade or more ago has been maintained. When I returned from Hiroshima in 1949 I carried with me a letter weighing about twenty pounds. It was addressed to President Harry S. Truman and carried the signatures of some 100,000 citizens of the city. The letter made it clear that the survivors wrote not out of self-pity or bitterness but out

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Some of Hiroshima's streets are completely canopied, creating a festive air at night.

of the conviction that what had happened to them could happen to most of the world's people if a course was not found away from war. They hoped, specifically, that the United States would use its prime position of influence in the world to press for the establishment of the institutions of world law as the best way of averting a repetition of Hiroshima's experience multiplied thousands of times.

THE petition to President Truman was followed by a wide variety of other activities, among them world conferences and meetings, national observances, publication of literature—all with their headquarters and focus in Hiroshima. Unfortunately, some political extremists sought to exploit Hiroshima's position for their own purposes. As a result, the peace movement in Hiroshima—as in the rest of Japan, and, indeed, the rest of the world—developed a deep split. The older group, supporting Mayor Hamai's position, called not just for an abolition of nuclear tests and nuclear weaponry in general but for the development of those world institutions that could create a genuine system of world security under law. This older group had no hesitancy in calling upon *all* nations to cease nuclear testing and the consequent contamination of the atmosphere. The new group denounced the United States for nuclear testing but lost its tongue when it came to equal criticism of the Soviet Union.

Over the years, the predominant public position, not just in Hiroshima but in Japan generally, has swung behind the moderates. This does not mean that the extreme left is without political leverage. It is active and articulate, but it is far from being the dominant factor in Japanese public opinion.

In any event, the sense of any special destiny or mission seems to have diminished in Hiroshima in recent years. Those who feel that this represents a loss of moral energy have developed a major project that will be launched within a few weeks. The plan calls for a good-will expedition from Hiroshima to the outside world. The purpose would be to convey the gratitude of the city of Hiroshima to peoples in other countries for their sympathy since the atomic bombing and to convey their hopes for a genuine peace.

Most of the forty persons in the expedition will be *Hibakusha*. At their head will be Dr. Takuo Matsumoto, president of Shizuoka Christian College. Among the "Good-Will Ambassadors," as the project is formally called, are educators, doctors, scientists, businessmen, students, and housewives dedicated to the idea.

Accompanying the "ambassadors" will be Barbara Reynolds, who sailed with her husband, Earl Reynolds, into the South Pacific nuclear-testing area several years ago as an act of personal protest against continuation of the explosions. Ever since the Supreme Court upheld the validity of their action, Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds have lived in Hiroshima, devoting themselves fully to problems created by the bombing. Dr. Reynolds, an anthropologist, has been undertaking medical research projects on the aftereffects of the bombing on children. He has also been active in the Hiroshima Institute of Peace Science, an organization that has undertaken special studies concerned with the making of a durable peace. Professor Reynolds has lent his personal prestige in Hiroshima to those citizens who have sought to counteract the activities of peace groups that give the Soviet Union special exemption, as in the case of the protests over nuclear testing.

Coming back to the "Good-Will Ambassadors": They will carry with them a letter of introduction from Mayor Shinzo Hamai, addressed to his mayoralty colleagues in the countries visited by the group. The first stop on the round-the-world itinerary will be the United States, where the expedition will visit forty-seven cities, departing from New York for Europe and Asia. They have received visas from every country to which they have applied, with the exception of Communist China.

It is a reasonable guess that one of the most frequent questions that will be directed to the *Hibakusha* will be concerned with the attitudes of survivors toward the United States. Such at least has been a favorite question of American visitors to Hiroshima for the past eighteen years. The answer is certain to be that there is remarkably little bitterness. In fact, in the course of five visits to Hiroshima since the end of the war, I have been impressed most of all with the absence of antagonism toward the United States, whether on the private or the official level.

A decade or more ago, there was some feeling that the United States Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, with a large establishment in Hiroshima, was less interested in the health of the survivors than in compiling statistics about their bomb-related disabilities. The criticism was largely the result of ABCC policy in examining but not treating bomb victims. This policy was not the result of official indifference to the medical needs of human beings but of reluctance to interfere with the practice of Japanese medicine, whether on the government or the private level.

SUCH negative feelings as were produced by the no-treatment policy have been largely dissipated as the result of two developments. First, ABCC was able to enlist the cooperation of the city's physicians and surgeons in working out a program under which the diagnostic reports and laboratory facilities are made available to the personal physicians of survivors. Second, the passage in 1957 of national legislation providing free treatment for atomic bomb victims has given a boost to the moral climate. In any event, ABCC has long since ceased being a favorite target. The value of its work—not just to Hiroshima but to the human species as a whole—is now being increasingly recognized. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anywhere in the world there is now being gathered more data on human health in general rather than just radiation disease in particular. The researches of ABCC may well further

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medical science with a more penetrating view of the physiological phenomenon of the human creature than has been possible heretofore.

ABCC research into the effects of nuclear explosives on human tissue must take a large number of factors into account—the distance from the center of the bombing, the amount of shielding from radiation and flash burns provided by clothing or physical position, the duration of exposure, extent of medical treatment provided at the time or shortly thereafter, age and sex of the survivor, etc. Correlations such as these make for intricate fact-finding and painstaking research, but all this is essential if there is to be a proper differentiation between disorders caused by the bomb and those that occur in the natural course of events.

Among the major findings of ABCC so far has been the existence of a direct connection between the nuclear explosion and a significant increase in the incidence of leukemia. This increase has run up to fifty times higher for survivors who were within 1,000 meters of the center of the bomb than for those in non-exposed areas. The prevalence of leukemia in survivors hit a peak in 1952 and has decreased somewhat since, but it is still many times higher than for those who were not irradiated.

Several years ago, ABCC researchers began a systematic study of the incidence of malignancy in survivors. They found evidence of a 100 per cent tumor increase in survivors within 1,500 meters of the bombing as compared to the non-exposed population. A higher incidence of cancer of the lung, stomach, breast, ovary, and interior cervix was observable in the irradiated group than in the non-exposed group.

In the research study involving children, a "significant loss of visual acuity" has been observed in youngsters aged 7-10 who were in the critical zone. Another important finding has to do with children who were in embryo at the time of the explosion; children of under four months' gestational age at the time of radiation exposure show an increase in microcephaly—smaller heads than normal with a corresponding increase in mental retardation.

These are only a few of the particularized studies being carried out by ABCC with the full cooperation and participation of the Japanese National Institute of Health. Research reports of the ABCC are done in two languages, English and Japanese, in parallel columns.

In attempting to assess the findings so far of ABCC on the effects of nuclear explosions on human beings, one basic fact must be taken into account. The bomb dropped on Hiroshima was a small bomb as nuclear bombs go; it contained the destructive equivalent of about 20,000 tons of TNT as against the 20,000,000 tons of TNT and more in the large bombs already tested. Moreover, the radiation in the Hiroshima bomb was incidental to its blast-and-fire effect. Bombs are now being produced expressly for their radiological effects. Moreover, it is not now possible to give civilian populations assurance that, in the event of a major war, only one bomb will be dropped on each city. Another limitation in the study of Hiroshima's experience is that it doesn't tell science anything about the phenomenon of firestorms resulting from thermonuclear explosions.

Even so, as indicated earlier, the research projects of ABCC are developing a large and important body of information about human health in general, the benefits of which will apply to all people.

Hiroshima citizens who come to ABCC for periodic examinations are aware of their important contribution to the world's supply of medical knowledge. Dr. Tomin Harada, one of the Japanese physicians who participated in the Hiroshima Maidens project, believes that this awareness has had a tonic effect on the outlook of many Hiroshimans.

"It is hard for anyone who has been through the bombing to believe that any good can come out of it," he said. "But the one thing the people have hoped for is that the rest of the world might learn a little from what happened here. This is happening in medicine and it gives us some satisfaction. And we are hopeful that the political lessons may be even more instructive." —N.C.

This is the first of two reports from Hiroshima. The second report will be concerned with the Moral Adoptions Program and the Hiroshima Maidens.

A major project was the restoration of the historic castle completely demolished during the bombing.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

One Who Protested

IN THE BOOK REVIEW OF *The Deputy*, by Rolf Hochhuth [*SR*, Mar. 21], I read this astonishing statement by Emile Capouya: "Why did *no American Jews* threaten an organized protest against their government's indifference?" (The italics are mine.)

Ben Hecht did not merely "threaten" such an organized protest. With Peter Bergson and other soldiers of the Palestinian underground who had come here for this purpose, he helped found in 1940 "The Emergency Committee to Save the Jews of Europe." Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt became a member of the committee. Senator Guy M. Gillette and Louis Bromfield were his co-chairmen. More than 150 Congressmen joined, the most active being Representative Andrew L. Somers of New York and Will Rogers, Jr. More than fifty Senators sponsored the committee's activities. . . . Ben Hecht and other American writers wrote articles, speeches, plays, and pageants to arouse interest in saving the trapped Jews of Nazi Europe. . . .

The organization and its several efforts collected millions of dollars. It had offices with mimeograph machines and mailing lists of several hundred thousand contributors. It published a weekly newspaper, *The Answer*. Full-page advertisements, many written by Ben Hecht, were bought in newspapers from coast to coast. Arms costing $8,000,000, along with some thirty American Jews, went down with the ill-fated ship, the *Altalena*. A rescue ship was purchased with the proceeds of Hecht's propaganda play, *A Flag Is Born*, and named the *Ben Hecht*; it later became the flagship of the Israeli Navy.

All these efforts were geared to only one purpose during the years that Jews were being killed in Europe: to elicit from the President of the United States an official protest against the slaughter of the Jews and some warning to the Germans that they would be tried as criminals for genocide after the war was over.

But Franklin Delano Roosevelt remained silent. There was hope, during the night after the Washington presentation of *We Will Never Die*, a pageant by Ben Hecht, that the President would speak. Through intermediaries, he sent a definite, personal refusal.

The Moscow Pact took place toward the end of the slaughter time, warning the Germans that they would be held responsible for seventy categories of war crimes against humanity. The word "Jew" was not in the warning.

Young James Roosevelt joined our organization. His father remained outside. The War Refugee Board was formed. Mrs. Roosevelt spoke of and worked for what Jews were still alive in Europe. Mr. Roosevelt remained silent. . . .

I feel that *Saturday Review* and Mr. Capouya owe a retraction to at least one American Jew who protested: Ben Hecht.

MRS. BEN HECHT.

Nyack, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I hear you invented a wheel and fire. Which is the wheel and which is the fire?"

Criticizing the Critics

I AM SORRY IF I have offended Pamela Hansford Johnson again [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Mar. 28]. However, if I am offensive, she might perhaps take it into consideration that she—though albeit totally unconscious of doing so—is capable of giving offense. In her letter to you she is greatly offended because I wrote in *SR* that in a letter to an English weekly (in fact, *The Listener*, London, October 25, 1962) she had declared that "after reading the letters of James Joyce to his wife" (which are at Cornell University) she could not have "any regard for Joyce's novels."

She writes now to point out to your readers that what she had written was that her study of the Joyce-Nora correspondence confirmed her in regarding Joyce as "a subjective writer."

What Miss Johnson means by Joyce's subjectivity is clarified by her essay in a volume called *The Baldwin Age*, to which she also refers in her letter to *SR*. In this essay she links together Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* and Joyce's *Ulysses* as demonstrating the "retreat" of the novel in the 1920s "into perimetal experiment in verbal and oral techniques"—a retreat that "pretty well dominated the English novel for the next thirty years." After a passage in which Virginia Woolf and James Joyce are given pats on the back for making it "*obligatory* to see, *obligatory* to hear"—an obligation that they were fulfilling in "the good faith with which the historian ignores the main stream of history and devotes his life to examining strip farming in one section of East Anglia in the fourteenth century within a limit of ten years," we are informed that "Bloomsday is Bloom's alone and no one else's; Mrs. Dalloway, if she is anything at all, is merely herself, walking in her own dream of a private world." The reading of the Joyce-Nora correspondence apparently confirms Miss Johnson in these views.

The point I wish to make is that to anyone except Miss Johnson it would quickly be apparent that if Joyce were "subjective" in the sense she implies, then *Ulysses* would be of no interest to anyone except the psychoanalyst. Joyce's aim in writing this novel (see Richard Ellman's biography of Joyce) was to write a modern epic that takes as its subject the whole of a man's life. So far from being outside history, there can be no novel more involved in history than *Ulysses* (not that of fourteenth-century strip farming but of the whole of Western civilization). Miss Johnson's argument that scarcely anyone reading Joyce's intimate letters to his wife could fail to agree that Joyce is subjective is like saying that no one reading Mozart's scabrous letters to a female relative could regard *Don Giovanni* as anything but subjective.

Miss Johnson writes that she "would not be so idiotic" as to have "no longer any regard for Joyce's novels." It would be most unchivalrous to dispute this claim. But the limitations of her regard, if on the right side of idiocy, do seem rather sharply to define the limits of her intelligence.

STEPHEN SPENDER.

London, England

STEPHEN SPENDER'S LETTER to you [see above] simply will not do. The indisputable fact is that he attributed to me something I did not say and could never have said. The record is incontrovertible.

I have never, in many years of criticism, knowingly distorted, either by misquotation or misrepresentation, what another critic has set down. Had I done so, I should not have attempted to cover up my slip, but would have made a straightforward apology.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON.

London, England

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Thrice Over Lightly

YOU would have to be an Ian Fleming purist indeed to quarrel heavily with *From Russia with Love*, which seems to me to approach very closely the proper touch needed for this movie series. Terence Young, who directed the earlier film *Doctor No*, has now learned how to balance the thriller and the spoof qualities about equally, and the blend results in a superior kind of entertainment. Because *Doctor No* justified more than satisfactorily its rather careful budget, United Artists loosened up the purse strings for *From Russia with Love*, thus allowing considerable location work in Istanbul and several other scenic places.

The fuss this time is over a Russian decoding machine called the Lektor, one of which the British Secret Service would like to own. Accordingly, James Bond, the handsome, impassive agent known as 007, is sent to get one. It's a trap, of course. Not the Russians, but an international crime syndicate known as Spectre is out to kill James Bond and dispatches for the task two eerie criminals, one played excellently by Robert Shaw, and the other played at too villainous a pitch by Lotte Lenya, who tends to spoil the fun.

Mr. Fleming, when he writes these stories, knows that it is essential to keep a straight face. So does Sean Connery, who is making a career out of 007 (and probably yearns to play King Lear). Bond isn't supposed to be human; he's the stuff daydreams are made of. Any girl with a pretty face and a large bust automatically drools as soon as she hears his name and upon rising from the nearest bed looks supremely satisfied. Bond knows his wines and also his guns. He is one of those few who are allowed to go *splat-splat* with a Beretta, and if he doesn't have a gun handy he can always improvise.

Pedro Armendariz does an amusing job as a Turkish counter-agent. The girl this time is Daniela Bianchi, who plays a Russian, perhaps in the interest of better relations with the Soviet, because she shows how warm-hearted and warm-blooded she can be. No future for her in these movies, though; Bond can't be tied down by anything so mundane as marriage and needs a new girl on every dangerous outing. It's hard to remember anything about the picture an hour later. Like a good Chinese dinner, you soon need another, and United Artists has one in the works this very minute.

As an example of how far off-base a movie can wander in this area, there is *Paris When It Sizzles*, which stars Audrey Hepburn and William Holden, and which was borrowed by George Axelrod from a pleasant Julien Duvivier film called *Holiday for Henrietta*. It deals with a Hollywood hack who wears slippers of the sort affected by Mr. Axelrod himself and a girl secretary who is supposed to help him write a script he hasn't thought about yet. Between them they invent the story, and a feeble, lame, embarrassingly unfunny story it is. They try to spin out a spy thriller, in which Tony Curtis keeps appearing; this turns into a love story and a musical. None of it, under Richard Quine's direction, has the slightest charm or humor. It's hard to determine which is worst: Axelrod's script or the various scripts he has Holden invent. Fatuous is perhaps the word that best describes the quality of the writing.

One would hardly expect, then, that Miss Hepburn or Mr. Holden would be able to surmount the handicap of their basic material, and they do not. Their pretense of a light, kidding style is simply bad acting and (I guess) bad direction. The color photography makes Paris look lurid, and the whole venture amounts to a dreadfully expensive display of bad taste by the producers, the above-mentioned Mr. Axelrod, and Mr. Quine, who shouldn't have tried to improve on Duvivier.

The light touch, then, would seem not to be simply a matter of being nonserious. Talent, deftness, and a sense of timing are needed. These virtues are evidently possessed by Blake Edwards, who directed *The Pink Panther*, already commented on in this column by Arthur Knight (*SR*, Feb. 29) and about which I'd like to add a word of my own. This farce story about a jewel thief and a French inspector who pursues him is the old *Raffles* in elegant disguise, but it has been made exquisitely funny by Mr. Edwards's ability to set up a situation expected by the audience and to then run counter to the situation. Peter Sellers, as the inept inspector, is always inept but never in quite the way we expect him to be, and he has probably never been funnier. And Mr. Blake must be complimented for something else: he has turned the usually stolid Capucine into an actress of comedy! "Anti-slapstick" is what Edwards has called his method, and if that's what it is, fine. Let's have more of it. I haven't seen a more entertaining film in years.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

43 Cheers

FOR thirty-three years *Broadcasting*, the trade magazine, has championed the "free enterprise," anti-FCC viewpoint among radio and TV station operators. The weekly publication is a valuable news source, but many readers who don't share its dedication to the principle of absolutely passive government regulation are often amused, irritated, and sometimes even shocked by its editorial bias. In a recent issue the magazine reported the approval in the House of Representatives of HR 8136, a bill prohibiting the FCC from limiting, by rule, the number and frequency of commercials on the air. The vote on the measure, authored by Congressman Walter Rogers of Texas was 317–43. In a box, under the title "The 43 'Nays,'" the story listed the Representatives who had voted against the measure and thus supported FCC authority, maintaining that the bill would permit stations to adopt programing policies in which "commercials would be interrupted by brief programs."

Reporting a roll call on a bill is a service to voters—but why only the losing minority? The 317 names of the bill's proponents would have taken a lot of space, it is true. To broadcasters, who are generally strongly committed to self-regulation, the boxed names may have been an invitation to remember these legislators—particularly if they happen to be representatives to whom the stations grant or sell time on the air to communicate with constituents. There is nothing conspiratorial or secret about the fact that the timing, spotting, and frequency of exposure on local radio and television for Congressmen is often significantly affected by the image that broadcasters have of them. The same *Broadcasting* report also stated that "a number of House members who went on record in the vote . . . indicated they did so to win favor with broadcasters although they believed the measure would not win Senate approval." The story also said that several of the representatives voting against the bill "were frankly concerned that broadcasters would retaliate for their opposition to the bill at election time, but felt that the issue compelled them to speak out."

In another of its recent issues the trade journal ran a story detailing how Congressmen use radio-TV. According to the text, "70 per cent of the Senators and almost 60 per cent of the Representatives regularly tape and film programs featuring themselves and guests in Washington for distribution back home." The stations absorb costs for 37 per cent of the Senators and 13 per cent of the Representatives. This may be "a sign of an unhealthy dependence by an elected official on a medium that can hurt him or help him back home" or "an irreplaceable mechanism that permits the lawmaker . . . to remain in touch with home base." In any case, the arrangement "is useful to broadcasters." They "cherish these contacts and usually follow them up with personal visits to keep Congressmen informed about what's going on at home—and in broadcasting." The lobby is a lawful device, and the broadcasters have a powerful one. When the Rogers bill was going through committees prior to the House vote, Representative John E. Moss of California led the fight against it. He was joined in dissenting by Representatives Sibal (Conn.), Staggers, (W.Va.), Rhodes (Pa.), and Hemphill (S.C.). These men subscribed to the opinion that "in the absence of positive Congressional action regarding overcommercialization, a vacuum is left, and in view of the high prices paid for broadcast properties the trend is definitely toward more and more commercialization of radio and TV programs. Listeners and viewers are left without a protection against this threat." In the final vote in the House, the names of these men (all but Moss) were absent from the "nays."

As revealed by periodic surveys, a significant number of viewers and listeners would support the FCC regulation of commercials by rule. They don't have an organized, powerful lobby in Congress—but they do vote. It may interest some of them to know the names of the forty-three "nays" who supported the FCC. Their constituents may wish to remember and reward them when next they present themselves for re-election. Local papers (not owned by radio and TV stations) please copy. Republicans: Representatives Baldwin (Calif.), Fino and Lindsay (both N.Y.) and Martin (Mass.). Democrats: Representatives Blatnik (Minn.), Burkhalter, Burton, Cameron, Cohelan, and Corman (all Calif.), Diggs and Dingell (both Mich.), Edwards (Calif.), Farbstein (N.Y.), Feighan (Ohio), Fraser (Minn.), Gallagher (N.J.), Gilbert (N.Y.), Gill (Hawaii), Green (Ore.), Hanna and Hawkins (both Calif.), Hechler (W.Va.), Joelson (N.J.), Kastenmeier (Wis.), King and Leggett (both Calif.), Macdonald (Mass.), Mailliard and Miller (both Calif.), Monagan (Conn.), Moss (Calif), Philbin (Mass.), Pike and Powell (both N.Y.), Reuss (Wis.), Rosenthal (N.Y.), Roybal (Calif.), Ryan (N.Y.), Sickles (Md.), Sisk (Calif.), Thompson (N.J.) and Van Deerlin (Calif.). —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SR D-C Word Quiz

Fans of *SR*'s Double-Crostics delight in Mrs. Wortman's occasional use of unusual words, twenty of which Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, presents below with their definitions (and with Mrs. Wortman's approval). Suit the correct word to the correct definition. Answers on page 70.

1. cilium	( )	trivial
2. effossion	( )	good education, in contrast to good breeding
3. eupsychics	( )	digging up
4. hallux	( )	snowiness
5. helicometry	( )	lighthouse
6. hordeiform	( )	shaped like a horseshoe
7. inspissates	( )	gritty grease in an axle
8. lecotropal	( )	sheriff's office
9. lexiphanic	( )	shaped like a grain of barley
10. mandibular	( )	eyewinker
11. nef	( )	an incense boat
12. nivosity	( )	containing pretentious words
13. nugacious	( )	the art of constructing spirals
14. oikology	( )	the great toe of man
15. pharos	( )	thickens
16. shrievalty	( )	like a jawbone
17. swarf	( )	science of housekeeping

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Union *from* South Africa

ALTHOUGH Alan Paton has come to be known as the poet of South African race relations, his point of greatest involvement often seems to be the more universal and eternal mystery of father-son relations. In *Cry, the Beloved Country*, it inspired the late Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill to write "How Many Miles to the Heart of a Child." And in *Sponono*, just imported from Johannesburg to Broadway by Mary K. Frank, the same theme occasionally comes to the surface to capture our deeper interest in this admirable if routine portrait of life in a South African reformatory.

For while Mr. Paton and his collaborator, Krishna Shah, have with some success caught the whole panorama of a reformatory life that seems not essentially different from what it is in some American institutions of this kind, and have added to it a folk overtone unique to the conflict between tribal Africa and the ways of its European colonizers, it is in those moments when the principal attempts to break through to his most hopeful and difficult protégé, Sponono, that we are most moved.

Mr. Paton was himself the principal of such a reformatory for thirteen years, and Sponono represents an actual former inmate whom Mr. Paton failed to save from committing a violent crime and going on to an adult prison. The truest problem of this play, therefore, is the exploration of Sponono's compulsions to good and evil and of the principal's parental necessity to be fair to all his sons as he patiently encourages their adjustment to an unjust society while trying to respond to one extraordinarily profound boy in his charge.

There can be no simple answer or even full understanding of such a boy, and the play wisely dismisses the traditional sociological excuses it briefly considers. It does suggest that the principal's inability to believe one true statement among a pack of Sponono's lies set off the latter's self-destructive and antisocial transformation from good to evil. And insofar as all school principals and fathers find themselves unwilling or unable to sustain the degree of attention and faith required by this sort of boy, this constitutes a tragic fact of existence irrespective of the ultimate fate of either party. Recognition of this tragic fact comes in the play's final scene, when the action shifts from case history to fantasy to permit a larger-than-life lament for all such failures.

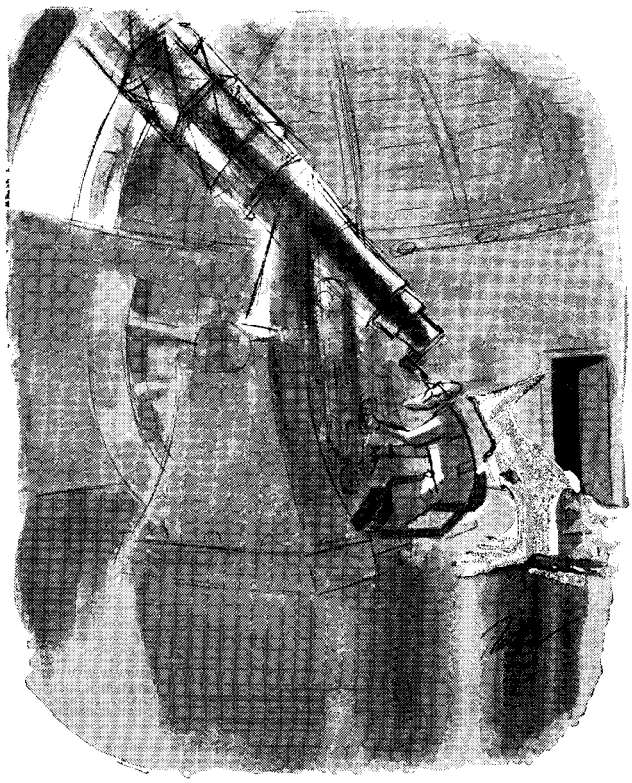
Along the way, Mr. Shah has staged the proceedings inventively and artistically. Particularly effective is a little number in which Sponono celebrates the end of his close relationship with the principal by singing with the other boys a merry song about bootlicking ("A black lick for black boots, a brown lick for brown boots"). Obed Dira provides some nice comic relief as an embarrassed witness being asked to testify about something that happened when he was drunk. And Vinah Bendile furnishes us with a fascinating example of tribal dancing.

As the principal, Michael Goodliffe has a most difficult role. He must play goodness without seeming smug or losing the authority that makes his profession credible. This he does, but because the part is underwritten, one would like to see it played less as a typical principal than as a very special person capable of expressing a more desperate anguish than any actual principal ever expressed. And although Cocky Tlhotlhalemaje must be complimented for executing the extensive primary demands of the title role, it must be noted that he, like most of the company, is just beginning to find himself in the new South African theater revolution championed by the recently established Union of African Artists.

Thanks to the courageous hard work of this organization, South Africa at last has a theater that can be said to represent its whole population. And if the New York theatergoer finds *Sponono* falling considerably short of becoming the full-throated, theatrically committed masterpiece it might be, he can at least appreciate it as a modestly entertaining and unpretentious folk play created out of life rather than out of fashionable clichés.

Similarly rudimentary is *Jerico Jim Crow*, currently being presented Saturdays at 7:30 and 10 and Sundays at 5:30 at The Sanctuary, 143 West Thirteenth Street, New York City. Arranged by Langston Hughes, it consists mainly of a number of songs that take us chronologically from the injustices of the days of slavery to the present turmoil in the South. Fortunately the singing is inspired, especially that of Gilbert Price and Dorothy Drake. Miss Drake has the most thrilling voice heard in our theater since Ethel Waters, and her delivery of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," sung in counterpoint to "John Brown's Body," is so filled with pure aliveness that we find ourselves joyously and inexplicably in tears.

Both *Sponono* and *Jerico Jim Crow* refresh the theater with their simplicity and with their recognition of how miraculously strong the forces of good will can remain amid the vicious social situations they portray. —HENRY HEWES.



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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Footloose in Polynesia

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE'S recent decision to explode his celebrated made-in-France atomic bomb in Mururoa in the South Pacific has hardly helped to maintain the image of a dreamy idyll that Tahiti and its sister islands have cherished since the *Bounty* fell asunder over its charms. Oddly enough, the French authorities, which fended off the encroachments of tourism all these years, are earnestly seeking to develop it. They have even evolved a master plan for bringing big-time tourism to their islands in Polynesia. Those among them with 20-20 hearing have long since picked up the approaching rumble of the supersonic planes that will shrink the distances almost beyond public comprehension, and which are coming now, sooner than the most optimistic air-minded thinkers had expected.

The noise of the supersonics is going to be dimmed for one brief but lingering interlude by the fat salute which de Gaulle is going to light in the general vicinity sometime in 1965. It will hardly help for the French to say, as they are at diligent pains to say now, that Mururoa is not really part of their Polynesia, or that Mururoa is really farther from Tahiti than Johnston Island (where we exploded a bomb) is from Hawaii. Hawaii, like cigarette smoking, was an established habit when our bomb went off, but Tahiti is something else again. It is going to be difficult to educate a tourist in Toledo on the relationship of distances in the vast South Pacific sea when the Paris papers themselves have, rather irresponsibly at that, continued to refer to the tests in the "Tahiti islands."

Despite the cloud over Mururoa, the French have plans for three new airstrips in the Tuamotu Archipelago, where the greatest development of tourism is likely to come. One runway will be cleared at Rangiroa to handle anything up to a DC-4. Only Bermudas go in now, landing in the lagoon. The French Club Méditerranée has already established one of its South Seas playgrounds here. A second strip is planned for Anna, which is said to be one of the world's most beautiful atolls. A third is being built at Hao, which will be under military supervision but available as an alternate for Pan American and UTA jets should weather prevent them from landing at Faaa, the airport at Tahiti. The old Seabee runway at Bora Bora, 155 miles from Tahiti, is considered to be in the same weather belt as Tahiti and if conditions prevented a safe approach at Faaa an alternate landing at Bora Bora might be rather chancy, too.

The airport at Hao, moreover, might also effect a new and long-promised liaison with South America. It was hoped that the jets would fly from Chile to Easter Island, then Mangareva and Tahiti. The approach of the SSTs, however, may mean that a route would bypass Easter Island, with the supersonics flying from Chile to Tahiti, then up to Honolulu or across to Australia. In addition to all these heady plans, a French photo plane has also photographed the Marquesas, which lie about 750 miles north and east of Tahiti and previously have only been reachable by copra schooner. An airstrip there might open up such back-of-the-moon places as Hiva Oa, Fatu Hiva, and Ua Huka.

French Polynesia can be classified in five groups—the Marquesas, to which Gauguin once fled, the little-explored Austral Islands to the south, the budding Tuamotus to the east, the far-out Gambiers along the route to Valparaíso, and of course the Society Islands. These Iles de la Société are further divided into the Windward Islands of Tahiti and Mooréa and the Islands Under the Wind, or Leeward isles, of Bora Bora, Raiatéa, Huahine, and Tahaa. Bora Bora, a giant base during the war, had the only airstrip in the whole area when the smoke of World War II cleared, and for many years whatever planes came landed here. Passengers were then ferried, one way or another, 155 miles across the water to Tahiti. This was precisely the way I came in 1956, which was before the arrival of scheduled airline service, and it was the way I came several years after that when the first French DC-7 began regular service.

Now with the giant runway built into the sea at Faaa, Tahiti is established as the center of the action in French Polynesia, while Bora Bora and Mooréa, which is merely eleven miles away, have become the retreats. Even more obscure, but about ready to emerge, is Raiatéa.

For the tourists the handiest of all these is undoubtedly Mooréa, an island that sits there like an ever-present mountain of mystery in full view of all of Papeete every waking day. Despite its proximity, it is considered to be at least fifty years behind Tahiti, and the estimate is not far off. It is as rural as any backwater in the world, and it is only lately that it has been invaded by visiting tourists. The most recent facility to open there is a hotel that calls itself, without acknowledgment to either Rodgers, Hammerstein, or Michener, the Bali H'ai. It is the product of three nervy Americans who have managed to slip through the cat's cradle of red tape woven by the French and establish a going concern.

The high-talking chief among the entrepreneurs is Hugh Kelley, a thirty-seven-year-old Los Angeles lawyer who first came to Tahiti in a transpacific yacht race in 1959. Things were never the same after he returned and one day he walked into the office and quit. Jay Carlise from Newport Beach is now twenty-nine. When he was twenty-two he was the youngest man ever to own a seat on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. He is doubtless, at twenty-nine, the youngest correspondence keeper, partner, and reservations manager in Mooréa. Don McCallum, another refugee from California's yachting center of Newport Beach, not far from Los Angeles, was a manufacturer's representative for a sporting goods line. Now, at thirty-three, he is in charge of the Bali H'ai's food service and also manages the 410 acres of vanilla plantation that is owned by the corporation. Under his direction some of the land is being moved into citrus and vegetables to help feed the hotel. A prime crop is sweet corn, which McCallum serves American visitors with pride. He gets the seeds from the University of Hawaii, the nearest source that would understand that corn is not necessarily hog feed.

The California expatriates built the bungalows themselves, lifting them off the ground to provide some privacy and fitting them with deep straw roofs that from a distance look like hats pulled low on the forehead. They made the furniture, too, but sent away for the best mattresses they could buy. Four steps down to the private bath makes each bungalow a sort of duplex. Five bungalows have been in operation all winter, and another five are expected to be ready by this summer.

Opened in June of 1962, Bali H'ai now gets three-quarters of its patrons from California, charges $28.75 for a bungalow on the beach and all meals for two, and is beginning to get guests who park for a full month. On Sundays it operates a packaged feast that includes the boat ride from Tahiti, a buffet lunch, a camera show in the afternoon displaying such local talents as coconut-tree climbing. Later there is

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a tour of the island. But the best is saved for nightfall when torches are lighted for a Polynesian feast featuring forty dancers. The cost: $18 per goggle-eyed tourist.

All this American enterprise on the somnolent acreage of Mooréa has not altogether pleased the management of the Aimeo, a hotel that pioneered the good tourist life on the island. Aimeo, whose charms I have described before, is strung out along the head of Cook's Bay, a striking indentation in the coast that was named after Captain Cook, the first white man ever to see it. When he arrived he saw the local warriors already in place on the high platforms of their war canoes ready to sail off to fight Tahiti. Discretion sailed before valor and Cook turned around without landing.

The chiefs of Mooréa traditionally kept dancers and singers in their court, at least until the arrival of the missionaries. Herman Melville arrived in the islands during the moratorium and wrote of watching at a distance while the natives held their dances in secret. The folkways nearly disappeared, but the ban was lifted for the birthday of Napoleon III. Enough of the youth was trained by the oldsters and the songs and the dances were saved.

Aimeo's South Seas festivals begin in the afternoon when the pig is committed to the underground oven and cooked with hot rocks. Girls appear, carrying dozens of flower crowns strung on a long pole. After rum punches and a forkless and knifeless dinner of raw fish cooked in lime juice, pig cooked in the earth, breadfruit, and yams, the guests and any local guitarist who happens to be handy climb into covered trucks for the ride to the village of Temae. There they are met by small boys carrying lighted palm fronds who run down to greet the truck. The chief of the dance appears, wearing a headdress that looks like a costume of the pharaohs. He delivers a lengthy speech of welcome. Then the barrier is lowered, the guests are ushered into a ring within the village, and the program starts.

The group dances the *otea*, a peaceful performance that depicts rice sowing, the harpooning of a fish, and water running through the mountains. Women do bird dances and men make the sign of the Southern Cross. Then comes the *aparima*, in which the hands beat time and imitate the mating flight of the *torea*, the bird of the mountains. In the *paoa* the Mooréans sit around and sing impromptu songs. In the old days the lyrics were made up at the moment, like Trinidad's calypso, and, like calypso, they frequently involved *double entendre*. Popular story themes tell about a father who is on his way to the mountains to pollinate the vanilla, or about a fisherman who will catch an eel. He cannot kill it, but must call upon his wife to help subdue it.

All of this is lost on tourists who don't speak Tahitian, but it's a fascinating evening all the same. Everyone is in rollicking high spirits for the ride back home on the truck.

Guests who leave Mooréa are piped on board their boat by a stream of islanders who sing and strum all the way to the wharf. It was that way with us the day I left Bali H'ai to go down to the Aimeo, and the same thing happened all over again when I left the Aimeo for the return to Papeete. Even after the distance and the hum of the engines had muted all but a stray strumming, a faraway voiced note here and there came caroming off the great cathedral walls of Cook's Bay. I looked up for the last time to see the palms as they climbed straight up from the beach along the early slopes of the sheer canyon walls, until the angle became too steep to hold any but the most tenacious of seeds. We rounded the bay and came along the edge of the island, which was all beach for a mile or more, with outriggers and skiffs pulled up on the sand. Then we reached for the open channel and the spray struck and I searched about for a comfortable corner on deck where I could ride out the crossing back to Tahiti. —Horace Sutton.

(Second of a series on the South Pacific.)

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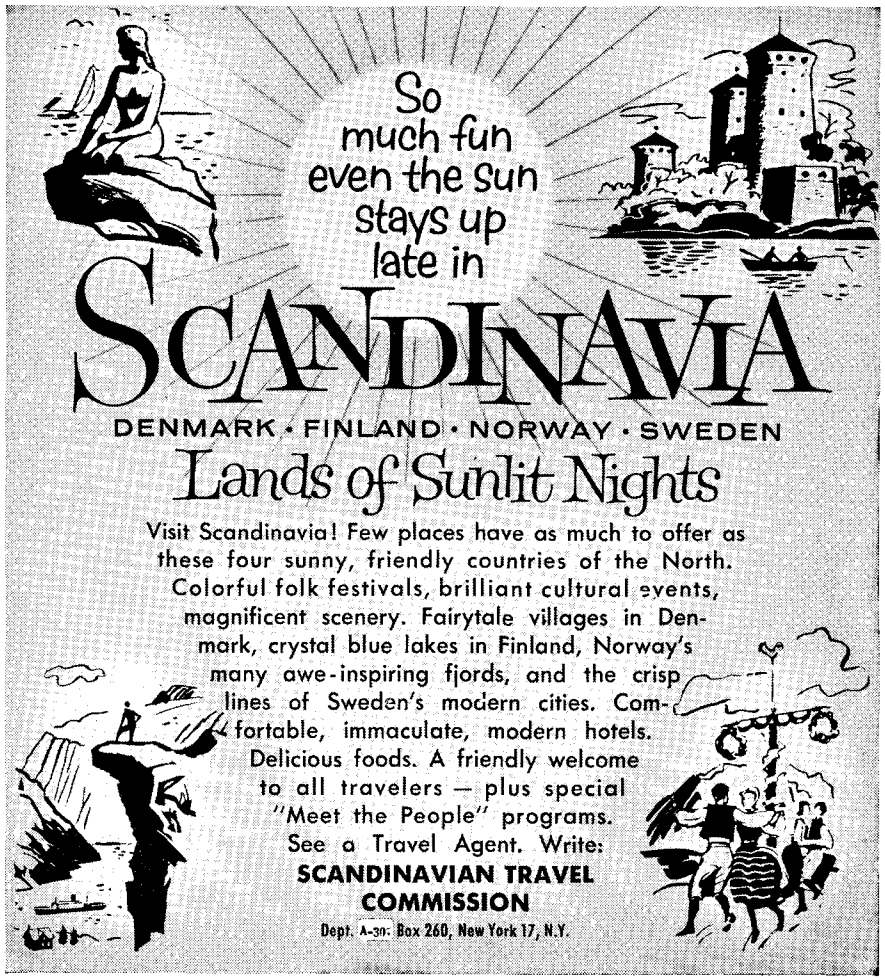
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ormandy Reveals Berlioz

IT IS said of Camille Saint-Saëns that he heard Hector Berlioz conduct his Requiem at St. Eustache in Paris in 1852 and didn't stop talking about it for the rest of his life. Since he lived until 1921, when he was eighty-six, it may be said to have made a fairly profound impression on him. Some of those who heard it performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy in Philharmonic Hall in late March might have felt the same way, and, if they were young enough and live long enough, talk about it for seventy years also.

Concert hall performances of this work on this level of artistry are not merely rare in New York; they are all but nonexistent. Leon Barzin and his National Orchestral Association did their best by it in the Fifties, and it has been produced at Tanglewood by Charles Munch as well as in Boston. Now that Ormandy has shown that it can be done, and done with distinction, perhaps the Philharmonic may be inspired with a similar sense of adventure. Certainly what it contains—and it contains the seeds of a whole century's musical blossoming—cannot be reaped at one harvest no matter how thoroughgoing.

In a season of remarkable productivity in requiems—it began, lest it be forgotten, with the new one of Britten and has ranged through those of Verdi, Brahms, and Mozart as well as the seldom-heard Dvorák—the Berlioz *Grande Messe des Morts* nevertheless comes up like the aurora borealis and shines with the luminosity of a midday sun. Some of it was transferred to works of quality that followed, but none bears testimony to such staggering powers of originality as this. However it may be graded as an expression of religious fervor, it is an act of musical faith that may be Berlioz's most embracingly personal, with the daring of the *Fantastique* refined, the imagery of *Roméo et Juliette* more consistently controlled, the canvas of *Les Troyens* less extravagantly utilized.

Needless to say, no such comprehensive judgment would be possible were the means of appraisal any less comprehensive. In applying himself to the problem, to the extent of combining some 250 voices of the Temple University Chorus with the abundant instrumental power of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy achieved one of the noteworthy feats of a career that is far from lacking in such distinctions. There was nothing in the least tentative or experimental about this re-creation (which followed several earlier performances in Philadelphia). Every measure had been studied, weighed, and evaluated to bring forth a maximum of meaning as well as an optimum of sonority.

Nor was this a matter merely of striking off such highlights as the brass choir of "Tuba mirum" or the half-whispered woodwind chords (in triplets) at the end of "Domine Jesu Christe." Testing as these were (Ormandy solved the problem of positioning the four brass bands at the points of the compass by using the radio-TV booths high above either side of the stage), they served merely as the extremes of range between which he ordered a superb succession of sonorous steps taking note of Berlioz's highly individual sense of doublings and his piercing visions of musical imagery. Where sound is organized with so luminous a center and so resonant a frame, there was no occasion to ponder acoustics or fret about reverberation or the lack of it. It was built in to the performance, with all contingencies accounted for.

For his soloist in the "Sanctus" (which, the generous composer suggested, might be performed by ten tenor voices) Ormandy elected Cesare Valletti. His strength is not as the strength of ten, even though his artistic heart is pure, but he added an overlay of purpose and conviction to the notes he sang that compensated for the several top ones that were pinched or beyond his present range. For the chorus there need be no apologia or reservations; it sang up to the strength suggested by its numbers, and with more artistry than was expectable from its name.

The second season of New York concerts by the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf's direction ended pretty much where the first one began. There was cleanly conscientious, unified performance from the orchestra, even more emphasis on minutiae of musical grammar and rhetoric. But too little that was either illuminating or soul-satisfying.

This applied especially to the first of the pair, in which Leinsdorf led the *Fidelio* Overture of Beethoven and Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra* and Van Cliburn was soloist in the D-minor Concerto of Brahms. One can only imagine how long a performance of *Fidelio* might take if prefaced by such a playing of the overture, so deliberately did it go. Perhaps Leinsdorf was pacing it to cover the dilatory arrival of his soloist at the hall (a bit of non-professionalism that has become something of a habit with Cliburn). Unfortunately the mood carried over into the concerto, which had two tempi: slow and slower. The soloist picked up the pace for the finale, where he has the opening to himself; but it was disjointed, non-embracing Brahms that came to hearing. Even Cliburn's sizable pianistic power was not applied to the most useful result. *Zarathustra* was articulated with care, and to a high order of exactitude, but with rather more calculation than conviction.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Tebaldi's New Desdemona

DESDEMONA has always been one of Renata Tebaldi's most congenial assignments. In it her basically placid temperament is, if anything, an advantage; also, the role fluctuates gracefully between the lyric and dramatic categories, just as her vocal resources do. It is no coincidence that Tebaldi chose this as her debut vehicle at the Met back in 1955, and was chosen to repeat it in the company's new *Otello* last year—that is, before she retired temporarily from the scene.

Returning to the role in the penultimate *Otello* of the season, Tebaldi proved that the recent changes in her vocal *modus operandi* are, for the most part, in Desdemona's favor. To be sure, the extreme top notes now present problems. Loud ones tend to emerge metallic and edgy, soft ones flat and thin. And the soprano's acting technique still relies primarily on statuesque poses, ravishing smiles, and choreographic overuse of those beautiful hands. But such matters turned out to be of minor importance.

The "new" Tebaldi's lighter, more poised tone is singularly appropriate in conveying girlish innocence, and her heightened attention to textual detail brings meaning to passages that used to be attractive by virtue of beautiful sound alone. Best of all, Tebaldi now commands a cleaner, more even line than before. In general, the present necessity for vocal caution seems to have brought with it a certain degree of artistic restraint; as far as Desdemona is concerned, this is all to the good.

Tebaldi's restraint also made her an excellent foil for the Otello of James McCracken, which took on added passion—and pathos—in her company. Anselmo Colzani's Iago, however, lacked sufficient conviction and subtlety to hold up his end of the triumverate.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Evil That Lurks in the Heart

EVERYONE knows William Golding as the author of *Lord of the Flies*, but he has written several books since that was published, and though none of them has had the extraordinary popular success of the first novel, they have made it clear that he is one of the most gifted and one of the most significant novelists in contemporary England. In his introduction to the 1962 edition of *Lord of the Flies*, E. M. Forster wrote of Golding, "Thus his attitude approaches the Christian: we are all born in sin, or will all lapse into it. But he does not complete the Christian attitude, for the reason that he never introduces the idea of a Redeemer." The preoccupation with evil is reflected in everything he has written.

In *The Spire* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95) Golding's theme is the harm done by a good, an almost saintly, man. The man is Jocelin, dean of a cathedral in medieval England. To him has come a vision, divinely inspired, he has no doubt, of a tower for the cathedral crowned by a spire that reaches a height of 400 feet. The novel opens with the beginning of work:

> He was laughing, chin up, and shaking his head. God the Father was exploding in his face with a glory of sunlight through painted glass, a glory that moved with his movements to consume and exalt Abraham and Isaac and then God again. The tears of laughter in his eyes made additional spokes and wheels and rainbows.
>
> Chin up, hands holding the model spire before him, eyes half closed; joy—
>
> "I've waited half my life for this day."

From this point on we follow the building of the spire. Golding seems to know a lot about church architecture and the building practices of the Middle Ages, and he makes effective use of technical details. But the account is never dull, for the whole process is dramatized in terms of Dean Jocelin's hopes and fears, and his tensions are communicated to the reader.

Jocelin is a man of great faith and of the most virtuous intentions, but he has no respect for human limitations and little understanding of himself. When his master workman, Roger Mason, raises reasonable objections, Jocelin scorns them. He says to himself, "I will urge him up step by step if I have to. He has no vision. He is blind." "Lord," he cries, "what instruments we have to use!" It is his inability to see people as people, not as instruments, that leads him to blunder again and again, particularly in his relations with Goody Pangall, whom he calls "my daughter in God."

As the spire slowly rises and as the doubts of others grow stronger, Jocelin becomes fanatical. More and more he neglects his regular duties to spend time with the workmen and spur them on. Sometimes he is visited by an angel and sometimes by a devil, but he never doubts that he has been chosen by God for this particular purpose. There are financial crises, difficulties with the workers, ominous signs from the spire itself, and finally disciplinary action by the Church; but nothing stops him. "It's become a race between me and the Devil," he thinks. "We're going faster, both of us, racing for the line. But I shall win."

The novel is written strictly from Jocelin's point of view, and Golding's success in making us feel with the Dean is remarkable. It is this that gives the novel its peculiar power. We know well enough that Jocelin is a fanatic, if not, at the end, a madman, and we know the harm he is doing; but we feel the passion that is burning in him.

There is a fine scene near the end in which Jocelin goes to ask forgiveness of Roger Mason. Both men have been ruined in the struggle, and Roger is full of resentment: "God damn you, Jocelin! It'll fall, and I'll have to wait for it. You took my craft, you took my army, you

35 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Spire," by William Golding
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48 Africa's Quest for Order, by Fred G. Burke; Africa and Africans, by Paul Bohannan
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took everything. May you be cursed right through hell!" But Jocelin has at last begun to learn humility, and he replies: "I'm a building with a vast cellarage where the rats live; and there's some sort of blight on my hands. I injure everyone I touch, particularly those I love." But self-knowledge has come too late.

Golding has said:

> If you had met me before World War II, you would have found me to have been an idealist with a simple and naïve belief which many other people of my generation shared, especially in Europe. This naïve belief was that man was perfectible . . . From World War II we learned something. The war was unlike any other fought in Europe. It taught us not fighting, politics or the follies of nationalism, but about the given nature of man.

The idea that man is inherently evil is scarcely original; what matters is that Golding has been able to embody the idea in a series of remarkable fictions. After *Lord of the Flies* came *The Inheritors*, which describes the overcoming of gentle, kindly, moderate Neanderthal Man by our ancestor, predatory, cruel, rapacious, faithless *homo sapiens*. *Pincher Martin* shows, among other things, the struggle for survival of a self-centered and greedy man. In *Free Fall* the narrator looks back over his life, trying to determine how he became what he is. He asks at the outset: "When did I lose my freedom? For once, I was free. I had power to choose." He does not find the answer. Golding's comedy, *The Brass Butterfly*, presents a Greek who, in the days of the Roman Empire, has invented the steamship, high explosives, and the printing press. These inventions are all misused or neglected, and Phanocles complains to the Emperor, who tells him,"A steamship, or anything powerful, in the hands of man, Phanocles, is like a sharp knife in the hands of a child. There is nothing wrong with the knife. There is nothing wrong with man's intelligence. The trouble is his nature."

It is possible to quarrel with Golding on philosophical or psychological grounds, but such objections are irrelevant, for his novels are convincing whether his philosophy is or not. The popularity of *Lord of the Flies* among college students must be attributed in large part to the concept of human nature it expresses, but the book would not have held its young readers if the story hadn't been told so well. *The Spire* is also a magnificent piece of narrative, constantly mounting in intensity, and at the same time it goes to the depths of a complex character. I hope it will lead many people to discover that Golding is not a one-novel man.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

On the Off-Beat Bookshelf

SPRING is here again, that glorious season when the whole world is new and everything, pantie raids included, seems to make sense. On the off-chance that you, the book reader, might be yearning to do something new and different, I've been skulking around the more off-beat bookshelves of the publishing industry and have come up with a few items you may not have heard too much about. Given half a chance, any of the following books can change, or add to, your life. All are either currently in your bookstore or will be there within the next month or two.

If gardening is your meat but your acreage is confined to a big-city patch of sour earth, a terrace, a rooftop, or even a windowbox, *The City Gardener*, by Philip Truex (Knopf, $6.95), is your answer. Neither wind, shade, nor soot can blight Mr. Truex's green thumb, nor presumably yours.

If your digs are such that you don't have even a windowbox, take a look at either *Bonsai: The Art of Dwarfing*

Trees, by Ann K. Pipe (Appleton-Century, $5.95), or *Bonsai for Americans*, by George F. Hull (Doubleday, $5.95). By midsummer, who knows, you may have a California redwood in your candy dish.

For those with real garden space and a yen to do something different there's *Gardening Without Poisons*, by Beatrice Trum Hunter (Houghton Mifflin, $5), or—and this could be my favorite title of the year—*Peacock Manure and Marigolds*, by Janet Gillespie (Viking, $3.95). Both books will show you what you can do—and the answer is plenty—for the good of your garden without the use of chemical poisons.

If spring means romance, *Boys and Other Beasts*, by Barbara Lang (Bernard Geis, $3.95), will give a girl a fair idea of problems to be encountered in skirmishes with the opposite sex. Men might skim the book, too, so as to be prepared to counter the ploys Miss Lang sets up for her girls. If you know all about dating but still haven't made your permanent pick, consider *How to Marry Someone You Can Live with All Your Life*, by Leland E. Glover (Prentice-Hall, $3.95). The rest of you can look at *The Absolute Truth About Marriage*, by Lois Wyse (Macmillan, hardbound, $1.95; paperback, $1), a funny, little word-and-picture book which offers a marital situation on one page and follows it with answers typical of the first, fifth, and tenth years of connubial bliss.

Want to fix up your house or yourself for next to no money? The *McCall's Just for Fun Book*, by Nanina Comstock and Eleanor Spencer (Random House, $2.95), contains more than 200 items that can easily be made from things you usually throw out. How about a pair of earrings from feathers the parakeet has shed, or a necklace of chicken bones, or a kitchen note caddy from an empty sardine can? No? Well, there's no helping some people.

If you are planning on coming East for the World's Fair this spring, pick up a seventy-five-cent bargain entitled *New York: A Practical Guide*, by Arthur Frommer (Frommer/Pasmantier, 75¢). It offers all the vital tourist information plus twelve discount tickets for guided tours and Fair attractions. The book pays for itself.

Two other vacation valuables are *How and Where to Vacation with Children—and Enjoy It*, by Edwin Kiester, Jr. (Doubleday, $1.95) and *This Week Magazine's Glove-Compartment Auto Book*, by Ralph Stein (Random House, $1). The first carries the cover statement "Tips on every aspect of travel in the United States with children from two to teen-age with a list of more than forty of the best places, usual and unusual. . . ." The second offers insurance facts, mileage between cities, what to do in case of engine trouble, etc., etc.—in short, all of the information you should have in your glove compartment all year round. Both are paperback books.

If your vacation plans consist of again pitching a tent on that piece of land you own out there and still have done nothing about, you could take along a copy of *How to Build Cabins and Modern Vacation Homes*, by Harry Walton (Harper & Row, $2.95). It might get you started.

How about a new interest? *Star Maps for Beginners*, by I. M. Levitt and Roy K. Marshall (Simon & Schuster, $1.50),

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contains twelve maps of the heavens—one for each month—spiralbound to stay open while the amateur astronomer matches constellations by a new, simplified system.

How about getting into the fight for President of the United States or for president of the garden club? Stephen C. Shadegg, who worked behind the scenes for Senators Carl Hayden and Barry Goldwater, maps the campaign in *How to Win an Election* (Taplinger, $5.95).

A Picture Is a Picture, by W. G. Rogers (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), explains modern art from Post-Impressionism to Abstract Impressionism. Since the book is listed as being for ages fourteen up, it offers a simplified approach to those framed confusions you once turned away from.

Are you retired and wondering what to do with all that supposedly wonderful free time you now find yawning ahead of you? *101 Ways to Enjoy Your Leisure,* by The Retirement Council (Harper & Row, $4.50), can suggest

activities to fit your temperament, interests, and pocketbook. Information included ranges from pure pastimes through travel tips and money-making ideas.

This year even the national pastime, baseball, takes on new meaning. *The Zen of Base and Ball,* by Tom Zeigler and Hal Barnell (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), sheds hilarious confusion, through words and sukiyaki-ish pictures, on what you once foolishly thought was a simple game but is in reality a mystical experience requiring much contemplation. I'll bet you never realized that "A Man running from home base to first base is really in transition from being a batter to becoming a base runner . . . yet he is neither." With such an approach you might Zen the New York Mets into first place this year. In fact, you might discover that they have never been out of first place, which doesn't strike me as very Zensible at all.

And that's it with the exception of *Crossword Puzzles from The London Times* (Hawthorn, $1.95), ninety-two of the toughest crosswords you've ever tackled. If spring is just too much, you can lower the shade against the glare, pick up a pencil, and by the time you have polished off Number 92, lazy summer days should be here. At least, that's what I'm counting on.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Spring Is for New-Book Lovers

Fiction

Late April

THE LEPER AND OTHER STORIES. By Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95. Mr. Djilas continues his concern with the life-or-death choice between idealism and survival imposed upon modern man in a revolutionary world.

FLOOD: A ROMANCE OF OUR TIME. By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $5.95. The return of Tennessee-born writer Brad Tolliver to his native South in search of his creative self is the lyric stuff of this Literary Guild selection.

May

ACCIDENT. By Elizabeth Janeway. Harper & Row. $5.95. In the aftermath of a crippling mishap it becomes apparent that the casualties of an accident are not always the injured.

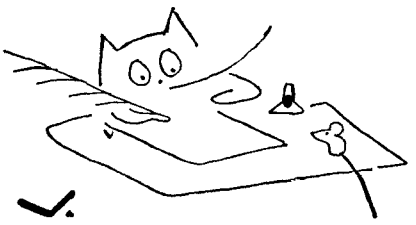
THE LATE MATTIA PASCAL. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by William Weaver. Doubleday. $4.95. This early work of the 1934 Nobel Prize-winner chronicles the three lives of an Italian librarian whose travels in each are a journey to mature manhood.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIO CRUZ. By Carlos Fuentes. Farrar, Straus. $4.95. As a priest administers Extreme Unction, the seventy-one-year-old hero of this thoughtful study of the dying mind suffers the compunction of remembering not enough and too much.

ON ICE. By Jack Gelber. Macmillan. $4.95. In his first novel the author of the play *The Connection* describes the domestication of a Manhattan hipster whose swinging downtown friends and square uptown employers lend vitality and authenticity to the narrative.

THE TOWN BEYOND THE WALL. By Elie Wiesel. Atheneum. $3.95. A prison cell is the price of prayer paid by the spiritual, philosophic, and slightly demented protagonist of this story of the sufferings of the Jews.

THE GILDED AGE. By Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Trident. $5.95. As evidenced in this stinging satire, America's foremost humorist (in collaboration here with the essayist Charles Dudley Warner) found nothing funny about our democracy.



A NARROW ACTION. By Harvey Breit. World. $4.95. The first novel of the playwright and former *New York Times* editor-columnist limns a Castro-like Caribbean revolutionary, who learns the facts of Party-life as Moscow moves in on his newly-won dictatorship.

June

TODA RABA. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $4.50. In an epic novel written at the time of the tenth anniversary of Russia's October Revolution, the esteemed writer attaches his hero's ideological wagon to the rising red star.

JULIAN. By Gore Vidal. Little, Brown. $6.95. The successful dramatist's return to fiction is a re-creation of the days and intellectual development of the once-Christian Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate, who reverted to paganism and tried to re-establish it as the state religion.

Nonfiction

Late April

MUSSOLINI: THE MAN AND HIS ERA. By Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick. Hawthorn. $10. Il Duce in depth as he put Italy's trains back on schedule and then derailed the nation, by a long-time member of the British Foreign Office.

MY AUNT MAXINE: THE STORY OF MAXINE ELLIOTT. By Diana Forbes-Robertson. Viking. $6.95. An absorbing saga of the beautiful, ambitious, less-than-talented toast of two continents, which began on the rock-bound coast of Maine and ended on the villa-studded coast of France.

PEDRO MARTINEZ: A MEXICAN PEASANT AND HIS FAMILY. By Oscar Lewis. Random House. $8.95. The tape-recorded odyssey of an Aztec villager searching for justice in a socially-shifting Mexico, told in the vivid manner of *Children of Sanchez.*

THE FOUR FACES OF PEACE. By Lester B. Pearson. Dodd, Mead. $4.95. In these assembled speeches Canada's Prime Minister, who was 1957 Nobel Peace Prize-winner, talks with stylish simplicity about world tensions, domestic problems, and, at the end, of the loss of John Kennedy.

DULLES OVER SUEZ. By Herman Finer. Quadrangle Books. $7.50. If you couldn't stand the late Secretary of State, you'll love *Dulles Over Suez,* in which with relentless detail the author indicts him for "ungrateful" and "cowardly" behavior toward allies Britain and France.

77 DREAM SONGS. By John Berryman. Farrar, Straus. $3.95. Called by some the most important collection of poems to appear since Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* and *Imitations,* Mr. Berryman's new work wan-

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ders through the back alleys of our culture to ridicule the "Representative."

MR. KENNEDY AND THE NEGROES. By Harry Golden. World. $4.95. The affable author, a lifetime student of the evils of segregation, loudly applauds the commitment to the Negroes made by the late Chief Executive, whom he calls "our second abolitionist President."

May

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH. By Philip Magnus. Dutton. $8.50. The result of the author's unrestricted access to the Royal Archives is a king-size portrait of the Edwardian monarch and the age that he influenced.

A MOVEABLE FEAST. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribners. $4.95. The first of Hemingway's posthumous works, completed in 1960, would be an event without these masterful descriptions of and intriguing indiscretions about the places and people of his expatriate Paris days.

ESSAYS OF A HUMANIST. By Julian Huxley. Harper & Row. $4.95. As he discusses subjects ranging from the emergence of Darwinism to the New Divinity, Mr. Huxley becomes his own best advertisement for his theory of Evolutionary Humanism.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SPACE AGE. By Edwin Diamond. Doubleday. $3.95. The author provides "civilians" with a set of embarrassing questions to ask the political, military, and industrial "experts" who, according to Mr. Diamond, are ad-libbing our space program.

THE DESERT KING: IBN SAUD AND HIS ARABIA. By David Howarth. McGraw-Hill. $5.95. The fabulous story of Arabia's transition from camels to Cadillacs begun when the late Ibn Saud recaptured the empire under whose sands bubbled Riviera vacations in oil.

REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL: Politics and Society in a Developing Nation. By Irving Louis Horowitz. Dutton. $7.95. Mr. Horowitz sounds a warning of an inevitable U.S.-Brazilian confrontation as he reports the revolutionary thinking of the commentators and policy-makers of this fifth largest country in the world.

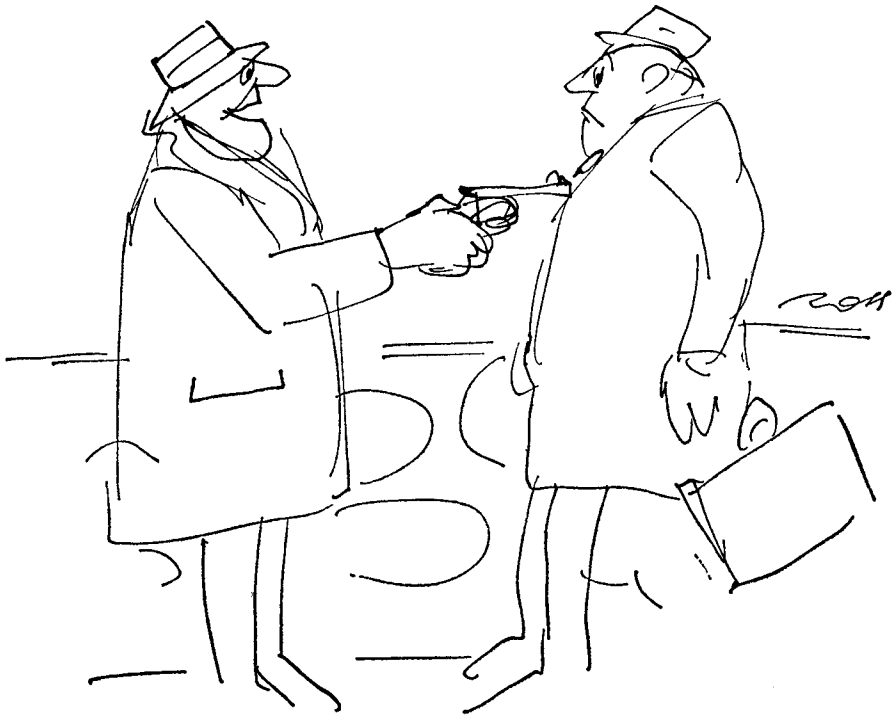
THE LONG ROAD HOME: The Autobiography of a Maverick. By James P. Warburg. Doubleday. $5.95. The distinguished scion of the famous Jewish banking dynasty parallels his own long and satisfying life with the last fifty years of the life of America, to whose wellbeing his reasonable liberalism contributed in satisfying kind.

THE BAY OF PIGS. By Haynes Johnson. Norton. $5.95. Using private records, as well as interviews with active Cuban leaders, ransomed veterans, and U. S. Government officials, to substantiate his case, the author concludes that the Cuban invasion was the worse case of bungling since the Light Brigade charged Balaklava.

PATTON: ORDEAL AND TRIUMPH. By Ladislas Farago. Ivan Obolensky. $9.95. An engrossing development of the controversial general's career and commands based on hitherto unpublished and unreported documents and statements of major Allied and Axis World War II participants.

LETTERS TO A SISTER. By Rose Macaulay. Atheneum. $5. This always intelligent correspondence covers the years between 1926 and Miss Macaulay's death in 1958, during which she discussed current events, her literary connections, and especially her return to the Church of England.

MEMOIRS OF LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL: A STUDY IN FRIENDSHIP. Edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy. Knopf. $6.95. A wispy, wise reminiscence by the pre-World War I patroness of the arts to whose London salon came the fabled likes of Augustus John, D. H. Lawrence, Henry James, Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, etc.



"Bang! Bang!—April fool! All I want is your money!"

THE CART AND THE HORSE. By Louis Kronenberger. Knopf. $4.95. In his latest collection of essays Mr. Kronenberger in epigrammatic *Times*style disposes of the "tastemakers" of Madison Avenue, the Academies, and Foundations.

DANIEL. By Martin Buber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3. The reader will discern in this poetic and transitional early work of the renowned Jewish philosopher the emerging principles of his later *existenz-philosophie.*

CONTINUITIES IN CULTURAL EVOLUTION. By Margaret Mead. Yale Univ. Press. $8.50. From her stockpile of knowledge based on forty years' direct observation of primitive peoples, Dr. Mead generously adds to the current dialogue on the nature of human participation in the evolutionary process.

AMERICANS ON EVEREST. By James Ramsey Ullman. Lippincott. $8.95. A cliff-hanging account of the men, money, and know-how that characterized the 1963 big climb and of the six who finally found room at the top of the magnetic mountain.

MARIANNE MOORE. By Bernard F. Engel. Twayne. $3.50. The first full-length likeness of the distinguished American poet, who likes "to be inconspicuous but look well."

THE BURDEN AND THE GLORY. By John F. Kennedy. Edited by Allan Nevins. Harper & Row. $4.95. An outstanding selection of the major public statements and less formal remarks of the late President as he assured Americans that the Ship of State was in steady hands at home and abroad.

June

THRILLING CITIES. By Ian Fleming. New American Library. $4.95. Wishing to Bond their subscribers, this suave survey of the world's exciting metropolises was originally commissioned by the London *Sunday Times.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN. By Robert Payne. Simon & Schuster. $8.50. From the revolutionary's monumental works and reminiscences, the author creates a spellbinding study of the master of the masses in all his brilliant and brutal glory.

THE PROFESSIONAL: A PORTRAIT OF LYNDON B. JOHNSON. By William S. White. Houghton Mifflin. $5. In what will undoubtedly be the accepted work on Mr. Johnson, the author, a celebrated Washington journalist, follows a thirty-year friendship with the President from his boyhood days in Texas through That Day in Texas.

BEFORE THE COLORS FADE: PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER, GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON, JR. By Fred Ayer, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6. The World War II general was uncle to the author, who gives him an affectionate and critical appraisal as a professional soldier privately battling a conflict between sensitivity and toughness.

PERSON TO PERSON. By John Ciardi. Rutgers Univ. Press. $3.50. Readers of MANNER OF SPEAKING know how *SR*'s poetry editor deals with the daily and eternal verities; in his latest collection of poems, they will learn how he feels about them.—Compiled by PATRICIA BUNKER.

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Prose Pace-Setters Invade the Poet's Season

As the Days Grow Longer, Their Fact and Fancy Will Enhance the Hours

—*From the book.*

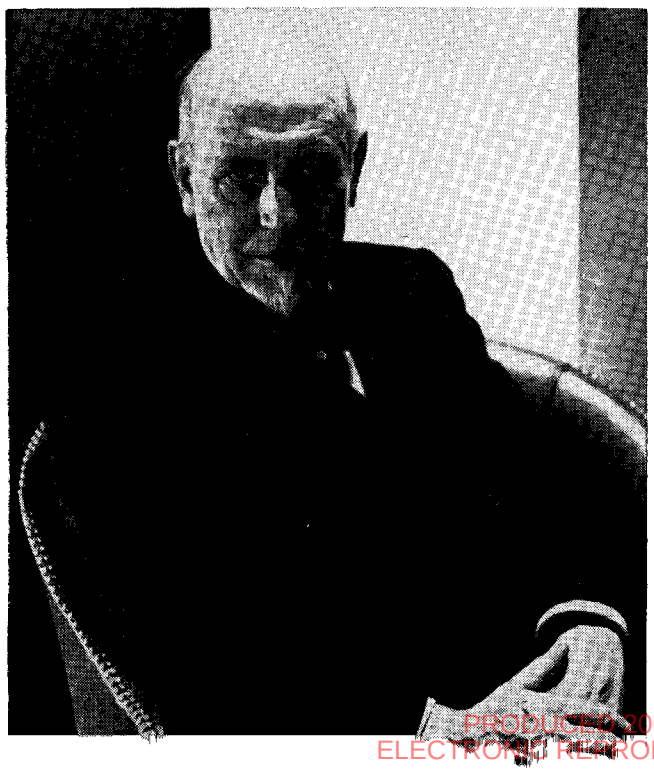
Vicki Baum, shown here at the gymnasium of Sabri Mahir in Berlin. Her memoirs, *It was All Quite Different,* will be published by Funk & Wagnalls this month.

—*Harry Pot (Pix).*

Martin Buber, author of *Daniel* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, May), receiving the Erasmus Prize from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands; Queen Juliana looks on.

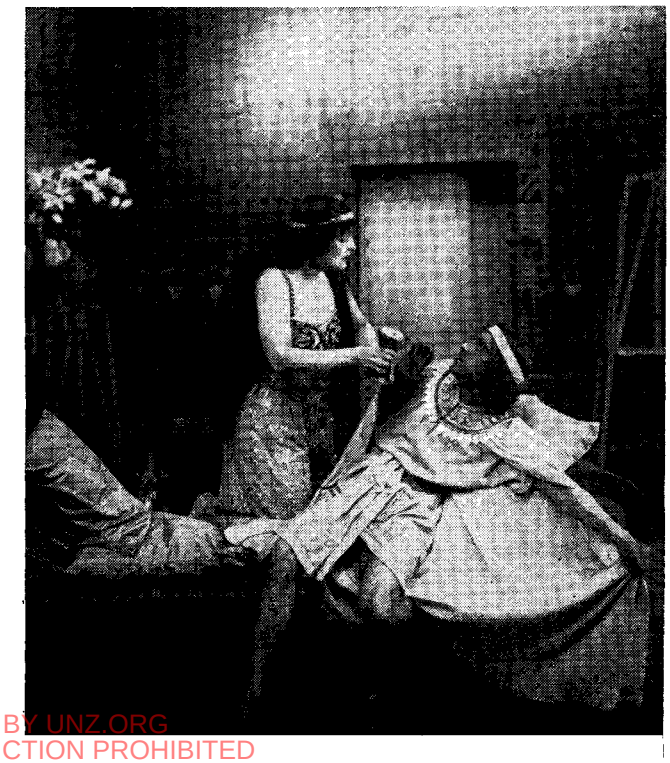
Luigi Pirandello, whose early novel, *The Late Mattia Pascal,* is due from Doubleday this month.

—*Edward Steichen (Museum of Modern Art).*



Maxine Elliott tempts George Relph in *Joseph and His Brethren.* Viking will publish Diana Forbes-Robertson's *My Aunt Maxine* in late April.

—*From the book.*



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—*From the book.*

The young Ernest Hemingway with Hadley, his first wife. *A Moveable Feast* (Scribners, May) recalls his expatriate days in Paris.

—*Culver.*

King Edward VII, subject of a new biography by Philip Magnus which Dutton will publish in May.

—*From the book.*

Ian Fleming turns from espionage to travel in *Thrilling Cities,* to be released in June by New American Library.

—*From the book.*

Shown here as a young man going places, James Warburg reviews his life in *The Long Road Home* (Doubleday, May).

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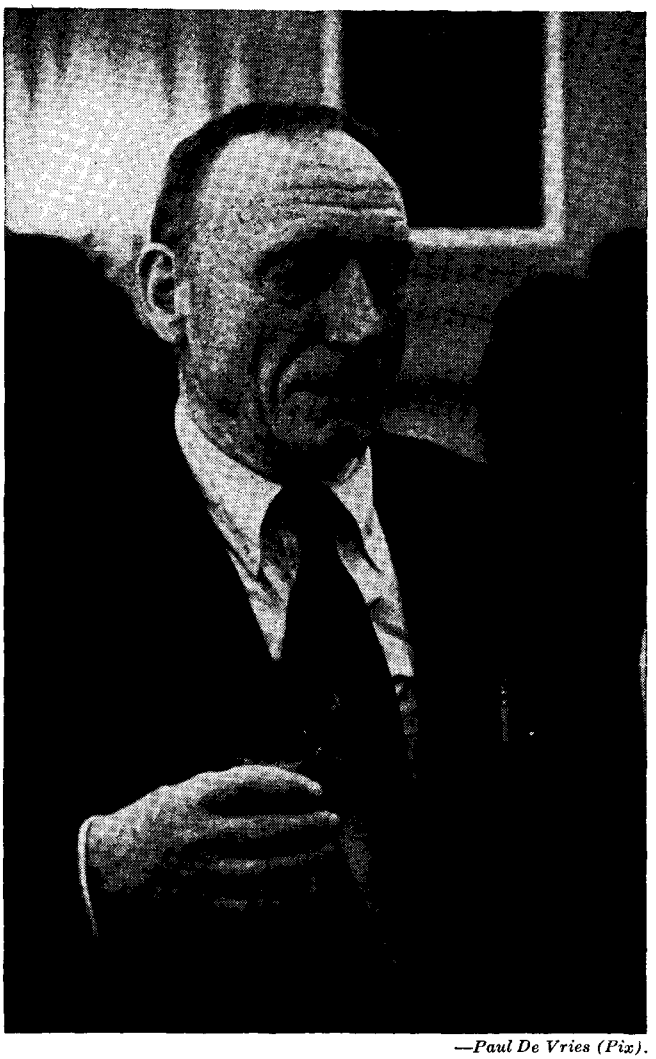
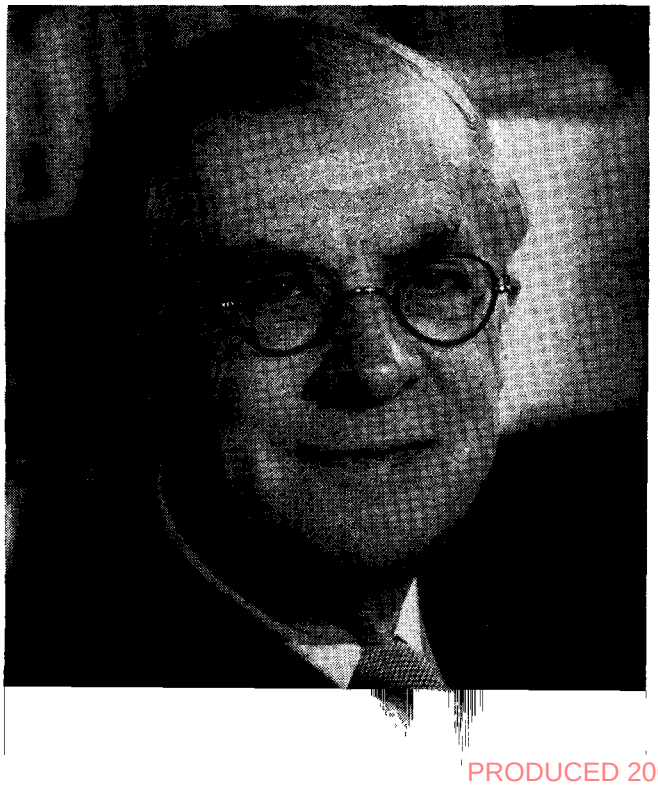


—*Paul De Vries (Pix).*

Robert Penn Warren, whose latest novel, *Flood,* will be published later this month by Random House.

Sir Julian Huxley, whose *Essays of a Humanist* is due from Harper & Row in May.

—*W. Suschitzky (Pix).*



—*Carol Lazar.*

Harvey Breit's first novel, *A Narrow Action,* will be published by World in May.

—*UPI.*

JFK and LBJ: *The Burden and the Glory* (Harper & Row), a collection of the late President's utterances, appears in May; William S. White's portrait of the present Chief Executive, *The Professional* (Houghton Mifflin), is set for June.

Gore Vidal, author of the historical novel, *Julian,* scheduled by Little, Brown for June publication.

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The Lady Who Wants to Be President

Margaret Chase Smith: Woman of Courage, *by Frank Graham, Jr. (John Day. 188 pp. $4.50), tells how a poor barber's daughter from Skowhegan, Maine, came to be a candidate for the Presidency. Clare Boothe Luce, who has been a successful editor, writer, and dramatist, served Connecticut as Representative in Congress, and was Ambassador to Italy from 1953-57.*

By CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

AMERICA'S quadrennial crop of Presidential and Vice Presidential aspirants inescapably produces its quadrennial crop of campaign biographies. Frank Graham, Jr.'s account of the poor barber's daughter from Skowhegan, Maine, who rose from the job of a five-and-ten-cent-store worker at the age of twelve to become, at fifty-one, the first woman elected to the United States Senate, is well worth reading, in or out of campaign season. But its main appeal will be to the voter who believes that "the time has come for a woman President," and is casting about in his (or her) mind for a "qualified lady." With *Margaret Chase Smith: Woman of Courage* the search is surely ended. Certainly the senior Senator from Maine is the first woman in American history of whom it could reasonably be said that she possessed most of the *formal* qualifications we have come to demand of an aspirant to the highest office in the land.

Mr. Graham tells the story of Mrs. Smith's thirty-six years of political and legislative experience—twelve of them spent as the wife and secretary of Congressman Clyde Smith, and (after his death) twenty-four of them spent as Representative herself (1940-49) and Senator (1949-64). Despite the puff-and-pat technique so commonly employed by writers of campaign literature, the reader's credulity is not unduly strained by the author's eulogies of Senator Smith's mastery of domestic, military, and foreign affairs. The record makes it clear why Margaret Chase Smith was voted one of the top ten U.S. Senators in polls of the press and political scientists in 1953. It also gives ample proof of her devotion to her Senatorial duties, and her cool capacity to make courageous votes when she feels it

Margaret Chase Smith—high purposes but no "great cause."

in the national interest to do so. Her self-possession, self-reliance, and astounding physical stamina are other qualities that her male colleagues have come to admire, and some to envy.

But what chiefly emerges from Graham's account is that the lady from Maine is above all (to use a phrase popularized by the admirers of the late Mr. Kennedy) a thoroughly "political animal." This, perhaps, is the one quality most needful to the politician who would survive and prevail in the political jungle we call a Democracy. The "political animal" does not merely prefer politics as a profession; politics is—so to speak—his natural habitat, his native home, the ground of his very being.

To this writer the late President once said, "If I hadn't been a politician I might have become just a rich bum. Nothing but politics ever really appealed to me for a single minute."

In 1930 Margaret Chase, thirty-three years old, married a local Maine politician, Clyde Smith, who was some years her senior. Before Mr. Smith died of a heart attack in 1939, at the end of his second term in Congress, he expressed the hope that his wife would run for his seat. From the day the youngish widow decided to make the race, she never wanted anything more than she wanted to become, and remain, a successful politician. In the fulfillment of her Senate duties she seems completely to have fulfilled herself. This very single-mindedness is her most remarkable aspect, and in it lies the clue to why she has won six successive elections.

Even those most prejudiced against women in politics would probably agree after reading Graham's biography that whereas in our times better candidates have aspired to the Presidency, many who have aspired and perspired in that same direction were not as worthy of the office as Mrs. Smith.

What then are Senator Smith's chances of getting the Presidential or Vice Presidential nomination?

Here realism must raise its ugly head. They are as slim as the attractive Senator is herself. For if there are formal qualifications for the Presidency (and the consolation prize of the Vice Presidency) there are also informal ones. And these often operate as powerfully on the electorate as the formal ones.

For example, a candidate must generally be able to carry a great state, and Maine is a small one. Or, failing that, he must be able to carry a large bloc of voters, as Kennedy carried the Catholics, and as Democratic Presidential candidates have, in recent times, carried the labor and the Negro vote. Or he must be the recognized leader of some great popular cause—staying out of a war, or winning a war, or winning a peace—or chief exponent of a popular economic or foreign policy position. Margaret Chase Smith is established as a woman of the political center who has spoken well, if not eloquently, to many high purposes. But she has been unable to grasp leadership of any single "great cause"—unless it be the election of the *first* woman President, or Vice President.

Why, it may be asked (and Mr. Graham asks it) isn't this cause enough, in view of the fact that more than 50 per cent of American voters are women? Maine women have loyally supported Senator Smith in six Congressional elections. Why wouldn't women support her on a nation-wide basis?

The answer, I believe, is clear, but paradoxical. Senator Smith can project an admirable personal image but, unfortunately, widowed and childless, she cannot project that "family" image which tradition associates with the aspirant to the White House, and which offers the main appeal to many women voters in national elections.

The plain fact is that the vast majority of voters want not only a President, but a First Family. Millions of American wives and mothers "identify" with the President's family, even as their husbands "identify" with their chosen leader. The possible vote-getting, or vote-losing capacity of candidates' wives and children is seldom ignored by professional politicians when choosing their

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candidates at the conventions. In the days before the late President's death, a Democratic politico was heard to observe that Jackie, Caroline, and John-John would pull the Administration through any crisis short of a major depression. Mr. Rockefeller, like Mr. Stevenson before him, has discovered the hard way the adverse effect of the shattered "family image" on a candidate's political fortunes. Except for sixty-five-year-old President James Buchanan (1857-61) and Grover Cleveland, who married during his first term in office (1885-89; 1893-97), all American Presidents have been "family men."

The peculiar irony of Senator Smith's position is that the same unhappy personal circumstances that will in part prevent her from securing the nomination are precisely those which have enabled her to reach her present eminence.

Down to Gehenna
Or up to the Throne,
He travels fastest
Who travels alone.

Traveling alone, Margaret Chase Smith has been able to go faster, and higher, in professional politics than almost any other woman in our history. And for all women who are also alone, and consequently unencumbered by a conflict of family loyalties, she is an exemplar. There are many such women. But even to her far more numerous sisters who have given up early the hope or desire of a career for the values of family life, she is also an inspiration. For what her long and distinguished career has proven beyond any argument is that there is no *inherent* inferiority in women that prevents them from competing successfully with men in a "man's world." There is simply a price to be paid—living alone and liking it. It is unfair, perhaps, that men need not pay the same price for success, or service to the nation, but short of a revolution in the relations between the sexes, this is the way it is. Nevertheless, there are high compensations for able women who are willing to pay the price for having a career. Certainly not the least of the many compensations that Senator Smith has enjoyed is the esteem in which the Lady from Maine is held throughout the Union.

The voters of fifty states will probably not have to choose in 1964 whether or not to vote for a woman Vice President. But the readers of Mr. Graham's book who happen to vote in Maine will find it easier than ever to mark their ballots for Margaret Chase Smith in the 1966 Senatorial elections. This is no doubt the best Senator Smith—a clear-eyed realist—has hoped to achieve for herself out of the somewhat muted boom for her Presidential candidacy.

The Best of Bonaparte

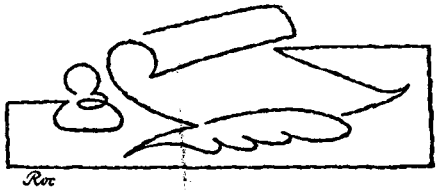
***Napoleon,** by Felix Markham (New American Library. 292 pp. $5.95), offers new views of a character who has often been misjudged by historians. J. H. Plumb's latest book is "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

BOOKS about Napoleon run into the thousands; but, quaintly enough, only two British professional historians have attempted to write a full-scale biography of him in this century: J. M. Thompson (1952) and Holland Rose (1901).

Felix Markham is briefer and better than both. His erudition is extensive; he makes full use of recent discoveries of manuscript material, and he writes with admirable judgment about a character who has been misjudged consistently by historians—particularly the popular historians who seized on certain superficial resemblances between Napoleon and Hitler, and so travestied the truth in the 1940s, thereby continuing a long tradition of distortion. The ghost of Napoleon the bogeyman takes a lot of laying. Not that Mr. Markham is an apologist: he is both too wise and too professional for that. He appreciates, as all historians must, the ferocity of Napoleon's ambition.

The crisis of Napoleon's career came in 1801-03. He had secured his ascendancy in Europe, extended the limits of France to her "natural" frontiers, and laid the foundation of a state that was far more rational than any then devised by man. He had secured the tacit acquiescence of the Church, the devotion of the peasants, and the aspiration of the rich. Battle-wise at St. Helena, Napoleon maintained that his intention had been to win the rest of Europe by moral force, by the brilliance of his administration, and not by force of arms; and that it was Britain which drove him to the recourse of war. As Mr. Markham shows, in this lies a half-truth. Britain wanted peace less than Napoleon did, if such peace meant the extension of France's influence and interest; and the political leadership in Britain, as so often since, preferred the outworn, reactionary, and stultifying monarchies of the *ancien régime* to the dynamic liberalism of modern France. The dynamism of France released by the Revolution had created the passion, the ambition, and the means by which she might have realized the Napoleonic dream of grandeur; and this could be achieved only by aggressive war.



The defeat of Napoleon was more than the defeat of an aggressive, ambition-drunk military machine. It meant the strengthening of reaction, of feudalism, of tyranny. For another 100 years liberal forces in Europe had to face constant struggle and repeated defeat to obtain the destruction of those feudal structures in Central Europe that England had fought to save.

And it was this aspect of the conflict with Napoleon that so many Whigs and radicals found so hard to bear—as, indeed, did the population at large. The massive propaganda, the hideous caricatures, the endless distortions and obscene personal attacks that poured from the government's controlled press bred singularly little hatred. When Napoleon arrived at Portsmouth in the *Bellerophon* he was besieged by boatloads of respectful sightseers, and never a word of abuse was heard. For many Englishmen even his aggressive Imperial France symbolized their hope for the future. Yet Pitt preferred the ramshackle dynasties, the inanities of Austrian rule in Italy, and the barbarities of the Bourbons in Naples. After all, such powers presented little threat to Britain's economic and imperial ambitions.

Time and time again, Britain was to make the same choice. Economically the most advanced, constitutionally the most developed country in Europe, nevertheless her innate aristocratic fear of liberalism and radicalism, both within the country and without, rarely failed to dominate British policy at moments of crisis. But then, Britain has never completely freed herself from her own ancient regime, nor has she accepted the social implications of a commercial and industrial society.

Mr. Markham's biography displays with perception the ambiguities of Britain as well as of Napoleonic France, and so makes it easier to understand the cathartic nature of Napoleon's impact.

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Tragedy Wears a Funny Face

Three: 1964. *"Going the Other Way," by Robert H. Robinson; "Mister Jack," by Eleanor Widmer, and "The Coming of Monsieur Alazay," by Egon Pohoryles (Random House. 276 pp. $4.95), suggests, through the work of a trio of diverse new writers, that tragicomedy is the natural mode of expression for our time. Hennig Cohen teaches American literature at the University of Pennsylvania and is editor of American Quarterly.*

By HENNIG COHEN

THE PUBLISHER underscores the distinctive qualities of each of these three novellas by claiming talent as their only common denominator. At the same time the packaging and labeling, though perhaps intended to be merely neat and tidy and in no way ulterior, suggest the possibility of other similarities. Such uncertainty reflects obvious differences in subject matter and style among the three, combined with a suspicion that fundamental correspondences may exist somewhere beneath their surfaces—which indeed they do.

Robert H. Robinson's *Going the Other Way* is an account of a summer day in the life of Bro (for Ambrose) Williams, a sixteen-year-old with a sense of the impending end of his own innocence. He indulges in a series of whimsical, wayward, and wildly romantic escapades, which he relishes for their own sake but which he also uses as a means of clinging as long as possible to the golden present. He is, in brief, a rather sweet and somewhat simple example of the Huck Finn species. He lives in a little town on Chesapeake Bay (*cf.* Hannibal and the Mississippi); he has an eighteen-foot sailboat, modified as a square-rigger and adorned with a mermaid figurehead (*cf.* Huck's raft). With a guitar-strumming Negro preacher and chicken thief named Hercules—for the Hercules Powder Company, so help me—Bro gets involved in situations that are supposed to be funny and sometimes are (*cf.* Nigger Jim). When as a result of the pressures of the adult world things get too complicated, he climbs aboard his sailboat and heads her so that he is "going the other way" (*cf.* Huck's lighting out for the Territory).

Likewise concerned with the process of growing up, Eleanor Widmer's *Mister Jack* presents immaturity and irresponsibility as something to be exorcised rather than cherished. It is a bitter, intense, and deeply human story. The setting is Division Street on the New York East Side. Mister Jack is a cutter of ladies' dresses, skilful but so irascible that he can't keep a job and so egocentric that he looks on his family as a mere extension of himself. His wife is a "saleslady" on commission in a cheap dry-goods store. His son is a pallid, ineffectual stammerer. His mother is a worshipful drudge. Only his daughter has sufficient vitality to withtsand the force of his personality. She chronicles the tale of his tyranny and charm and her own responses to him, beginning with adoration and ending with angry rebellion. The fact is that in his pride and perversity Mister Jack approaches the diabolical. No wonder he beguiles or overwhelms everyone he encounters, or that his daughter, years later and thousands of miles away, is still not entirely free from his spell.

The characterization of Mister Jack makes this story something more than a sociological document of considerable interest and a gusty, unsentimental period piece (both of which it is). But it is not enough to round out the structure or sustain the theme. Mister Jack, though static, is so utterly engrossing that he upstages even his daughter, and while her narrative, related in the present tense, has an air of immediacy, the final impression is that an important part of the story remains to be told.

The Coming of Monsieur Alazay is far removed from adolescent growing pains, Southern or East Side. It is a carefully controlled and rather brittle fable such as Anatole France might have written. Egon Pohoryles's theme is the illogical consequences of logical behavior. Born an Alsatian Jew and reared in an orphanage, M. Alazay determines that it is reasonable for him to seek a career in the civil service and not particularly reasonable to inconvenience himself by remaining a Jew or encumbering himself with a family. He becomes a highly successful bureaucrat, with one eye firmly fixed on his subordinates for the first signs of ineptitude and the other cocked in the direction of the main chance. His first crisis is his effort to comprehend the logic of his compulsory retirement at the age of sixty, when he is at the peak of efficiency. From the logical resolution of this crisis he is led to conclude that he is the Jesus Christ of the Second Coming. And, to prove his divine immortality, it logically follows that he should cast himself down from the Eiffel Tower. All things considered, this short novel is a deft and captivating performance.

These three novellas are alike in their egocentric focus and their concern with moral issues. Perhaps even more significant is a tone they share despite their differences. All three derive from the tragedy (or at least the pathos) of the human situation, yet in their language, incident, and characterization they are never far from comedy. In their respective ways these three writers imply that tragicomedy is the mode for the times.

"They keep renting them there and leaving them here!"

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Sing a Song of Sorrow

The Thirtieth Year, *by Ingeborg Bachmann, translated from the German by Michael Bullock (Knopf. 187 pp. $4.95), bespeaks the mood of the young who live in the "aftermath of horrors." Joseph P. Bauke is editor of Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

ABOUT a decade ago Ingeborg Bachmann received the prize of the avant-garde "Group 47," Germany's most prestigious literary honor, for a slim volume of poems that has since become a popular success. Another collection of poetry and a radio play with a Manhattan setting enhanced her reputation, and Miss Bachmann is now ranked among the leading figures of the postwar literary revival. She is Austrian by birth and education, a fact that underscores once again the rich contribution which that country has made to German letters in this century. Though she may not be the peer of Rilke or Kafka, there is no denying that her work has an almost charismatic appeal to the new generation of Central Europeans. Her sad and sober lines bespeak the mood of the young who are more and more aware that they live in the "aftermath of horrors."

Good poets are not necessarily great prose writers, and Miss Bachmann's stories are best when they are closest to poetry. "Undine Goes" is a lyrical monologue of the water sprite who could become mortal only by marrying a human being. But her lovers have proved unfaithful, the earthly romance was a mistake, and she must return to the sea. The monsters named Hans, in turn, have charmed Undine, who is torn between love and despair. In a few splendid pages Miss Bachmann turns the folk tale into a modern myth and gives a muted voice to the ultimate ambivalence of life. The dreamlike evocation of "Youth in an Austrian Town" tells of disorder and sorrow in the lives of children born with resignation in their bones. The quest is stifled before it begins, and "you abandon the attempt to find a reason for everything."

These hauntingly beautiful prose poems flank five more realistic stories. In them, too, Miss Bachmann avoids the particular and the individualized in favor of the archetypal. Her characters are curiously anonymous and seem to be projections of mood and gesture rather than creations of a storyteller. They remind one of those modern portraits in which the face is blurred or missing. The hero of the title story, panicking at the thought of turning thirty, is burdened with all the problems that men in their late twenties have, or are said to have. While his ruminations may be typical enough, the man himself remains an X-ray image. His philosophizing, to boot, is on the freshman level and, I'm afraid, painfully Germanic: "He had always loved the absolute. . . . At all moments when this extreme image floated before his eyes . . . he became a prey to fever . . ." Fortunately, in the wake of an accident, manhood wins out over adolescence, and the search for the "extreme solution" is over. The not-so-young man faces reality. Is this a parable about the Germans' coming of age?

One of the stories is called "Everything." This title typifies the author's sweeping manner of narration and her attempt to lay bare the very roots of human existence. A father reviews "everything" in the light of his fatherhood and reconciles himself to being Chronos, who devours his children, and Lear, who is deceived by them. If this story succeeds, it is not because of its concern with life and death and good and evil, but in spite of it. It is the triumph of Miss Bachmann's artistry that the humdrum events of the tale can be made to yield profound insights. "A Step Towards Gomorrah," an account of a relationship between two women, shows Miss Bachmann at her best. Social comment, verses from Sappho, modern psychology, and memories of Joan of Arc are fused in a cameo of perfection.

Intellectualized creativity such as Miss Bachmann's is, of course, always in danger of becoming overtly philosophical. Indeed, "Wildermuth's Passion" for "truth" reads like a paraphrase of Wittgenstein, on whom the author has written a learned treatise. Heidegger's praise of being and Camus's revolt have also left their mark. But in her best stories Ingeborg Bachmann writes with a poetry and a passion all her own. Like her characters, she plays for high stakes, and she is impressive even when she loses.

We Exit Wondering

My Heart Is Broken: Eight Stories and a Short Novel, *by Mavis Gallant (Random House. 273 pp. $4.95), deals with persecuted people who know more about the needs of life than do their oppressors. The latest novel by Elizabeth Janeway is "Accident," to be published next month. She is also the author of "The Walsh Girls," "The Third Choice," "Leaving Home," and a number of juveniles.*

By ELIZABETH JANEWAY

SHORT story writers are like gardeners. Though every gardener produces his own effect, in general there are two kinds. The first prefers the pruned and formal effect, the second chooses the natural and wild. Mavis Gallant is very much a "wild" gardener. Her stories are full of experience and events, clearly recorded and massed in the memories of her characters. There is intention in the grouping of events; we know it at once by the way they "compose." But having clumped her plantings, Miss Gallant leaves them to speak for themselves. She will not generalize. She will not force a pattern.

As an example, let us take Jeannie in the title story, which, like several others, including a hitherto unpublished short novel, "Its Image on the Mirror," is laid in Canada. This is an unfamiliar Canada, a road-construction base in the drab tundra of the North. Jeannie has just lost her husband his job for the second time in the five months that they've been married. She has done it by getting herself raped.

Mrs. Thompson, an old hand at communal living in the wilds, has dropped in to say good-bye, to commiserate, to snoop, but chiefly to point out to Jeannie that she had it coming to her. What was a man to think of a girl who got dressed up, even to high heels, and went for a walk alone? Wasn't she asking for trouble? Wasn't she to blame?

And this, of course, is the turning point of the story. Is Jeannie just a silly girl, or is she a lost innocent? What value are we to assign to human warmth and the desire for companionship? Who was wrong? Jeannie, who thought everyone

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Mavis Gallant—"the accent of life."

liked her, whose heart is broken? Or the society that condemned her foolishness? Or both? Miss Gallant marshals the events, but she will not answer the question. Let the reader decide.

Other stories tug at our understanding in the same way. A pattern Miss Gallant likes to explore begins with a pair of sisters. One pair appears in the short novel, another in a story laid in Paris, *The Cost of Living* (what a wonderful title!). Each pair asks us to judge generosity and openness to life. How important is it to protect oneself; how important (as E. M. Forster enjoins us) to "connect"? In both stories, interestingly enough, the narrator is the meaner-minded of the two sisters. Are the generous, then, too busy living to keep a record and measure their accounts with life?

IN other tales isolated women, adrift in boarding houses, hoard memories to warm themselves. Innocent and exploited servants, an Italian boy, a French-Canadian girl, know more about living and the needs of life than their masters, who have reduced themselves to gibbering, gesturing puppets. And, always, Miss Gallant says: "Look, this is what happened. Oh, you want to know what it means? Well, what do *you* think?"

And she is right. For generalization is artifice. It leaves out as much as it takes in, and who knows but that what it leaves out may be the heart of the matter, the saving grace? Miss Gallant's stories speak quietly, but with the accent of life itself. Nothing is hidden, but nothing is forced. Her characters live on in the mind, people to ponder, people to wonder at. This is a fine book.

Research at the Roots of Discord

Social Change and Prejudice: Including Dynamics of Prejudice, *by Bruno Bettelheim and Morris Janowitz (Free Press. 337 pp. xi, $5.95), and* ***Strangers Next Door: Ethnic Relations in American Communities,*** *by Robin M. Williams, Jr., et al. (Prentice-Hall. 434 pp. xiv. $12), emphasize respectively the importance of personality characteristics and social structures in igniting intergroup hostility. Allen D. Grimshaw is assistant professor of sociology at Indiana University and author of numerous articles in the field.*

By ALLEN D. GRIMSHAW

EACH of these books reports on work undertaken as part of a large-scale research program. *Social Change and Prejudice: Including Dynamics of Prejudice* consists in large part of a reprint of work started in the middle 1940s as one project of the Studies in Prejudice Series, financed by the Department of Scientific Research of the American Jewish Committee, directed to the problem of anti-Semitism, and frequently referred to, collectively, as the authoritarian personality series. *Dynamics* was originally published in 1950.

Strangers Next Door: Ethnic Relations in American Communities is the capstone publication of the Cornell Studies in Intergroup Relations, a Rockefeller-financed project begun in 1948 and completed in 1956. It is the fourth book from the project, which also produced numerous articles and graduate theses. The Cornell project is the most comprehensive investigation of inter-ethnic relations ever undertaken, and *Strangers* will serve as a landmark and model for years to come.

While it represents a gross oversimplification, one might say that *Dynamics* emphasizes personality characteristics and attitudes as primary explanatory variables, and that *Strangers* directs attention to structural features of social relations.

The four new chapters in *Dynamics* examine actual shifts in prejudice as measured by national sample studies; continue explorations of the link between social mobility and prejudice (the presence of which was a major conclusion of the original study); attempt to evaluate recent developments in psychoanalytic theory as they relate to ethnic hostility, and, finally, essay bridges between theoretical considerations and issues of policy, again an elaboration of the earlier work. No new research has been done; it is difficult to avoid the thought that the authors were simply reluctant to have *Dynamics* reprinted without some qualifications of the original statement.

Three points are made and their implications explored in the new sections of *Dynamics*. The first is that anti-ethnic hostility has declined in the United States since the original study, and that reduction in prejudice has been greater in the case of Jews than that of Negroes. In the second new chapter, referring to additional studies of mobility and prejudice, the authors conclude that the hypothesis that downward mobility increases expressions of hostility has gained additional partial confirmation.

Finally, substantially revising the underlying psychoanalytic interpretation (ethnic hostility is a projection of unacceptable inner striving), the authors emphasize the importance to the ego of prejudice as a defense against identity diffusion. This reflects a shift from the concept of drives as being unchanging to an acceptance of the impact of environment. It may be noted that this new interpretation provides insights into the activity of the "fighting liberal" as well as that of prejudiced persons.

THERE is no point in re-examining the original study of the sample of veterans. The same problems of method and of interpretation exist there as are found in the new material. Bruno Bettelheim is a psychoanalyst, Morris Janowitz a sociologist. Their attempts to reach agreement too often make it seem that they simply can't make up their minds: psychological and societal interpretations alternate with one another with bewildering frequency. They do appear to agree, as would those more inclined to sociological explanations, that law and adequate enforcement alone will not change personality predispositions toward prejudiced attitudes. The authors' general conclusion

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would seem to be that personality determines prejudice-proneness and that downward social mobility converts proneness into ethnic intolerance.

This book contains many extreme interpretations (men with ego strength become officers, pacifists are fratricides at heart!), and is frequently internally contradictory. It uses documentation selectively to support hypotheses, and often reflects a certain carelessness in analysis. Nonetheless, *Dynamics* represents a highly creative and systematic attempt at synthesis of psychoanalytic and sociological method and interpretations. I enjoyed rereading it; it is a suggestive and stimulating book.

WHILE the Bettelheim-Janowitz volume is open to a variety of criticisms, not all of which can even be suggested in limited space, it might have fared better were it not to be compared with that of Robin M. Williams, Jr. Not only is the research reported in *Strangers* of substantially greater scope and coverage, it is immeasurably strengthened by a research design and a theoretical and substantive sophistication achieved in no previous study of ethnic relations in this or any other country, and unlikely to be repeated soon. Never before has there appeared so encyclopedic a compendium of facts, confirmations and disconfirmations of previous statements, lower-level theories and proto-theories, classifications, empirical generalizations, and outlines for a systematic theory of intergroup relations. No previous study has systematically studied, through a variety of techniques, cities in every section of the country, including the South. Never before has research been simultaneously directed to the attitudes and behavior of both majority and minority groups in a wide range of social structures.

The only previous study of comparable breadth of scope and magnitude of comprehension is the work of Gunnar Myrdal and others, the major publication of which was the monumental *American Dilemma*. However, this Carnegie-financed project of more than two decades ago attacked a different range of problems (including, *e.g.*, extensive economic analyses) and did not attempt any survey research.

Many of the specific findings of the Cornell research had been anticipated in earlier work; much of the theoretical elaboration had been adumbrated but not made explicit. One of the major services of this volume is simply that of reminding us of things we really knew, had we but stopped to assimilate ideas and to resolve apparent contradictions.

Much of this gain has come from holding one or more of the variables constant while examining the influence of others. This enterprise has been made more fruitful through an explicit recognition that several crucial variables, as, *e.g.*, prejudice itself, are not uni-dimensional but consist of several distinct sets of attitudes or predispositions to behavior. Hence, the widely accepted notion that prejudice can be reduced through equal-status contact is more precisely delimited by the specification of stereotyped thinking as contrasted with feelings of social distance (*viz.*, rejection of contact), and by defining how opportunity for contact, actual contact, and prejudice are affected by status, personality, and membership in social groupings. This kind of examination demonstrates that while status and specific membership affect opportunities for contact, personality characteristics influence the content of interaction once contact has been made.

Further elaboration reveals that personal contact is more likely to reduce the prejudice of those people who have the personality pattern that has been labeled "authoritarian" than that of the "non-authoritarians," that prejudice may have a curvilinear distribution by socio-economic and educational rankings, that knowledge of generalized prejudice alone is a poor basis for understanding the specific results of relations between groups. Even more important, given the state of knowledge in this area, are such sanguinary reminders as that if increased frequency of interaction lowers prejudice, the obverse is equally true—that lower prejudice gives rise to greater interaction.

ALTHOUGH *Strangers* offers intriguing observations on minority groups and is filled with hypothesis-suggesting ideas, it is not without flaws. Critics will remark on the absence of larger cities from the sample, on poorly labeled tables, on questionable uses of certain types of scaling devices, on occasional carelessness in organization, on the absence of a general bibliography even of works cited. A more serious shortcoming is probably not the fault of Williams but rather of the publisher. The Cornell project produced data for a substantial monograph, a presentation of research findings along with theoretical implications. The publishers, however, have advertised the book as a text. These apparently conflicting definitions have interacted to produce a book which is neither text nor monograph, and which is characterized by a kind of literary schizophrenia. Williams is always lucid. But in one section there will be a relatively elementary discussion of the distinction among groups, aggregates, and categories, in another a fairly technical (though usually clear) presentation of masses of data, in still another a highly refined and suggestive development of theory. It may be that more than one book should have been written; one certainly hopes that the mass of data not incorporated in this report will not lie unused in files at Ithaca. At the very least we should ask Williams to bring us up to date on the meaning of events since the completion of the project almost ten years ago.

WILLIAMS'S tentative conclusion is that ". . . to change specific patterns of segregation and discrimination in specific communities, it is not essential to substantially alter the basic personality structures of large numbers of prejudiced persons." While not discounting the importance of personality variables, he apparently disagrees with Bettelheim and Janowitz in indicating the priority of social structure and in suggesting that attitudes will change to become consonant with behavior. He does not believe prejudice is inevitable, while Bettelheim and Janowitz feel that some mode of protection against identity diffusion will always be necessary, and that prejudice is a highly adaptive mode. Williams's argument is far more convincing, even admitting this writer's bias in favor of structural interpretation.

Both of these books are of major importance. And certainly anyone concerned over the likelihood of violence in Negro-white relations will want to read Williams's insightful discussion of prospects and possible policies.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1080

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1080 will be found in the next issue.

QH SAX GSADQYXWXY NQHX

PD P DQKFNX NSPA, SAX

OSLNY FXWRPFD UX NXDD

XBPGVQAE.

YXNPGWSQB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1079

When we have understood, we hear in retrospect.

—PROUST.

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Nations Growing Up Overnight

Africa's Quest for Order, *by Fred G. Burke (Prentice-Hall. 177 pp. Hardbound, $4.50; paperback, $1.95), and* ***Africa and Africans,*** *by Paul Bohannan (Natural History Press. 260 pp. Hardbound, $4.95; paperback, $1.25), deal with different aspects of the continent and the people who are now engaged in changing its economic, social, and political character. Robert A. Manners is professor of anthropology at Brandeis University.*

By ROBERT A. MANNERS

TWENTY-SIX former African colonies south of the Sahara have been admitted to U.N. membership since 1957. During the same period, and especially in the last three or four years, the number of books published to explain the African continent—or various parts of it—has accumulated at a depressing rate. Many were outdated while still on the press; some, having dealt with prehistory and history before the African Revolution, will have more lasting value; and a handful have so wedded concept to history and to current affairs that they will have heuristic and analytic significance for years to come. Both of the books under review belong in this category.

Africa's Quest for Order is concerned less with the discrete events that have marked the continental revolution than with the principles of human and institutional accommodation that underlie its changes. Borrowing from Georg Simmel, Fred G. Burke uses the concept of sociation (the process by which individuals and groups of individuals reintegrate their behavior, values, and beliefs under changing circumstances) as his framework for analyzing post-independence Africa.

Africa's newly-created independencies are the disorderly end-product of the nineteenth-century scramble for colonies. They are countries with complex nationality—plural (tribal) entities that were haphazardly held together by the administrative authority of several European powers. Thus, internal animosities, Balkanization, and even irredentism today threaten the African Revolution and a nation-building that is "particularly dependent upon the presence of order." According to Burke, "The quest for order . . . is an effort to institutionalize the African Revolution . . . to give form, meaning and stability to national independence."

Counterbalancing the various divisive features of the African heritage—precolonial as well as colonial—have been the united determination of the Africans to rid themselves of outside (white) control, and their apparent willingness, Burke tells us, to accept some governmental suppression of individual liberty and minority rights as long as this is accompanied by a program of modernization, which serves the nationalist or racial ego. While all African leaders frequently and fervently affirm their desire to perpetuate and extend democracy within the developing nation-states, democracy itself is defined in ways that are often unacceptable to *the* democracies. Thus, one-party states have been defended by Tanganyika's Julius Nyerère as a heritage from the tribal experience, and as a more reasonable form for settling differences than parliaments with their virtually automatic, hence often unreasonable, opposition: Her Majesty's Government proposes and Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition opposes.

The leader of the mass-based party (and his followers) may interpret opposition as attempted subversion of the drive towards modernization and against the remnants of colonialism. Practices inconsistent with those of Western democratic models need not, therefore, be seen as deviations but as precedents in the current quest for order. The demands of modernization, nationhood, and international dignity may involve the sacrifice of the individual or the minority group, since it is the job of government to "protect or promote the values of one or more groups or elements in the society to the relative disadvantage of others."

Among the many factors influencing the quest for order, Professor Burke says, race is of greatest significance. Racialism is a form of dissociation that affects all of Africa, the largely black areas of the West as well as the partly colonized regions of the East and South. It is in his perceptive treatment of the tensions of race and their significance for the future of all of Southern Africa that Burke reveals his skill in generalizing the problems of the continent. There is, as he shows, a considerable unity in Revolutionary Africa's diversity: tribalism, urbanization, and nationalism, as well as racism, are elements, processes, and problems shared by all of the new dependencies. It will take more than 800 different languages to halt the march towards continental uniformity in the material sphere, a uniformity that will make each country barely distinguishable from another or, for that matter, from any country in the world. That, after all, is the whole point of the quest for order.

Paul Bohannan's is probably the best short, general work on Africa yet to appear—not because it tells us more about the continent but because it explains more. The continent's prehistory, history, geography, and present problems make up about one-half of the book. The remainder is devoted to African arts, religion, politics and law, land, markets, and family life and structure.

In a sense, Africa is the excuse for rather than the subject of Professor Bohannan's book. Concepts are Bohannan's business, and he presents them deftly and with a sometimes disarming, even infuriating, air of certainty. Through it all he speeds, shattering Western myths and prejudices with an uncommon literary grace. Sometimes, to be sure, the myths are made of straw, and sometimes (as with his attack on the "silly concept called 'communal ownership' ") his offhand rejection of entrenched assumptions looks like calculated sensationalism. But all of this is less important than is Bohannan's use of Africa's history, habitat, and cultures as a continental backdrop for his particular kind of anthropological analysis.

BECAUSE Bohannan's study is—in the best anthropological tradition—broadly comparative rather than narrowly detailed, because he is courageous in his assault on traditional assumptions and ancient shibboleths, and because he is often irritatingly dogmatic in the handling of issues that are still the subject of social science controversy, he has produced a book which is not only highly readable but which places the African continent and its parts in proper global perspective, thus helping most of us to know a little more about Africa and the world than we knew before.

One of the apparent consequences of the scholarly and literary rush to illumine the "dark continent" is that some of the books published contain an unusual number of errors. Of the two books under review, Burke's is easily the more defective in this respect. Sometime before the almost inevitable second printing these errors should be eliminated, precisely because they mar a work that is, under any circumstances, good enough to rise above them.

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Making Room for Controversy

Dallas Public and Private: Aspects of an American City, *by Warren Leslie (Grossman. 238 pp. $4.50), examines the Texas city to determine why the assassination of President Kennedy took place there and not elsewhere. Lon Tinkle, who is book editor of the Dallas News, has for many years been active in the community's cultural affairs.*

By LON TINKLE

UNTIL last November 22 the city of Dallas enjoyed a friendly reputation as a young metropolis vigorously trying to achieve rank as a really civilized community. It was the chosen residence (for at least part of the year) of such celebrities as Lily Pons and Greer Garson and Blanche Thebom; T. S. Eliot had honored it with a rare visit; its bookstores were nationally famous; it had the only theater ever designed by Frank Lloyd Wright; Paul Kletzki and Georg Solti had spent seasons conducting its symphony orchestra; Maria Callas and Joan Sutherland had made sensational appearances with Dallas's internationally prestigious Civic Opera; Margo Jones had chosen the city for her germinal Theater-in-the-Round, which opened with the world premiere of Tennessee Williams's *Summer and Smoke.*

Suddenly, after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, the world discovered that Dallas also harbored citizens (such as General Edwin A. Walker and H. L. Hunt) noted for their fear of what they call "sophistication" and for their ultra-conservatism. It was discovered, quite accurately, that Dallas has exceedingly strong "cells" of rightist extremists, who have over the past decade forcefully imposed their points of view on the artistic and intellectual as well as the political life of the city. Dallas was called a city of shame, of hate, wherein modern enlightenment was systematically resisted and fought.

Both sides of the coin are true, as Warren Leslie shows in his thoughtful, steadily absorbing analysis of the city's "soul" or spirit, *Dallas Public and Private.* It is a book that those who think Dallas was destined to be the scene of the atrociously stupid murder of the President—and those who say the irrational crime might have happened anywhere—will have to read. Warren Leslie is not blaming the city of Dallas for the assassination. What he contends is that since it did happen here the city has the moral duty to scrutinize every possible explanation as to why it happened in Dallas and not elsewhere.

Still a young man and one who has been at the center of a good bit of Dallas history as eyewitness, participant, and reporter, he is in a privileged position to make such an inquiry. Leslie conducts the investigation with admirable objectivity, with affection, and with searching intelligence. New York-bred, Yale-trained, he came to Dallas sixteen years ago to embark upon a career of journalism. After six years of distinguished reporting for the Dallas *News,* he left journalism on the advice of the late Edward Aswell, who, when Dallas's great specialty store, Neiman-Marcus, offered Leslie a post as assistant to President Stanley Marcus, had suggested he familiarize himself as an apprentice novelist with the world of business. Since Neiman-Marcus is a civic institution as well as a superior merchandising enterprise, Warren Leslie has been an influential figure for the past decade in the social, political, and cultural life of Dallas. He likes the city, but he deplores its weaknesses.

WHAT are the weaknesses? Leslie offers no simple answers. Logically, he cannot, for his main criticism of Dallas is that its leading men and institutions uniformly favor decision-making in terms of oversimplification. The common denominator governing major community decisions is money. Of morality or intellectual exploration, he finds the town fairly innocent. It is, he says, a city of energetic action, immensely gifted and extremely lucky in its joyful pursuit of prosperity.

You could hardly quarrel with this very limited view of the good life because it was so successful—until the disastrous event of November 22. What now seems clear to serious probers is that the Dallas Establishment (admirably effective in many ways) disliked and discouraged the critical spirit, the spirit of free inquiry. Intellectuals and "liberals" had no voice in the real planning for the community. When they tried to intervene, they found themselves targets of the rightist extremists, whose views went beyond those of the leaders but at least were no challenge to the status quo.

Dallas is a trading town, and by their nature its two chief businesses, banking and insurance, are white-collar occupations. Compared to other cities, there is only a sprinkling of light industry or manufacturing. Financially, the interests of the lower echelons correspond more often than they clash with those of the ruling upper crust.

The city of Dallas has never realized that debate, the discussion of rival ideas, is central to enlightenment. For a long time now the way to dismiss a project in Dallas has been to brand it "controversial." If anybody has risked quarreling with that pat disposition, there have been women's public affairs clubs and John Birch Societies and Patriotic Councils and National Indignation Councils to jump on him, with resounding publicity for the attack in the city's two newspapers.

So Leslie's chief point is that Dallas has not matured intellectually. Much money goes into technological experiment and into hospitals, but the city's intellectual center, Southern Methodist University, has been allowed to remain a shoestring, though valiant, operation.

Warren Leslie documents specific instances of Dallas's hostility, often unconsciously felt, to the life of the mind, to the spirit of free inquiry. Three spectacular examples he considers at length: the fight over the right of the public library and the Museum of Fine Arts to display such "communists" as Picasso and others we can't name for fear of libel; the mob misbehavior, with Republican Congressman Bruce Alger present, at a luncheon for Vice Presidential candidate Lyndon Johnson in the 1960 campaign; the shocking treatment of Adlai Stevenson during his speech on United Nations Day just a few weeks before the fatal visit of Mr. Kennedy.

Leslie blames the city's curious but on the whole useful ruling "oligarchy" (more than 200 business leaders who make up an informal Dallas Citizens Council) not for the specific instances of barbaric behavior but for being monolithic, for not incorporating into its power structure intellectuals, the clergy, and professional men. In short, the unity of Dallas has been bought at too high a price. On the other hand, Leslie gives credit to the Council for clean city government, for the community's cultural advancement and other achievements.

The profound grief of Dallas after the tragedy was also very real. There are signs of redemption through suffering. One barometer will be the reception this useful and careful book gets in its home town. Dallas may, at last, admit the fruitfulness of "controversy."

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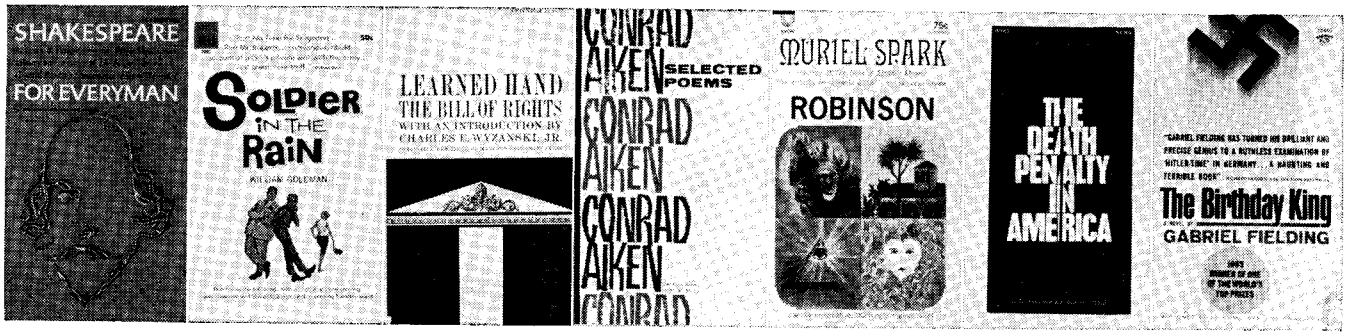

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

HEARTIEST among the voices chanting "Happy Birthday, dear Bard" are those of paperback publishers, who are celebrating Shakespeare's 400th birthday on April 23 with numerous commemorative volumes. Joining the festivities, we called upon Sylvan Barnet, general editor of the Signet Classic Shakespeare, a prodigious series totaling more than a million and a quarter copies in print.

Mr. Barnet, who heads the English Department at Tufts University, is mightily pleased with the paperback revolution. "Back in the days of the Globe Theatre it cost only a penny to see a play, but a fortune to buy a book. Now the theatre's much too expensive and everyone can buy books."

With all the Shakespeare now in print the publishers, who are generally rather polite fellows, are feeling competitive. Each house wants to get the best editor, the most distinguished scholars, the most distinctive commentary. Elizabethan scholars find themselves as sought after as movie stars. "The competition is really a good thing," said Mr. Barnet. "After all, it makes us try harder to present the most accurate text, the clearest footnotes, the best glossaries."

Not only are publishers eager to provide the best in quality; they are concerned with comprehensiveness as well. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Merchant of Venice* lead in popularity with more than twenty-five versions each; now publishers have to turn to less familiar plays like *Pericles* or *Henry VIII*. "When these lesser known works are made available, professors will start teaching them more readily. We're likely to find all sorts of things that will revise our critical attitudes—as I did recently when I edited *Timon of Athens*. All this just renders Shakespearean scholarship wide open."

Though Mr. Barnet was happy that the Shakespeare quadricentennial was being so roundly celebrated, he remarked: "We really shouldn't go around acting as if we had just discovered Shakespeare or were the only ones to pay him his rightful due. Shakespeare was, after all, highly praised during his lifetime, and by people like Ben Jonson, for instance, whose opinion counted for something."

Mr. Barnet was in a hurry and we didn't want him to be late. He was off to see the Richard Burton *Hamlet*.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The sturdy tradition of realism in American fiction is nowhere harsher than in the novels of Frank Norris. "I never truckled. I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. I told them the truth," wrote Norris. The truth, at least as he saw it, involved such grim matters as *McTeague* (Signet, 60¢), a hard look at turn-of-the-century life in San Francisco, and *The Octopus* (Signet, 75¢), in which wheat growers and railroad men meet in a fierce social drama. Theodore Dreiser's realistic novels were at least softened by his heroines. *Jennie Gerhardt* (Dell, 75¢) was a woman as splendid and put upon by her society as was Edith Wharton's indomitable Lily Bart. The newest in Premier's American Realism series is James Gibbons Huneker's *Painted Veils* (50¢), a glittering picture of highlife in the New York of the 1890s.

Among the interesting new paperbacks from England is an early novel by Muriel Spark called *Robinson* (Avon, 75¢), with mystical insights into life on an island that is deserted but not nearly enough. Gabriel Fielding is the pseudonym for British Dr. Alan Gabriel Barnsley. *In the Time of Greenbloom* (Apollo, $1.95) and *The Birthday King* (Signet, 75¢) each offer evidence of an original talent and a subtle, weird comic sense.

Speaking of mystics reminds us of Aldous Huxley, who is having a paperback renascence with the publication of *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* (Avon, 75¢), *Those Barren Leaves* (Avon, 60¢), and *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* (Signet, 60¢). Huxley, who died last November, was fascinated by both the past and the future, and in his novels and essays he frequently projected a vision of what other worlds could or perhaps should be.

The past and present in Japan's literature is neatly represented by two new publications: Ikku Jippensha's *Shanks' Mare*, translated by Thomas Satchell (Tuttle, $2.50), a famed comic novel written in 1802 about hilarious adventures on the road from Tokyo to Kyoto, and the postwar *Ukiyo*, edited by Jay Gluck (Universal, $2.65), a collection of short stories by authors whose names (except that of novelist Yukio Mishima) will probably be unfamiliar to Western readers.

Also noted: Two German novels, Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* (Crest, 95¢) and Hans Hellmut Kirst's *The Officer Factory* (Pyramid, 75¢); John O'Hara's *The Cape Cod Lighter* (Bantam, 85¢), containing twenty-three stories, vigorous and bright; William Goldman's *Soldier in the Rain* (Dell, 50¢), a funny army novel.

Shakespeareana

With so many Shakespeare paperbacks in print, the best we can do is to point out the major series and the most recent publications. The Pelican Shakespeare is deservedly one of the best-known, edited under the direction of Harvard University's Alfred Harbage. The most recent of its twenty-eight volumes are *The Comedy of Errors* (50¢) and *The Taming of the Shrew* (65¢). *Shakespeare's Tragedies* (Pelican original, $1.25), edited by Laurence Lerner, presents a compendium of modern criticism.

Dell's Laurel Shakespeare series, be-

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gun in 1958, now offers twenty-eight volumes, the newest being *Cymbeline* (45¢). Francis Fergusson is general editor, and each play is accompanied by the commentary of such varied devotees as Margaret Webster (*The Taming of the Shrew*), Maurice Evans (*Hamlet*), W. H. Auden (*Romeo and Juliet*). A brief glossary is included at the back of each book.

Bantam makes no bones about celebrating the Bard's birthday; they call their series the Shakespeare Commemoration Edition. To date eight plays are included, along with the marginal notes and extensive commentaries of the Globe edition. Oscar Campbell, Alfred Rothschild, and Stuart Vaughan are the editors. By next year Signet's series will cover the complete works. *The Tempest* (50¢) has just been published and, like others in the set, it provides selections from the classics of Shakespeare criticism.

Studies of the plays range from the celebrated Variorum Edition, which Dover presents, to such an unacademic and highly useful book as *Shakespeare for Everyman* (Washington Square Press, 90¢), by Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger Shakespeare Library. It splendidly fulfills its purpose: to "answer a few questions about the reasons for Shakespeare's continuing vitality and interest to people throughout the world." Not new but still worth noting is Edward Dowden's *Shakspere* (Capricorn, $1.45), an 1872 classic story of "His Mind and Art."

Among examinations of specific plays are *Alexander's Introductions to Shakespeare* (Norton Library, $1.25), by the distinguished Shakespearean scholar from Glasgow University, now visiting professor at New York University. That same Peter Alexander also edited *Studies in Shakespeare* (Oxford University Press, $1.95), which includes British Academy lectures by H. S. Bennett on Elizabethan audiences and A. C. Bradley on *Coriolanus*. No less a writer than T. S. Eliot introduces H. Fluchère's *Shakespeare and the Elizabethans* (Hill & Wang, $1.35), a commentary on the playwright as a man of his time. A collection of essays about the men who surrounded him comprises *Shakespeare's Contemporaries* (Prentice-Hall, $3.75), edited by Max Bluestone and Norman Rabkin. In *Shakespeare in Europe*, edited by Oswald LeWinter (Meridian original, $2.25), twenty-five Continental authors, from Voltaire to Jean-Louis Barrault, view the Master from their own vantage points in time and art.

After the thousands of words of commentary and criticism, few things could be more refreshing than *Shakespeare's Country* (Norton, $1.50), by John Russell, an Englishman who surely knows the charms of Warwickshire. And finally, just because it's a pleasant book to have around for browsing, there is *The Ages of Man*, edited by George Rylands (Harper Colophon, $1.95), the Shakespeare anthology on which Sir John Gielgud based his marvelous recitals.

Courtroom

The razzle-dazzle of the legal profession is trial law, and among its most brilliant practitioners is Edward Bennett Williams, who has defended such controversial men as Dave Beck, Frank Costello, and the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. His book *One Man's Freedom* (Popular, 60¢) not only tells about these and other cases but also charts the pathway of civil liberties in our country. *Man on Trial* (Delta, $2.35), by Gerald Dickler, recalls some historic cases, including those of Socrates, Joan of Arc, the Reichstag fire, and Robert Oppenheimer. Altogether a compelling collection.

A more theoretic and philosophic inquiry into law is *The Sense of Injustice* (Indiana, $1.75), in which New York University law professor Edmund Cahn peers closely at some of our habitual attitudes toward the relationship between justice and the statutes.

The history of American jurisprudence glitters with great men, but none quite so brilliant as Oliver Wendell Holmes. His classic work *The Common Law* (Little, Brown, $2.45) contains lectures which he delivered at Harvard University in 1870. In his fine introduction Mark DeWolfe Howe calls the book a "landmark in intellectual history." It was the famous Oliver Wendell Holmes Lectureship that brought the eminent jurist Learned Hand in 1958 to Harvard where, in his eighty-seventh year, he commented on *The Bill of Rights* (Atheneum, $1.25). This small volume, introduced here by Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., makes some profound observations on the relationship between the Constitution and the Supreme Court. This is also the subject of *The Supreme Court in the American System of Government* (Harper Torchbooks, 95¢), by the late Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson, who discusses our highest court both as a unit of law and as a political institution.

A grim anthology is *The Death Penalty in America*, edited by Hugo Adam Bedau (Anchor original, $1.95), consisting of essays by such various men of opinion as Sidney Hook, Jacques Barzun, and J. Edgar Hoover.

And finally may we recommend *Sources of Our Liberties*, edited for the American Bar Foundation by Richard L. Perry, (McGraw-Hill, $3.45). It's a handbook of reassuring documents, English and American, from the Magna Carta to the Bill of Rights.

Poetry

The poet as translator brings his own creative vision to the task. Some, indeed, reshape the original to their own newer mold, as Marianne Moore has done in her monumental translation of *The Fables of La Fontaine* (Compass, $1.65). The 241 poems are peopled with the familiar tortoises and hares, spiders, swallows, monkeys, and lean foxes; but the poetry, crystalline and concise, is all Miss Moore's.

The most renowned poet-translator of recent times was Ezra Pound, whose *Translations* (New Directions, $2.25), introduced by Hugh Kenner, investigate literature from Japan and China, Provence, and the classical world of Rome. Frank O. Copley, professor of Latin at the University of Michigan, has provided a rollicking version of *Catullus: The Complete Poetry* (Ann Arbor, $1.75). Here are some lines on the famous Lesbia:

"I said to her, darling, I said/ let's LIVE and/ let's LOVE and/ what do we care what those old/ purveyors of joylessness say?"

J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender together translated the *Duino Elegies* (Norton Library, 95¢), the final major work of Rainer Maria Rilke, who first conceived these lyrics in 1912 at Duino castle near Trieste, a decade before their completion. Later Rilke recalled, "All in a few days, it was an indescribable storm, a mental and spiritual hurricane, every fibre, every tissue in me cracked—eating was never to be thought of. God knows what nourished me." This edition includes the German text facing the English translation.

Samuel Beckett's *Poems in English* (Evergreen, $1.45), were written over the years 1930-1948, mostly in that language originally, though a few were translated from French by the author, like this brief one: "I would like my love to die/and the rain to be falling on the graveyard/and on me walking the streets /mourning the first and last to love me."

Also noted: *Selected Poems of Herman Melville* (Anchor original, $1.25), edited by Hennig Cohen, which includes many minor but even more major poems of sea and war: *The Major English Romantic Poets* (Washington Square Press, 90¢), an anthology edited by William H. Marshall offering ample selections from Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge; Samuel Johnson on *Lives of the English Poets* (Regnery, $2.45); *Conrad Aiken: Selected Poems* (Meridian, $1.95), handsome samples from half a century of a literary lifetime.

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Art

FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OF THE ART OF MESOPOTAMIA. By Eva Strommenger. Abrams. $30.

A HISTORY OF FAR EASTERN ART. By Sherman Lee. Abrams. $25.

KEY MONUMENTS OF THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Henry A. Millon. Abrams. $15.

PISANELLO. By Enio Sindone. Abrams. $25.

TOMB SCULPTURE. By Erwin Panofsky. Abrams. $20.

Crime, Suspense

KILLED BY SCANDAL. By Simon Nash. Roy. $2.95.

MAIGRET'S DEAD MAN. By Georges Simenon. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE MURDERING KIND. By Gwendoline Butler. Roy. $2.95.

THE NANNY. By Evelyn Piper. Atheneum. $3.95.

PACKED FOR MURDER. By John Blackburn. Mill-Morrow. $3.50.

THE RAYMOND CHANDLER OMNIBUS. Knopf. $5.95.

Current Affairs

THE AGE OF DETERRENCE. By George E. Lowe. Little, Brown. $6.75.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NIGERIAN POLICY. By Claude S. Phillips, Jr. Northwestern Univ. Press. $5.

THE NEW LOOK. By Harry Hopkins. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

OBSTACLE COURSE ON CAPITOL HILL. By Robert Bendiner. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE POPULATION CRISIS AND THE USE OF WORLD RESOURCES. Edited by Stuart Mudd. Indiana Univ. Press. $7.95.

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE OF MANKIND. Edited by Hugo Boyko. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.95.

TOMORROW'S WILDERNESS. Edited by Francois Leydet. Sierra Club, San Francisco. $5.75.

WITNESS FOR AID. By Frank M. Coffin. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Fiction

ALL WOMEN ARE FATAL. By Claude Mauriac. Braziller. $4.50.

ASK FOR ME TOMORROW. By Robert Geiger. Atheneum. $4.50.

A CHOSEN SPARROW. By Vera Caspary. Putnam. $4.95.

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $4.95.

DR. GLAS. By Hjalmar Söderberg. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $3.95.

THE HOUND OF EARTH. By Vance Bourjailv. Dial. $5. (Reissue.)

THE OTHER KINGDOM. By Victor Price. Doubleday. $4.50.

ROYAL FLUSH. By William Dryden. Farrar, Straus. $4.25.

TOMORROW WILL BE MONDAY. By Katinka Loeser. Atheneum. $4.50.

History

ARGENTINA. A City and a Nation. By James R. Scobie. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

THE GREAT INTERLUDE. Neglected Events and Persons from the First World War to the Depression. By Francis Russell. McGraw-Hill. $5.

SIGNAL 250! The Sea Fight off Santiago Bay. By A. C. M. Azoy. McKay. $4.50.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS OF 1933-1938: From the Manchurian Incident Through the Initial Stage of the Undeclared Sino-Japanese War. By Dorothy Borg. Harvard Univ. Press. $10.

VERANDAH: Some Episodes in the Crown Colonies, 1867-1889. By James Pope-Hennessey. Knopf. $6.95.

Miscellany

THE ART OF DANISH COOKING. By Nika Hazelton. Doubleday. $4.95.

MADISON AVENUE SPEECH BOOK. By Alan Koehler. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

OKEE: The Story of an Otter in the House. By Dorothy Wisbeski. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

THE SECRET OF COOKING FOR DOGS. By Martin A. Gardner. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE SINGING FOREST. By H. Mortimer Batten. Illustrated by Maurice Wilson. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

Personal History

THE GOLDEN HAZE: With Captain Cook in the South Pacific. By Roderick Cameron. World. $6.95.

JOHN KEBLE: A Study in Limitations. By Georgina Battiscomb. Knopf. $8.50.

I WENT TO THE WOODS. By Ronald Austing. Coward-McCann. $5.

THE JUNKIE PRIEST. By John D. Harris. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

PORTRAIT OF A GENERAL: Sir Henry Clinton in the War of Independence. By William Willcox. Knopf. $8.95.

STAN MUSIAL: The Man's Own Story as Told to Bob Broeg. Doubleday. $4.95.

Poetry

THE ESDAILE NOTEBOOK: A Volume of Early Poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Kenneth Neill Cameron. Knopf. $6.95.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE. By William Goodreau. Atheneum. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.65.

THE WRECK OF THE THRESHER AND OTHER POEMS. By William Meredith. Knopf. $4.

Religion

THE ACADEMIC MAN IN THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE. By John D. Donovan. Sheed & Ward. $6.

AND OUR DEFENSE IS SURE. Edited by Harmon D. Moore and others. Abingdon. $2.50.

LIMBO: Unsettled Question. By George J. Dyer. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

LIVING IN THE LIGHT OF THE CROSS. By Clark W. Hunt. Abingdon. $2.75.

PRAYERS FROM ST. PAUL. By Paul Hilsdale, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

TALES I HAVE TOLD TWICE. By Roy L. Smith. Abingdon. $2.25.

Theater

FIVE PLAYS: Comedies and Tragicomedies. By Federico Garcia Lorca. Translated by James Graham-Lujan and Richard O'Connell. New Directions. $4.95.

A NEW HAMLET: Revised and Interpreted by Rouben Mamoulian. New York Graphic Society. $5.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"Three o'clock, Sarge, God's in his Heaven and all's right with the world."

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The Future of Liberal Education

JACQUES BARZUN'S recent comment, "The liberal arts tradition is dead or dying," has been widely quoted by those who share his alarm. Less attention has been given to a statement in the same speech that is even more shocking because it suggests a willingness to accept the demise with resignation. Barzun added, "The trend seems to me to be so clear that to object would be like trying to sweep back the ocean. It would be foolish to repine or to try to prolong a tradition that has run its course."

The trend is real enough, but we do not concede that the cause is lost or that the tradition has run its course. We hope that other educators will resist the trend even at the risk of playing the role of King Canute.

The liberal arts tradition is a vague one that has been corrupted as often by pedantic scholars as by those who prefer vocational training. But, in its best form, it stands for a kind of broad education that frees men of the limitations of ignorance, prejudice, and provincialism. Such education is needed now even more than in the past because the leadership of a complex society requires the ability to make value judgments based on a broad understanding of many fields of knowledge not closely related to vocational competence.

Specialized or technical training prepares an individual for his first job but not for the decisions he must make as a free man or for the changes in careers that will come during his lifetime. Liberal education, because it is education for versatility, is the best preparation for those who live in a changing world.

The liberal arts tradition has always had to fight for its existence. Its values, which are delayed and intangible, are not readily apparent to practical men. The majority prefer a kind of education that gets immediate results that are measurable in dollars.

This preference is reflected in the history of our federal aid programs. Since 1862, Congress has provided substantial support for vocational training in school and college and, since Sputnik, for the science that underlies technical education. It has never given comparable assistance to basic academic education in the schools or to liberal education in college.

In spite of this neglect, the liberal arts college has traditionally been the heart of higher education in America. But now, we are told, the liberal arts tradition is dying in the most prestigious liberal arts colleges that, in Barzun's words, "are being invaded, not to say dispossessed, by advanced agents of the professions—men who want to seize the young recruit as soon as possible to train him in a 'tangible skill.'" The danger is grave that these colleges will become merely preparatory schools for the graduate and professional schools that will make the decisions about their curricula.

The liberal arts tradition has long been dormant in the many large universities that have no separate liberal arts faculties—institutions where courses leading to the A.B. degree are taught either by graduate students or by research professors who give an occasional lecture to underclassmen and then turn the class over to quiz section leaders in order that they may rush back to their laboratories.

But, in other colleges, the tradition is very much alive. It is not dying in

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the women's colleges, and it is far from dead in many of the 600 small private colleges that are not associated with universities. In one important sector of higher education—one in which more than a third of all college students are engaged—the liberal arts tradition has only recently become firmly established and is now just beginning to thrive. This is teacher education.

A generation ago many teachers—particularly elementary teachers—were prepared in short courses of one or two college years and spent most of this time on professional studies including methodology. Many critics of teacher education continue to talk as though this still were true. But the fact is that nearly all beginning teachers today are college graduates who have spent much more time in liberal than in professional courses. And it seems probable, in view of both the Conant report and recent recommendations of professional organizations, that a still greater emphasis on liberal education for teachers lies just ahead.

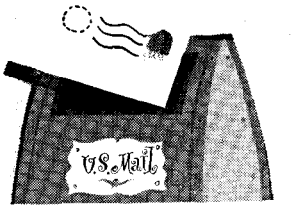
This is as it should be. It may not matter a great deal whether a dentist, accountant, or engineer is liberally educated. But for teachers—all teachers of all subjects—liberal education is essential if our culture is to survive.

There is now widespread agreement among educators that the proper education for teachers includes a judicious blend of liberal education, scholarly knowledge of the subject to be taught, and professional training. There is a growing conviction, too, that the major emphasis must be liberal—that liberal education is not the antithesis of teacher education but its heart.

Some of the colleges that educate teachers do not yet see the opportunity or the need. Some prefer the fuzzier term "general education" to liberal education. But in many of the programs for teacher education, courses in the humanities, the social sciences, and the natural sciences, are the most rapidly expanding parts of the curriculum, and the aims of these courses are consistent with the best of the liberal arts tradition. Such courses are required of all future teachers regardless of the subjects or the age level they plan to teach. Professional preparation will, and should, still be required of teachers but this need not take up more than 15 to 25 per cent of their college time.

It will be ironic if the colleges that give their greatest attention to teacher education—institutions scorned in the past for their neglect of liberal education—become the ones that accept the responsibility for preserving the liberal arts tradition when that tradition has died in so-called "liberal arts colleges." And it may well happen. —P.W.

Letters to the Editor



Fischer's Battleground

JOHN H. FISCHER'S ARTICLE "Our Schools: Battleground of Conflicting Interests" [*SR*, Mar. 21] is truly inspired, in writing and knowledge. It sparkles with gems of honest truth and eternal wisdom. Everyone who is or aspires to be a member of a school board should have it as required reading. It is a model in school administration.

MARIE C. PETERS.
Redlands, Calif.

SINCE WHEN DID Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Herodotus, and Phidias live in the 15th century B.C.? I think you meant the fifth century. I refer to a line in the third column of page 81 in John H. Fischer's article.

MRS. LYDIA MAYFIELD.
Halstead, Kan.

The New Math

ALLEN STREHLER, in his article "What's New About the New Math?" [*SR*, Mar. 21] has missed the major point of what *is* new.

I fear that, in our haste to install the new math, we are going to shove the "boxes" called fractions, decimals, algebra, etc., around to different age and grade levels, deliver them in the old textbook fashion, and call it new

HAROLD F. QUAYLE,
Principal,
Deerfield Elementary School.
Whitesboro, N.Y.

MR. STREHLER ASKS what's new about the new math? I'll tell you what's new. The course is new, the way of teaching is new, the subjects studied are new, the whole philosophy of the course is new; that's what's new.

The new math is new, but it should not be branded with the title "new" because all it is is a different approach to the same goal, complete understanding of Math. If this math is new, then let it be called "new math" not "new" math.

DAVID MCLAUGHLIN.
Smithtown, N.Y.

Admissions Dilemma

YOUR ARTICLE "How Do You Rate as a Dean of Admissions" [*SR*, Mar. 21] is an excellent example of a high school guidance counselor's dilemma in admissions counseling. It shows the reasons for multiple applications, since a student might or might not be lucky at his first choice of a prestige school.

JOHN E. HESLIN,
Counselor,
Brockton High School.
Brockton, Mass.

DEAN JOHN C. PALMER'S article was apparently meant to be both instructive and amusing. Instructive it is, but it will amuse only those who enjoy seeing beautiful human material consumed by wasteful and cruel academic processes.

Of six entrants, five of whom were promising, Dean Palmer's college was only able to "educate" three. The ones who got through the ordeal did so, apparently, by dint of their own toughness. Of the other three, Case 6 was from his record obviously not cut out for scholarship; he should have been better advised. Before letting Case 2 go, why didn't someone there get hold of him and help him with "learning disciplines"? And if social science, instead of science, would have been Case 3's salvation, why did the dean ask him to withdraw permanently after only one year, instead of helping him to redirect his endeavors?

In his devotion to "rigid college academic discipline" Dean Palmer is worshipping a Moloch. It's fun to see the boys pressed by pressure and consumed like packages of fabricated fuel. But we lose the boys. Any good teacher could do much better with them.

ALBERT HOFSTADTER,
Department of Philosophy,
Columbia University.
New York, N.Y.

On Swiss Submarines

HAVE YOU NOTED the article entitled "The Trouble With Submarines," by Kenneth E. McIntyre, in the April 1960 issue of *Phi Delta Kappan*? It is an interesting likeness to the one by B. E. Tabarlet in the March 21 issue of *SR*.

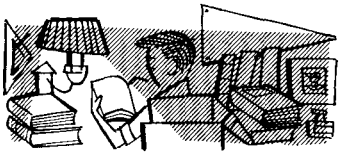
RICHARD D. ZAHN,
Department of Education,
Glassboro State College.
Glassboro, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two articles are indeed similar. Mr. Tabarlet tells us he now recalls having read Mr. McIntyre's article when it was published four years ago and after rereading it can certainly understand why the question of similarity was raised. Our apologies to Mr. McIntyre and to Phi Delta Kappan.*

A Model of Brevity

MAR. 21, '64 supplement OK.

S. M. VENGROVE.
New York, N.Y.



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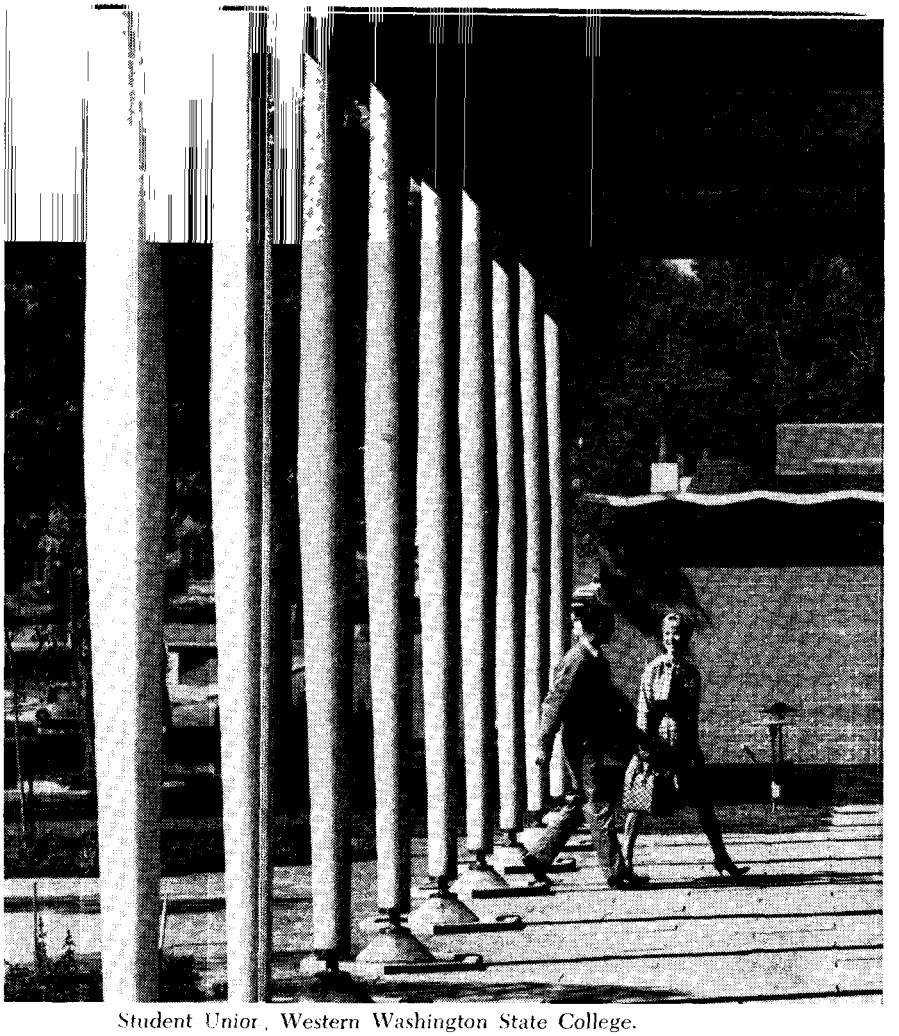
CAN STATE COLLEGES EDUCATE FOR EXCELLENCE?



Student Union, Western Washington State College.

MOST OF THE INSTITUTIONS that got their start as land-grant state colleges have become universities. Today's state colleges—more than 200 of them located in 45 states—have a different history. With a few exceptions, they began life as normal schools and they still give their major attention to the education of teachers rather than to animal husbandry or the mechanical arts. But they have added liberal arts programs, dropped "teachers" or "of education" from their names, and today a substantial number of them, particularly in Western states, are evolving into institutions of a new kind—one that for want of a better name is called the "general state college" to distinguish it from the state university, the single-purpose teacher's college, or the community college.

Though they enjoy various degrees of local prestige, even the best state colleges are not well known outside their immediate localities. They do not boast the unique features that attract nationwide publicity to Bennington, St. John's, Antioch, and other experimental colleges. Their football teams do not achieve the success that made sports fans everywhere aware of Notre Dame, Southern Methodist, and Texas Christian. Their names do not appear on anyone's list of "prestige" colleges. And they lack the reputation for exclusiveness that attracts status seekers. Yet these unheralded institutions are the alma maters of several million Americans, one of whom is now President of the United States.

In the following pages two authors who are familiar with state colleges in different parts of the country offer contrasting interpretations of what is happening to these institutions and predictions of what lies in store for them. Paul Woodring, SR's Education Editor, is also Distinguished Service Professor at Western Washington State College. Bernard Baum is Professor of English at Mansfield State College, Pa.

1. The Opportunity Is There

By PAUL WOODRING

COMMENTING on the new climate in Washington, Stewart Alsop said in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "The difference between Kennedy's intellectual background and Johnson's is the difference between Harvard and Southwest Texas State College." The difference, which is profound, reflects the diversity in education and culture that makes America the kind of nation it is. But if Alsop intended his remark to be a bow to Harvard and the back of his hand to Southwest Texas State, he may have mistaken a difference in kind of intellectual development for a difference in degree. Johnson, as well as Kennedy, somehow, somewhere, developed the qualities of leadership required of men who guide the affairs of state.

If Harvard is to be given credit for Kennedy's achievements, Southwest Texas State deserves equal credit for the special talents of the new president. It is not likely to get it. When a graduate of Harvard, Oxford, or Cambridge achieves a high place in the world, his college claims and receives its share of the credit. But when the graduate of an obscure college reaches the same pinnacle, we are prone to assume that his success must have come in spite of, rather than because of, his choice of college.

In either case it is doubtful that the

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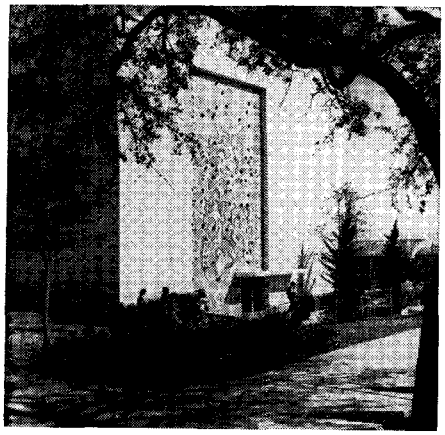

—*Photo by Ben F. Hobbs.*

Mural of concrete and glass at Southwest Texas State College.

college really deserves much of the credit. The education that makes for greatness begins in infancy and continues long after graduation. A college can influence a man's style and alter his intellectual and social outlook, but it cannot make greatness out of mediocrity.

President Johnson's alma mater was a teacher's college when he was a student, and before that it was a normal school. About 200 colleges have a similar history, but today the differences among them are enormous. In the East, and particularly in New England, where they are overshadowed by famous private institutions, some state colleges are inadequately supported, poorly equipped, and so lacking in prestige that they are unable to attract more than 200 or 300 students even in this day of overcrowded colleges. But even in the East there are some—the one at Albany for example—that have scholarly faculties and hold to high standards. In other parts of the nation, where private colleges are fewer and less distinguished, state colleges are thriving institutions with magnificent new plants and well-equipped libraries and laboratories. Several of those in California have enrollments of 15,000 to 20,000, even though they restrict admission to the upper third of high school graduates. State college faculty salaries are not competitive with those paid by major universities, but those in California —an average of $10,000 for all ranks and about $14,000 for full professors— are seducing first-rate professors from the less well-heeled, small private colleges.

One reason that even the strongest state colleges are not well-known in other parts of the country is that they have little need for nationwide publicity and consequently seek it less avidly than do private colleges. They are not dependent on donations from individuals, corporations, or foundations. Except for a few in the East, they have no difficulty in attracting students. They know they will survive and prosper so long as state legislatures make the necessary appropriations for capital outlay and operating expenses. Nationwide publicity would attract more students from outside the state, and this might make legislatures less willing to provide the funds that keep tuition low. A reputation for exclusiveness would have the same effect.

Another reason for their obscurity is the cumbersome names inflicted on these colleges by state legislatures. A roll call sounds like a Boy Scout boxing the compass: Northern Michigan, Northeast Louisiana, Eastern Kentucky, Southeast Missouri, Southern Oregon, Southwest Texas, Western Washington, and Northwestern State. The names of fifteen American colleges start with "Western" and nine begin with "Southwestern." No matter how excellent a college may be, it is not likely to gain a national reputation if no one can remember its name or distinguish it from other institutions with similar names.

Whatever the reason, state colleges get a bad press—when they are mentioned at all, they are treated patronizingly. *Newsweek* in its Dec. 30, 1963, issue said of President Johnson's alma mater, "Southwest Texas State—unpretentious, old-fashioned, square, and upright—mirrors Johnson's own personality." Although this description accurately portrays the popular stereotype of state colleges as it is viewed by eastern journalists, it is not likely to lose votes for the President. It seems probable that most Americans want their President to be upright and unpretentious and are not greatly troubled if he is a bit old-fashioned. Some readers were quick to point out that the adjective "square"—however devastating it may seem to a teenager—describes only a man's style. It is no reflection on his intelligence, integrity, or competence.

Southwest Texas State is probably no more old-fashioned or square—or for that matter more upright—than the hundreds of private and church-related colleges in towns of comparable size. It is true, however, that state colleges reflect both the virtues and the defects of middle class America and, except for the few located in large cities, of small town rather than urban life.

Most state college students come from families with modest incomes: not those considered modest by a Madison Avenue executive, but incomes considered modest by a schoolteacher, minister, or farmer. Many of them are the first generation in their families to have entered college. Parents who themselves are college graduates, particularly those in upper income brackets, usually send their sons and daughters either to private colleges or state universities. But the great majority of state college students are not "sent" to college by their parents or anyone else; they go of their own volition, sometimes against their parents' wishes, and often at their own expense. A large majority work part-time during the school year and throughout the summer. As a result, though they may lack social sophistication, they develop the kind of maturity that comes to those who make their own decisions and pay their own way.

Even the institutions that are primarily teachers' colleges enroll many students who do not intend to become teachers, students who choose the state college because it offers higher education at a cost they can afford. Lyndon Johnson chose a state college for this reason. While a student, he worked as janitor and later as secretary to the college president. It is in-

(*Continued on page* 73)

"Many state colleges are thriving institutions with magnificent new plants."

—*Photo by Hugh N. Stratford.*

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2. *The Problems are Enormous*

By BERNARD BAUM, *Professor of English, Mansfield State College, Mansfield, Pennsylvania.*

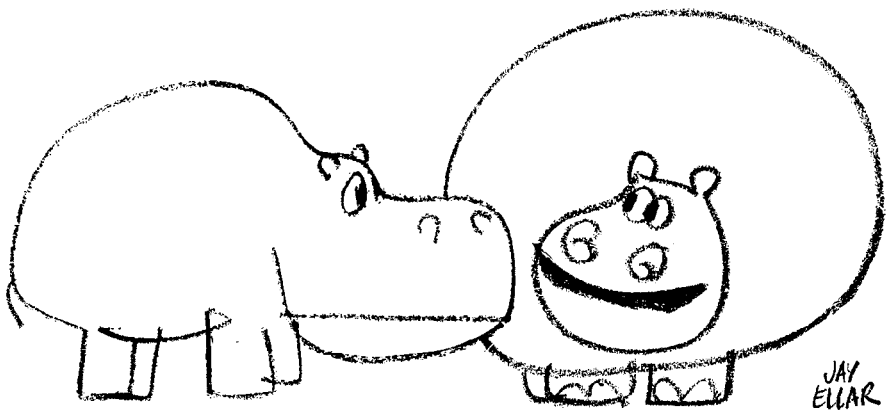
A DISTINCTION frequently drawn between the private and the state college seems to credit the private institution with a special charisma for the higher academic purpose and its achievement. According to this view, the private college has the character, the means, and the motivation necessary for quality education; the state college does not. The designation, private college, is used as if it were synonymous with *liberal arts college*, despite the fact that "private" colleges have a wide variety of objectives and curricula. The essential characteristics of all such colleges are presupposed to be very much alike. It is also assumed that they will generally meet our critically changing conditions in higher education by becoming more firmly than ever the domain of academic excellence, dedicated unfalteringly to the highest development of the "whole man". They are expected to provide (to quote a definition offered by the Problems and Policies Committee of the American Council on Education) "an environment in which young people may become more sensitive to truth and beauty" through "the proximity of great minds" and by means of "residential and other arrangements that bring students and faculty together in creatively exciting ways."

But however heterogeneous in character and status the private colleges themselves may be, there is quite widespread acceptance of the idea that, as a class of institutions, they will become increasingly the conservators of all that is rare and sovereign in the education of youth. The anticipation of a more conspicuous division of our colleges into two classes—the elite and the public—is based upon several considerations: (1) the persistent tradition among many liberal arts colleges that their essential character must not be debased by the incursions of a vocational and fragmented curriculum; (2) the belief that a superior faculty can be more readily attracted to private colleges because of their academic atmosphere, involving a genuine devotion to the "things of the mind," the aura of a liberal tradition, and a genteel, unregimented campus life; (3) the expectation that mounting enrollment pressures will have to be relieved by state institutions, while private colleges, instead of expanding capacity, will simply take advantage of this opportunity to become even more selective in admissions and thus heighten their reputations still further; (4) the expectation that, at the same time, public and private scholarship funds will continue to increase, enabling superior students to attend elite colleges despite considerably increased tuition costs. (An interesting sidelight here is the assumption that public funds through scholarships will assist the private colleges to offer a higher quality of education than public institutions and to proportionately fewer students.)

The converse of all this is, of course, the dreary picture of our state colleges doomed to eternal mediocrity as they struggle year after year to educate larger and larger masses of students—the expanding segment of the predicted 50 per cent and more of college-age youth in our total population. Discounting any exaggeration of rhetoric, there still remains enough prospect of an aristocratic-democratic division in higher education to disquiet many educators. Dr. John W. Gardner, speaking in 1958 as president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, said he was convinced that "in the case of arguments over 'elite' versus 'mass' education, . . . both premises should be abandoned because behind the arguments is the assumption that a society can choose to educate a few people exceedingly well or to educate a great number of people somewhat less well, but that it *cannot do both.*" Yet, however repugnant to us may be the idea that democracy and mediocrity necessarily go hand in hand, the mere unpleasantness of the idea will not enable us to inject quality into a democratic educational system. Dr. Gardner and others may be convinced that we are entertaining an "archaic" notion if we believe that "so-called quality education and so-called mass education are mutually exclusive," but his conviction (based on the principle of excellence in variety) cannot ensure that state colleges will go on to achieve quality.

There are, in fact, very strong reasons for being pessimistic about the ability of state colleges to develop excellence in their academic endeavor. This does not mean that they are inescapably doomed to mediocrity, but it does mean that it is unlikely they will ever manage to eliminate the formidable obstacles to their acquiring the foundations of excellence: concentrated attention upon educational goals that presuppose mature values and finely developed sensibility in students, a faculty with eminent professional qualifications, a curriculum intellectually and creatively centered, a general atmosphere of respect for learning and the questioning mind, freedom from busy magpiety, and an administrative staff (from president to campus bookstore manager) identified, first of all, with the educational aims and processes of the college and only thereafter with bookkeeping, plant maintenance, intercollegiate athletics, and so on. It is my purpose here to examine the more obdurate barriers to the meeting of such requirements for excellence by state colleges. To remove the barriers would take real concern on the part of the public, together with much courage, a much better understanding of the nature of education, and a great deal of persistence on the part of state officials and college administrators. Three principal, interrelated factors obstruct quality education in state colleges: the political pattern of control, the "public school" conditioning of a dominant segment of their staff, and the narrow concept of social utility that permeates curriculum and instruction. From these central factors spread the various disabling conditions and attitudes affecting the entire campus community—administration, faculty, student body.

The political pattern of control over state colleges need not be direct or crude in order to have its blighting effect. True, if the state college presi-



"I don't know, I feel good at this weight."

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dency itself and certain of its other top custodial posts come under a political spoils system and appropriations are governed by party considerations, then the entire campus can become contaminated by expediency and favoritism. Insecurity and frustration can result not only among administrators whose jobs are in a precarious balance but also among members of the faculty, and particularly those most able and most sincerely dedicated to sound principles of education. There are, however, subtler ways in which the close webbing of the political processes of the state to its public colleges can exert an unwholesome influence. In such colleges it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to supplant the idea of control through a hierarchy of power by the principle of decision-making through consensus. Because the institution of public administration must operate by means of a hierarchy of power, in the active relationship of state to college authority an analogous principle of control is readily presumed. Thus, the power structure in the political area tends to condition or predispose the college administration to function similarly, with maintenance staff, secretaries, buildings and grounds custodians, and faculty all lumped together as employees of the state, directly under the president as a kind of superintendent of plant. This reflective pattern of authority and subordination is reinforced by the prevalent design of organizational control that incorporates both academic and state officials, from the college president to a politically appointed board of trustees, up to the chief officer of the state agency for education, to the governor, with the state legislators wielding the big stick of financial control. The results of such a line of ascending authority are to distort the character of the state college presidency and to nurture timidity throughout the academic community. The structure of power motivates the president to become primarily a guardian of the public property and moneys placed under his care. Perhaps one cannot blame him overmuch if, fearful of scrutiny from above (and below, from local opposition-party hacks), ever mindful of his political vulnerability, he worries more about justifying another lawn-mower than about the quality of instruction in English or mathematics. Anxiety and excessive caution at the top are communicated to the faculty and even to the students. Timidity among deans and instructors manifests itself in extreme conservatism in such matters as student self-government and discipline, as well as curriculum and instruction. Apprehension over possible umbrage and reprisal from political or special interest groups, extending into the classroom, tends even unconsciously to encourage the uncandid and stereotyped and to deter the venturous mind. "Play it safe" is the rule. It is symptomatic that in 1960 the name of only a single state college appeared among the institutions that opposed or registered disapproval of the disclaimer affidavit attached to student aid under the National Defense Education Act.

"Do state colleges offer a general atmosphere of respect for learning and the questioning mind?"
—*Photo by M. D. Paterson.*

In a campus atmosphere of timidity and servility one can hardly expect innovation, bold thrusts of mind, strong convictions freely expressed—all those qualities of mind and heart that are critically needed by any nation that has undertaken to preserve the values of a free society. When educators themselves become "organization men," the very wellspring is tainted. Without substantial autonomy and without full faculty participation in defining objectives and developing academic policies, a state college cannot be expected to provide an education of quality.

The second disabling factor, the persistent "public school" complex of state colleges, has a similarly pervasive effect. Most state colleges, although they may have dropped the word "teachers" from their titles, retain the attitudes and organizational habits that are characteristic of the public school system to which they were initially geared in close interaction. The older and more influential members of the staff are predominantly "schoolmen." In a large number of instances they came to the college through elementary and secondary schools, where they were supervising teachers or administrators. Their experience with universities has usually been only as graduate students. They are frequently preoccupied with the instruments and procedures of teaching and with details of classroom governance. They find it troublesome to view college students as young adults; they do not expect and are therefore reluctant to demand maturity from them. Symptomatically on their campuses you will often hear student residences called the "boys' dorm" and the "girls' dorm." Schoolmen rather than scholars, they overemphasize social behavior and what, in the Pickwickian semantics of schoolmen, they call life-adjustment. Accordingly, they are prone to subject students to excessive guidance routines and standard-testing. They remain uncomfortable with a policy that allows the exercise of independent judgment; they are uneasy if an administration does not apply extensive control over details of student life. In one state college, for example, the decision of the administration merely to permit each instructor to determine and enforce his own student absence policy created some distress among certain members of the faculty who did not want to accept individual responsibility in relation to student conduct. Amid all such busy fret with personnel and operating details, it is not surprising to find the intellectual life of the student getting scant attention. It is doubtless here that we have the source of the well-known platitude that mediocre students make the best teachers.

The imposition of "public school" ways upon state colleges may also be to some extent responsible for such other distinguishing features as excessive teaching loads, a crudely conceived and enforced requirement of "a full day's work," heavy obligations for close student supervision, and exaggerated importance given to a formally organized extracurriculum—fairly strong guarantees of a poor, overworked faculty. Such manifestations are in part also symptomatic of the nervousness, the insecurity and the custodial consecration of the typical state college administration.

THE "public school" character of state colleges renders them susceptible to outside pressures that still further weaken academic standards. It is not unusual for a trustee or state legislator to phone the president or dean of instruction and question the dismissal of a student for academic deficiency or even to suggest reversal of the decision. Often the legislator's solicitude was inspired by a local politician or party contributor who was first approached by the unhappy parent. Withstanding such assaults on the academic integrity of the state college means a continual struggle for any administrator with a conscience and the courage to go with

(*Continued on page* 74)

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Out, Out . . . !

The following letter, which was brought to our attention by Dexter Martin of the English Department at State College, California, Pennsylvania, is presented to our readers as a public service.

CITIZENS' STATE UNIVERSITY
April 13, 1964

FROM: Earl Prince King
Dean of the Faculty

TO: Mr. William Shakespeare
English Department

RE: Termination of Employment

Dear Professor Shakespeare:

You are hereby relieved of your duties at Citizens' State University and are placed on sick leave for the remainder of the semester, at which time your contract will be terminated. Due to an unexpected vacancy last summer, my predecessor had to hire you more hastily than usual, without a detailed examination of your qualifications. (You will recall that you did not furnish references.) However, alert Christian students have called my attention to your writings (the few that have been published); and from an alumnus in London I have secured a report about your unpublished plays, the ones in the repertory of the Globe Theater there. In addition, various facts about your career have finally reached us here in the United States. Some of them have even become known around the campus. I am afraid that I will have to dispense with politeness and speak bluntly.

To begin with, you are on record as having spelled your family name in at least thirteen different ways, which suggests that you are an imposter; and it has even been charged that you are not William Shakespeare at all but one Francis Bacon, a convicted bribe-taker. When you were only nineteen, living in Stratford, England, you produced pregnancy in a girl and had to marry her so hastily that you needed special permission from the Bishop. About two years later, after two more children, you left your family behind in Stratford and commenced residence in London, not rejoining them for about twenty-five years. According to your own sonnets, you have committed adultery or have tried to commit it with a certain "dark lady." Other love affairs of yours have become common gossip. For instance, a friend of yours, Richard Burbage, says that you cheated him (as well as your wife) by visiting a woman with whom he had made an appointment. When he knocked at the door, *you* opened it and said, "Remember: William the Conqueror comes before Richard the Lion-Hearted." (For your information, I see nothing humorous about the incident.)

As for your writings, they reek (and I use the word advisedly) of sex and violence. In the opinion of the University's lawyers, your very first work, *Venus and Adonis*, is obscene and ought to have been banned.

Your sonnets have aroused the suspicion, not only in me but in the University's psychiatrist, Dr. Summerfield, that you may be a pervert or that you have been one. About half of them are declarations of love to a young man.

The characters in your plays kill, duel, make war, steal, go to prostitutes, deprive girls of their virginity, swear, drink, talk about sex, miscegenate, and commit suicide. They even doubt the existence of God and God's Plan.

In *Henry IV*, you think it is very funny to depict a Crown Prince stealing purses. In *Romeo and Juliet*, you think it is extremely funny to portray young men who brawl in the streets and rob girls of their virtue without marrying them. In *Hamlet*, you ask us to feel sorry for a young man because he does *not* behave like a delinquent; you consider him a coward because he refuses to kill his stepfather. Your Antony and Cleopatra are simply juvenile delinquents upon a global scale, obsessed with sex and not even married.

At least four of your plays (if they are published) would prove offensive to minority groups at any American university. In *Othello*, you try to romanticize marriage between Negroes and whites. Not only would many whites object; many Negroes would, too. In *Romeo and Juliet* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, you could offend Catholic students by your glorification of suicide. In *Romeo and Juliet*, everybody is a Catholic and yet everybody thinks the suicide is beautiful. Not even the Catholic priest says the lovers have gone to hell. (I might as well say flatly, Professor Shakespeare, that I find all of your plays unbelievable.) In *The Merchant of Venice* you portray a Jew who demands a pound of Gentile flesh.

As for religion, not one of your plays glorifies it—at least not clearly and unambiguously. One moment you are saying, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends"; and the next moment you are wondering whether life signifies nothing. Are you an agnostic? Are you an atheist? If you are a Christian, why don't you come right out and tell us so?

In regard to your teaching, I will only say that to the best of my knowledge, I find it very hard to believe that your four sections of freshmen are learning to write plain, simple English from you. Frankly, in both your poetry and prose you sound as though you were intoxicated. Your style totters on the edge of absurdity or even insanity. You are wordy, crude, obscure, and addicted to far-fetched figures of speech. As the former Director of the University's Testing Service, I can state with some authority that on nearly every page you exhibit emotional instability and immaturity.

Although Citizens' State believes in academic freedom, it does not believe in academic license. Consequently, I cannot provide you with a letter of recommendation, and no member of the English Department will be permitted to give you one.

Sincerely yours,
Earl Prince King, Ph.D.
Distinguished Service Professor
and Dean of the Faculty.

P.S. I regret having to send this dismissal notice just before your birthday, but a deep concern for the welfare of your students compels me to act without further delay.

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—*The Sunday Bulletin (Philadelphia).*

Emmanuel Hyde explains the government and culture of Ghana to ninth-graders at Ogontz Junior High.

Bringing the World to the Classroom

By PETER H. BINZEN, *education writer, Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ONE recent snowy morning, Emmanuel A. Hyde, son of a schoolmaster in Accra, Ghana, and Akiko Matsuo MacLachlan, daughter of a World War II admiral in the Japanese Navy, took a train from Philadelphia to the nearby "bedroom" suburb of Cheltenham Township.

From the train station in the township's Elkins Park section, the Ghanian and the young woman from Tokyo tramped a short distance past drifts of snow to the 535-pupil Ogontz Junior High School. A few minutes after ten o'clock, they entered the office of the principal, Franklin P. Gill, shook hands with him and some of his staff, checked their teaching rosters—each was to lecture to three social studies classes that day—and then went their separate ways.

Hyde, a quick-smiling, handsome man who is studying for his doctorate in international relations at the University of Pennsylvania, soon was telling a class of ninth-graders why his native land believes in "nonalignment" and "positive neutralism."

"Ghana is a young country," he said. "To survive and remain politically stable, it cannot align itself with any of the great powers. And so it tries to be friendly with both sides in the cold war. I think this is very good diplomacy."

Turning to less controversial subjects, Hyde described Ghana's new system of compulsory education. He said the government has just adopted a policy of buying textbooks for the pupils instead of forcing their parents to purchase them, as was formerly the case.

Obviously enjoying himself, Hyde that day gave Ogontz pupils intimate details about life in Ghana. He described the meals his mother used to cook. He told of scrambling up orange trees as a youngster and eating the fruit while playing hide and seek. He cited the many different uses of Ghanian palm trees—palm leaves for skirts, palm branches for baskets, palm oil for cooking, palm nuts for blacksmith forge fires and fermented palm sap for a potent alcoholic beverage. Explaining that candies are dear in Ghana, he suddenly threw open his mouth to show a set of gleaming white teeth. "I'm thirty years old," he beamed, "and I still don't have a cavity."

While the eyes of pupils in Hyde's classes were riveted on this ebullient African, the other visitor, Akiko MacLachlan—who recently obtained her master's degree at the University of

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Pennsylvania and whose husband, William, whom she met at Penn, is now working for his M.A.—spoke to seventh- and ninth-grade social studies classes about Japanese music and architecture.

She played records of traditional Japanese music. The strains of a love song filled the room. One could hear Japanese equivalents of the harp and the banjo and an occasional soft beat of a drum. She played one melancholy song that she said is generally heard only in the imperial court. She smiled and added that the Japanese also like classical music, modern music, jazz, the cha-cha, and rock-'n-roll.

Discussing architecture, she noted that since 60 per cent of Japan is covered with forest, most of its buildings are of wood. Architects strive for simplicity, not magnifience, she said. And religion plays an important part in Japanese architecture. She showed slides of exquisitely designed Japanese gardens and of shrines and temples with marvelous wood carvings and gently upturned roofs.

At noon, Hyde and Mrs. MacLachlan chatted with Ogontz Junior High teachers and students while lunching in the school cafeteria. And when Akiko—as the school staff refers to the twenty-five-year-old woman—started for her final class, a ninth-grade girl ran down the corridor with shining eyes, took her by the hand, and led her into the classroom.

It would be hard to find two individuals of more disparate temperaments than the outgoing, articulate Ghanian, completely at ease in the American classroom, with just enough of the "ham" to make him a superior teacher, and the quiet, shy Tokyo native, who seemed much less comfortable answering questions but who nevertheless commanded the absolute attention of her pupils.

Despite their differences, or perhaps because of them, Emmanuel Hyde and Akiko Matsuo MacLachlan made a strong impression on students and faculty at Ogontz Junior High School. Such impressions have been coming thick and fast at this school and others nearby. Hyde and Mrs. MacLachlan are just two of twenty foreign students at the University of Pennsylvania who are participating this school year in a program known as the "Ogontz Plan for Mutual International Education."

Also teaching at Ogontz Junior High are Dr. Abdul-Hamid Shawkat, a dentist from Cairo who is now attending Penn's Graduate School of Medicine; Hart Emeruwa, a Nigerian student at the university's Graduate School of Education; and Reginald Rajapakse, of Ceylon, who is studying for his Ph.D. in American history.

Foreign students from Iran, Japan, West Germany, Ghana, and India are lecturing at Cheltenham High School. Elkins Park Junior High is hearing a Liberian, an Indian, a Turk, a Swede, and a Japanese, while a Ghanian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, a Yugoslav, and a Pakistani are speaking at Shoemaker Elementary School.

There is, of course, nothing unusual about American public schools inviting unusual guests to address assemblies or classes. In several respects, however, the Ogontz Plan is believed to be unique. First, the foreign students and the public school children are exposed to each other on a fixed schedule. Each school signs up five foreign students. Each student teaches one-half day a week for three weeks. One follows another so that each school's program runs fifteen weeks. (Hyde and Mrs. MacLachlan happened to be at Ogontz Junior High on the same day because of a cancelation and schedule change.)

THIS extended period of teaching gives the school children a better chance to explore the thinking of the foreign students than would be possible if the visitors made the customary one-shot appearances. In addition, under the Ogontz Plan, foreign students meet with teachers and pupils after school and often are invited into homes for dinner.

Careful planning is another mark of the project. In recruiting foreign students, university officials work closely with the participating schools. Before starting to teach, the foreign students are given thorough briefings on what is expected of them.

Their contributions are then integrated into existing social studies and history courses. Hyde's comments on "positive neutralism" were fitted into a ninth-grade social studies unit on the cold war. His description of life in Ghana and Mrs. MacLachlan's remarks about Japanese music and architecture were delivered to classes studying world cultures.

One other feature sets the Ogontz Plan apart. The "international lecturers" are paid for the work. The rate is $10 per half day, or $30 altogether for each student.

The rationale behind the program is simple. According to the Institute of International Education in New York there were, in 1963, a total of 64,705 foreign students in this country. They came from 149 countries and they were enrolled at 1,798 institutions of higher learning in the United States.

These students represent the leadership class of their respective nations. Obviously, it is important for the U.S. to gain their goodwill. We want them to respect our culture. We want them to discover for themselves that the Hollywood image of America is invalid.

The acts of Congress that encourage such foreign visits state flatly that they should "promote a better understanding of the United States in other countries." Another aim is to "increase mutual understanding between the people of the United States and the people of other countries."

All too often, however, foreign stu-

—The Sunday Bulletin (Philadelphia).

Akiko MacLachlan introduces a world history class to the culture of Japan.

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dents spend long periods at American colleges and universities without ever getting a good glimpse of off-campus life. Immersed in their studies, uninvited, or perhaps unwilling, to participate in community projects, they seldom rub elbows with the man in the street or the kid in the classroom. Thus they may very well go home with the same mistaken notions they arrived with.

For their part, American school children are frequently misinformed about people and nations outside the continental United States. Much of what they learn about other lands comes from textbooks that are often fuzzily written. Their classes may visit the United Nations but few ever engage in extended give-and-take with Asians or Africans or South Americans or Europeans.

BACKERS of the Ogontz Plan therefore see it as a two-way street. For the schoolchildren, it provides the golden opportunity of learning about the shrinking twentieth-century world from the lips of "resource persons"—in educational jargon—representing the four corners of the earth. And for the international visitors, it opens the door to person-to-person contacts with American pupils, teachers, and parents and, thus, to a whole new look at American life.

Carl Stenzler, co-founder of the Ogontz Plan, thinks it can help provide the climate for world peace. "The youngsters of today," says Stenzler, "must be educated to understand and respect values that are different from their own. The absolute world of 'my way,' 'my God,' 'my government' can lead only to protracted dispute. The purpose, direction, and philosophy of the Ogontz Plan is to stress the sameness of all people while educating our youngsters to understand the differences that are the result of environment."

Stenzler, a Philadelphia businessman, and his sculptress wife, Erna, got the idea that led to development of the Ogontz Plan for Mutual International Education in the fall of 1959. They had attended a school meeting that dealt not with international relations but with one of the "modern mathematics" teaching techniques. The meeting was a great success. Parents left the school shaking their heads in awe.

Erna Stenzler left shaking her head—in exasperation. She was irked that with all the fine and needed gains in math and science, precious little was being done about the humanities. Everybody talked about international goodwill but not much was being done about it.

Soon after, Mrs. Stenzler telephoned International House, an agency that serves as a home away from home for foreign students in the Philadelphia area. She arranged to have a foreign student spend Thanksgiving in her home at 8310 Roberts Road, Elkins Park. The student, a stunning young woman from Colombia, hit it off perfectly with the Stenzlers and their two daughters. She was the first of forty-two—at the last count—foreign visitors to stay with the Stenzlers. (Mrs. Stenzler has flown twice to Colombia to visit their first international guest. She is the godmother of a Colombian baby.)

With their own lives enriched by such friendships, the Stenzlers set out to "sell" schools on the importance of fostering global understanding. Dr. Gill, the Ogontz Junior High principal, was interested. Outside speakers soon were addressing assemblies at his school. A number of foreign consular and diplomatic representatives based in the Philadelphia area accepted invitations to appear.

Through Robert Dechert, a University of Pennsylvania trustee, Carl Stenzler met Dr. John F. Melby, who was then Penn's director of foreign students. Dr. Melby offered to find foreign students to lecture at Ogontz Junior High if the school wanted to go ahead. Gene D. Gisburne, Penn's vice president for student affairs, threw his support behind the program.

And so, last spring, the junior high school and the university entered into the cooperative arrangement. Penn students from Greece, India, Iran, Japan, and the Sudan were chosen to inaugurate the Ogontz Plan. At first the school faculty was skeptical. "I was very dubious of the merits of such a program," recalled John Weaver, Dr. Gill's assistant and chairman of the school's history department. "I had seen too many situations where an unexpected visitor was asked to tell about the history of his country in a forty-five-minute class period. Usually, the students were studying about one country and he would be from another."

BY anticipating these problems and planning schedules well in advance—not only of the days the lecturers would come but the material they would cover—the school got maximum value out of the special program, said Weaver. And the faculty reaction, reports Dr. Gill, "changed rapidly from skepticism to acceptance and then to enthusiasm."

Following last spring's success at Ogontz, the principals of Cheltenham High, Elkins Park Junior High and Shoemaker Elementary School decided to join in last fall. Dr. Gill thinks the program is now on a firm footing in Cheltenham Township. "This is a sophisticated community and more widely traveled than most," he said. "Yet there is a basic ignorance about other peoples and other lands. What the foreign students teach is relatively unimportant. It's what they are as human beings that count. We want our students to see that people are pretty much the same the world over."

The foreign students themselves believe the program has great value for them and for their young charges as well. Many of them welcome the chance to make a little money, even if it is only $30. Emmanuel Hyde for one. Married and with an infant son, he has, since coming to this country, taken odd jobs as a taxi driver, painter, janitor, camp counselor, and baby sitter to help make ends meet.

Aside from the financial inducement, Hyde thinks the lecturing is helpful in other ways. He was happy, for example, to clear up some misconceptions about Africa, including the notion, apparently widely held in this country, that the Dark Continent is overrun with wild animals. He saw his very first lion, said Hyde, in the Cleveland Zoo, and he'd never set eyes on a tiger or elephant either, until coming to the United States.

HYDE and the other foreign students were impressed by the intelligence of the American pupils, their self-confidence, their "outgoing" natures, and their eagerness to learn about foreign lands. (Cheltenham Township children are hardly typical American youngsters, however. It is an upper-middle-class community. About 70 per cent of its high school graduates attend college. The average I.Q. of pupils at Ogontz Junior High is close to 120.)

Many of the foreign students were initially surprised at the informality of classes here and the rapid-fire questioning to which they were subjected. The grilling that the Ogontz kids gave Dr. Shawkat, the dentist from the United Arab Republic, when he spoke to classes just before the holidays in December was, in his words, "quite something."

On the corridor walls that day, student-made posters proclaimed "Merry Christmas" and "Happy Hanukkah." The school's enrollment is predominantly Jewish; Dr. Shawkat is a Moslem. Religion seemed to be on the pupils' minds, and they got right to the point:

QUESTION (by an Ogontz pupil): You believe that Jesus Christ was a prophet, right?

ANSWER (by Dr. Shawkat): Yes.

Q: Do you believe He was the Son of God?

A: No. In order to be Moslem, you must believe in all those who led us to God. We believe that Jesus Christ was born in an 'unusual way.' He got something from the Holy Spirit. We believe

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Report from Hagerstown

In 1956, the Board of Education of Washington County, Maryland, established the nation's first large-scale closed circuit television network exclusively designed for classroom instruction. For the past eight years, nearly 20,000 students in forty-five elementary and secondary schools throughout the county have been receiving part of their daily instruction over television. The telecasts originate from Hagerstown, the county seat, and are transmitted to the schools over coaxial cable, which can carry six lessons simultaneously. Instruction has been offered at every grade level and in nearly every basic subject—music, art, reading, mathematics, science, French, Spanish, history, English, and physics. The studio teachers, recruited from the county's regular teaching staff, present part of the lesson over television, and the classroom teachers take over for the remainder of the period.

The first full report on the experiment was published this week. Single copies can be obtained without charge by writing directly to the Board of Education, Washington County, Hagerstown, Maryland. A summary of the principal findings and conclusions is presented below.

1. *Pupil achievement can improve significantly when television is consistently used as a teaching aid.*
Improvement can occur regardless of grade, subject, range of ability, or class size. Where television is used in a course year after year, higher achievement is generally maintained and improved upon in succeeding years, long after any novelty effect would have worn off.

2. *Television accelerates the teacher's professional growth.*
It provides an invaluable way for teachers to learn by observing the teaching of others. The classroom teacher is encouraged to study and comment on the studio teacher's lesson, and this leads to greater awareness of teaching methods. Ultimately, it leads to a general improvement in methods of instruction, for the studio teacher, relieved of classroom responsibilities, has time to plan and develop better lessons.

3. *Television makes it possible to upgrade the curriculum and enrich the educational program more easily and economically than before.*
It provides an effective way to introduce new courses and to bring special services to the classrooms—talks by scientists, poets, government leaders. It also focuses the attention of many teachers on courses and their content, thus easing the problem of curriculum improvement.

4. *Television is especially useful as an instructional aid to add new learning experiences to the school program. It does not "replace" the teacher or "substitute" techniques and procedures that would eliminate regular clsss-room learning activities and personal teacher-pupil relationships.*
The television lesson provides many opportunities for involving pupils in the learning process and for helping them accept responsibilities and develop important skills of self-teaching. The instructional value of television is directly related to the way it is used.

5. *The operational costs of television can be met without increasing the normal school budget.*
The television system can effect sufficient savings to pay for itself. These savings result from redeployment of teaching equipment, changed organization within schools, and altered scheduling of personnel. It may also be possible to develop enough savings through television to increase teacher's salaries.

6. *The problem of finding and retaining top quality teachers is eased.*
Teachers make their skills more widely available through television. The challenge of teaching on television gives many good teachers an added reason for remaining in the profession. Since the use of television makes possible the scheduling of pupils in large, medium-sized, and small groups during the school day, increased enrollments do not require the number of additional teachers formerly needed. School systems can therefore be more selective in their recruitment and can encourage teachers by making more time available during the school day for them to plan, study, keep abreast of new developments, and work with individual pupils.

7. *Television changes the role of the classroom teacher and makes him—along with the studio teacher—part of a teaching team.*
Where he can use television as an aid, the classroom teacher has the opportunity to concentrate on planning related classroom activities. It also gives him far more time to provide special help for pupils who need it. His guidance role takes on new importance.

8. *Television brings greater equality of opportunity for all pupils.*
In an underprivileged area or the most cultured district, children participate in the same lessons and special events through television. Pupils in the small rural school have the same studio teachers and the same variety in courses as do children in larger schools. The small high school can offer courses that, without television, would be available only in the large high school.

9. *Television increases vocational training opportunities.*
Lessons with direct vocational application can be presented on television—in many cases with greater ease and effectiveness than in the classroom. In addition, in Washington County, Hagerstown Junior College students have had valuable experience working in the television studios. They supply most of the manpower needed to operate the school television network, and in the process they acquire knowledge of the techniques of production and transmission, as well as of maintenance, operation, and repair of equipment. For some, this work experience has been a steppingstone to a career.

10. *School television facilities can serve the public in a variety of ways—for adult education, community projects, and the dissemination of many kinds of information.*
Schools may be used as centers where interested adults may participate in special televised courses or receive information on topics of public interest. Community projects can be promoted in the regular schedule of televised lessons.

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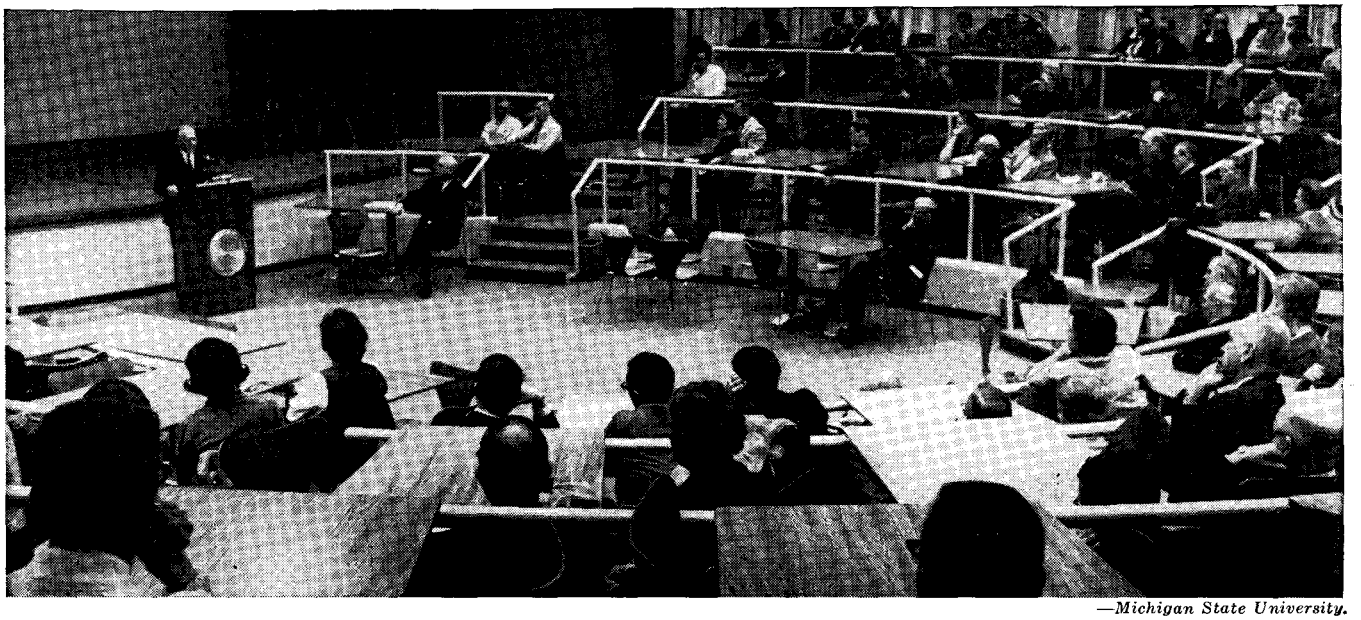

—*Michigan State University.*

Adolph Berle addresses Michigan State's Commonwealth Council on the Social Implications of the Humanities.

The Humanities in Land Grant Universities

Graduates of private liberal arts colleges are prone to think of land-grant universities as institutions devoted to the mechanical arts, and the problems of growing corn, oats, cows and pigs, with a peripheral but conspicuous interest in winning football games. But each of these institutions has on its campus a faculty of liberal arts whose members are as deeply committed to literature, philosophy, and history as are their colleagues in other institutions. Often, because their disciplines are under greater threat from the applied fields, they spend more time defending them, and consequently think more deeply about their purpose and meaning, than do academic professors in colleges where the humanities reign supreme.

The following article by a professor of philosophy at Michigan State University discusses the social implications of the humanities for the lives of men living in the twentieth century.

By JOHN F. A. TAYLOR

WHAT would a university become that set for itself the problem of discovering the social implications of the humanities?

Michigan State University is in search of an answer. The direct assault upon the problem is concentrated in its College of Arts & Letters, a new administrative unit into which the university has assembled some of the oldest and most distinguished divisions of its faculty. In any other locus the creation of a college of humanistic studies might be viewed as an ordinary act in the division of labor. In the oldest of the land-grant universities it must be regarded as a portent.

The new college was charged with the task of redefining its essential and distinctive contribution to the university community. In a land-grant university the performance of that task has a very special interest. For a land-grant university is by principle committed to a social function and is forbidden the absolution of conceiving its enterprise apart from the moral predicament of the society beyond it. It is of all American institutions the one in which the actually operative ideals of American life are worked at without imitation, without forgiveness, and without apology. Its commission makes it inevitably and on all occasions the critical image of the society it serves.

In the season of the Reformation Erasmus said of himself: "I have sought to be a spectator of this tragedy." He is the type-figure of the humanist in modern times—urbane, learned, judicious, the critical and detached spectator of time and eternity, aware of all of the fierce partisan alternatives of his day, satisfied with none of them, too fastidious to be committed to any of them. Intellectually, Erasmus understood the forces at work in his world better than any man of his generation; morally, he was an absentee. He failed, of course. The times swept past him as they have swept past the academic humanist in every session of the world's huge birth. For the right of the secluded intellect is not achieved by spectators; neither is it preserved by them. The secluded intellect depends upon the social immunities that permit it, and there are seasons of tragedy in human history in which no man is privileged to walk apart unbruised by the grit of the earth.

An ordinary academy may affect to work under the eye of eternity; a land-grant university works under the eye of time, in history's solemn pulse, subject to all of the real and present stresses that divide men and nations in their encounter with each other.

The definition of the function of the humanities in a land-grant university has, therefore, the character of a crucial experiment. It resurrects the fundamental charter of one of the most characteristic and original of all American institutions. Frankly and unashamedly the land-grant charter holds that there is no part of human life that is beneath the notice of the university; that there is no labor of society that has not its proper dignity. But it holds also that whatever is without function is without justification. It requires that the dignity of every enterprise be expressible in terms of the values it releases in human life, and if such value cannot be shown, then it holds the dignity to be vacant, and its claim, however sanctified by custom, to be null and void.

The claim of the humanities to a

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place in modern education is a matter to be demonstrated, not a matter to be assumed. Nor is the demonstration given by despising the demand for it. In a land-grant university it can be given in only one way, by showing the contribution of the humanities to the actual lives of men as men act out their lives amid the forms of twentieth-century industrial and urban society.

The problem of establishing the social relevance of the humanities is not peculiar to Michigan State University. On the contrary, the interest of the problem is precisely its exemplariness, the circumstance that it is encountered, and encountered identically, in every large state institution in America. So that to have solved it is not merely to have set a single house in order. It is to have made a conquest over a national and profoundly urgent problem of American education at large.

I propose to define that problem as my associates in the College of Arts & Letters are presently engaged in defining it. And I should say at once that the solution to it is not ready at hand—at least not yet. The theory that is being prepared is, nevertheless, in my judgment, the most decisive challenge to the theory of higher education in America that has appeared in our generation.

In every society there are two kinds of questions—questions of Path and questions of Covenant. Questions of Path are questions concerning the limits that nature has imposed upon our acts. They are the province of technology, of science technically applied to the pursuit of human purposes. Questions of Covenant are questions of obligation, questions concerning the limits that we impose upon ourselves. All that is distinctively human in our lives—in language, art, science, religion, law, and logic—falls among them. These questions are the special province of the critical disciplines, of the normative studies that men describe collectively as the humanities, *studia humanitatis, studia humaniora.*

In our day the questions of Covenant remain untouched. They remain untouched not because their seriousness is not felt and everywhere admitted, but because the humanities have been displaced from their social function. The new program of the College of Arts & Letters is a systematic attempt to restore the questions of Covenant to their place in education. It seeks in effect to restore the larger function of criticism to the social scene.

To direct the new college the university has named a distinguished biographer and historian of American foreign policy, Paul A. Varg. Varg's inaugural address to his faculty struck an unequivocal new note:

> Our function is central to a university. The most characteristic feature of what we are studying is the marvelous and infinite variety of human personality. But we are humanists and not idealists, historical-minded and not Utopian. As private citizens we are interested in a better world, but as professional scholars we are interested in how to cope with *this* world. We seek not to abolish the gales that blow, but to maintain the integrity of the individual on the inevitably stormy sea.

It must be admitted by any impartial spectator of the American scene that the humanities do not, in the practice of institutions of higher education, exercise the decisive influence that has been claimed for them. They color our speech, they shape our forms, they temper our manners. Our institutions and our policy they leave unaffected.

The fault is not in them, but in us. For we have never effectively permitted the humanities to demonstrate their critical power as civilizing agencies in human life. "Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce," Milton called them. Such they are, but their critical value is registered only in appreciation. Their social implications—their significance for transforming the aims of education, the spirit of the market, and the objects of government—pass unspoken, unstudied, and even for the most part unreflected on. Our civilization has become in all of its major manifestations corporate. We have permitted our culture to become, as Marx described it, an idle superstructure and soliloquy.

There is reason to believe that our inherited forms of moral obligation are no longer equal to the problems of modern industrial society. For example, Christianity in its traditional forms supposes all moral relations to run between persons, and persons it conceives to correspond to natural individuals. In our world that simple correspondence can no longer be assumed. The decisive contemporary persons are not individuals at all; they are collectivities, corporations. Where they are not, their decisions are not those that in fact structure our society.

In such a world the Christian precept to love one's neighbor as oneself is not without meaning; it is simply without intelligible application. For if a corporation must be supposed in the eye of the law to have personality, yet not even jurists have thought to carry the fiction so far as to say of corporations that they have souls. Over the back fence I can understand the injunction to love my neighbor as myself. Before this injunction to love General Motors or American Can or even Bethlehem Steel I am simply abashed and perplexed.

That in effect is the typical arrest that men encounter amid the corporate forms of modern industrial society. The ideals to which we subscribe, the values to which we educate our young, suppose a form of society in which men stand directly related to each other in independent dignity as person to person. In our actual society we stand indirectly related to each other through the multiplied corporations by which our roles are defined. In nation, in university, in business, in all of the decisive exchanges of our lives, the identity of the individual has been obscured by his corporate estate. We walk in anonymity, estranged by the hierarchies in which we meet and pass each other by. The man has been lost in the member, the person in the functionary. So that the ideals we teach are no longer conspicuously relevant to the lives that we actually lead.

When Aristotle wrote his *Politics,* he understood as well as any modern author, and more sensibly than some, that the perfected development of the human individual is not realizable apart from society, apart from human community, apart from the duties and consecrations of a common life. The birth of the free individual was nevertheless, as he conceived, the justification of all society, the discipline of all intercourse, the end and object of all government.

Why, then, should that affirmation, which is the essential burden of the whole humanistic tradition in the Western world, have become so untenable in our day?

The default of humanistic education in the modern world has never been that it has failed to transmit the undefiled vision of Christianity or of Greece. Its scholarship has not been unequal to its commission. Its default lies in the unspoken assumption that the purity of the transmitted ideal is sufficient to the needs of the hour. It is not. In the life of animals inheritance is a datum; in the life of men it is always a task. To every generation the task remains of reworking its covenants, or re-establishing their meaning and relevance for men who do and suffer, live and act, in the birth of a new world. An education that fails to respond to this task is the cruelest deception that a generation can work upon its young. For it leaves the creative resolution of the problem of inheritance to those who are least competent, because least equipped, to perform it.

Such is the need for reconceiving the tasks of higher education in our day. The need is nowhere met. It has been nowhere even clearly defined. For we think still according to the immemorial stereotypes of an old dispensation, framing in our industrial and urban civilization an education that fits men only for

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The Genuine Educational Frontiers

By WILLIAM VAN TIL, *Chairman of the Department of Secondary Education at New York University. Mr. Van Til is the author of essays on education titled "The Making of a Modern Educator," among other books and is President of the John Dewey Society. This article is adapted from talks he has made in many states during his tenure as president (1961–62) and executive committee member (1960–63) of the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development of the NEA.*

THE ambiguities of a revolutionary era were well described in the opening lines of *A Tale of Two Cities*. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." Although children growing up today live in a different era from that of which Dickens spoke, they, too, live in a time of sweeping change. Ours, too, is the best of times and the worst of times. The genuine educational frontiers today grow out of a social setting of promise and threat.

Along with the rest of us, children and youth are living in a time when the conquest of the only limitless frontier has begun. Refusing to be earthbound, man is probing into space. This best of times is marked by personal heroism and gallant adventuring, by prodigious feats of theoretical mathematics and science accompanied by engineering applications.

Yet this is also a time when the threat of extermination hangs heavy over the human race; science has created a Caliban in the form of alphabet bombs and fall-out that menace man with cosmic violence. Space conquest, despite its potential for humanity, can degenerate into a rat race for death control.

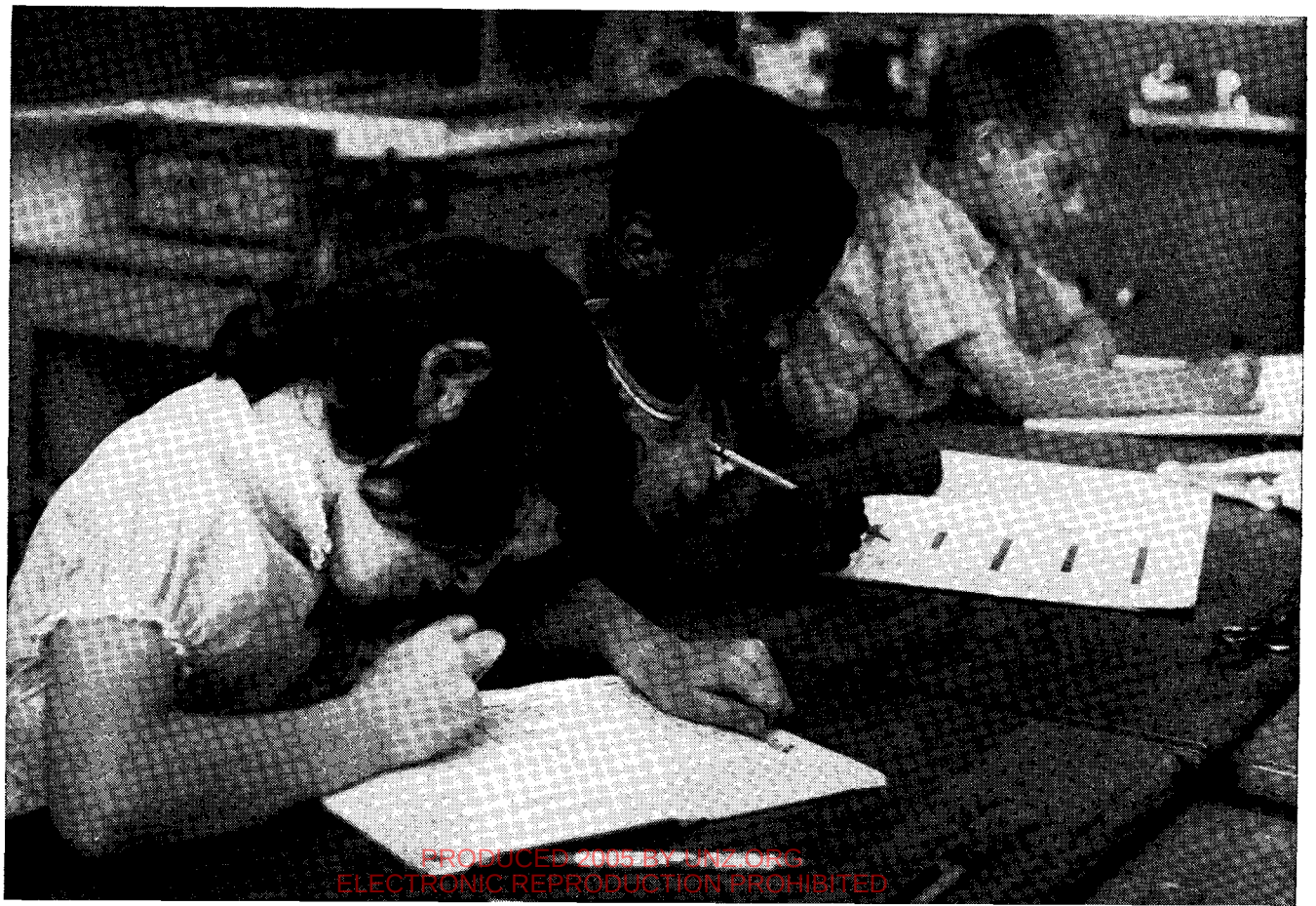
Our young live with us in a time when, across the world, a wind has risen. This is the day of the revolution of rising expectations as people of underdeveloped lands restlessly stir toward a better life. Dangling before the majority of mankind in Africa, Asia, and Latin America is the promise inherent in the prosperity of the more mature societies.

Yet, steadily sabotaging the rising expectations of the people of underdeveloped areas are growing population, lack of capital and technology, and insufficient revenue and training for realistic education.

The revolution of rising expectations catches up in its sweep Negro Americans who say "Now," not "With deliberate speed"; who say "All of us," not "Token compliance"; who say "Equality," not "Evasion." In this best of times, we tally our gains in racial, religious, and ethnic understanding and in social arrangements; we see ourselves advancing toward the American dream. But in this worst of times we run desperately with the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland* who said, "Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running you can do to stay in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

In the United States, this is a time of the affluent society, when science and technology open intriguing vistas for mankind. As problems of production

—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer)



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are solved, living standards rise. The doors of cultural opportunity, heretofore open only to a self-consciously civilized minority, swing open to the common man of our industrial nation.

Yet this is also a time when the affluent society of the U.S. deprives many children and youth of needed social services, especially adequately supported education. It is the heyday of the Great Hypocrisy—lip worship of education, mouthing of concern, and pretensions of zeal for excellence, accompanied by too many local school budget defeats and by national atrophy on broad federal aid to public education.

It is a time when what technological development gives with one hand is withheld by the other. For instance, the blessings of automation could fill the horn with plenty. But automation also threatens many with unemployment. The new technology sharply reduces manual labor and decreases human drudgery. It also brings economic peril to the ignorant, the less intelligent, and the untrained.

With respect to human behavior, it is the best of times and the worst of times. It is an era when Dag Hammarskjold labored for human dignity to the hour of his death; when John F. Kennedy demonstrated the tremendous scope of his great potential before being untimely cut off; when Albert Schweitzer dedicates his versatility to humble service in the dark interior of the Dark Continent; when Albert Einstein demonstrated the subtleties of abstract thought through predicting celestial improbabilities that held up under the probings of physical experimentation. It is a period when people whose names will never be celebrated serve humanity—unsung members of the Peace Corps, teachers at obscure international outposts and still less recognized classrooms off Main Street, U.S.A., scholars stubbornly searching for truth, citizens defending free inquiry in cases that never become *causes célèbres*.

Yet it is also an era of faces livid with hate as howling men and women spit at bewildered children on their way to desegregated schools. In the Northern suburbs it is a time of blind blandness of respectable ladies and gentlemen of prejudice. It is a time of alienation and anomy in which youth empathizes with Holden Caulfield of J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* and the lost children on the island of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. It is a time of the beat generation, the futilitarianism of the theatre of the absurd, and of T. S. Eliot's prophecy in *The Hollow Men*,

> This is the way the world ends
> Not with a bang, but a whimper.

Amid such ambiguous social realities, the genuine educational frontiers become imperative, yet they are too largely unnoticed and unexplored. They relate to the development of human beings in today's social setting. They involve the education of individuals in interaction with social forces in the best of times and the worst of times. Here are eight urgent educational frontiers:

1. *Helping children and youth to come to grips with the international problems of their times.*

While the clock ticks on toward midnight, our program of education for international understanding is presently inadequate. Yet stress on international education in the program of the schools has not been urged by leading public spokesmen for changes in the schools.

One of several fields of the curriculum that potentially has a major contribution to make to dealing with international problems is social studies. But the broad field of social studies is forgotten at a time when, thanks to the National Defense Education Act, science, mathematics, and foreign languages are riding high. Congress, which has refused to authorize comprehensive federal aid to public education, has assumed the role of national curriculum decision-maker by allocating funds for favored fields.

2. *Developing democratic human relationships among young people of varied races, religions, nationality backgrounds, and social classes.*

Daily events testify to the American dilemma of a nation caught between an official democratic ideology and the frequent practice of discrimination, prejudice, and segregation by its citizenry.

Racial conflicts sharpen as old and outmoded doctrines of racial superiority are adhered to, despite evidence, and as resolves are made that desegregation in jobs, housing, and schools will not take place in "my time," or that people will be kept in "their place." Stubbornness is met by counter measures.

Meanwhile, religious controversies smoulder under the surface. Sometimes they break into sharp political fires as in the struggle over federal aid to education, or the bloc voting both for and against John F. Kennedy in 1960.

In the expanding suburbs, the composition of the population is often Caucasian in race, Northern European in origin, Catholic and Protestant in religion, and self-consciously upper middle class in orientation. In such a context, how can we teach the diversity of backgrounds that made the American character?

The need for realistic education that develops democratic human relations among all Americans is imperative. Yet after a promising start following World

—*Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"The key phrase is education for . . .

—*Max Thorpe (Monkmeyer).*

. . . each and every boy and girl."

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War II, intercultural and intergroup education is in the doldrums today as the public and profession hesitate faintheartedly before this stormy and emotion-ridden social problem. Tensions build while genteel silence on man's relationships to man prevails too largely in our schools.

3. *Teaching young people to participate as intelligent citizens in the great human issues of our times.*

It is a platitude that a nation depends on its citizens not merely to be informed men and women but to act intelligently and vigorously on social issues.

But one of the frontiers in education that our feet have scarcely trod is youth participation in community action. Our faith in education today, reinforced by the rejection of youth as employables by labor, industry, and even law, keeps youth in school longer than ever. Yet extended schooling often involves extended civic impotence. Young people *read* of civics in books; they rarely participate in reasoned, orderly, effective civic action beyond the school walls.

4. *Educating young people for a society in which the unskilled and the undereducated are obsolete.*

There are uncounted millions of young people for whom the current academic programs of schools make no sense. The content they are taught has no connection that they can perceive to the lives they actually lead. We may rail against or dispassionately analyze their social class backgrounds and the vicious spiral of cultural deprivation that perpetuates their kind. Yet such young people continue to come to our schools only to be rebuffed by the total situation. The academician's prescription of continuance of the same academic diet, slightly watered down, poisons their schooling and, soon or late, kills their attendance. So they drop out and join the unskilled and undereducated in the unending and often fruitless struggle to evade obsolescence.

Nor is vocational education an easy answer. Vocational education is overdue for a thorough reappraisal. Equipment is often antiquated; too many print shops, for instance, are closer to Gutenberg than to the process that produced the page you now read. When equipment is kept up to date, it is often frighteningly expensive. Most difficult of all, the vocational scene changes swiftly; the level of technical knowledge required for many jobs climbs steadily; the human being finds that automation has made him expendable even though he has learned his routines well in vocational courses.

5. *Developing young people who are unique individuals, characterized by individual differences and a variety of needs and interests.*

Here is a factor that goes to the heart of the democratic dream. Certainly a salient value of the democratic way of life is respect for the worth and dignity of the individual. Or is this value, too, rendered only lip worship? In too many schools, students are treated as though they were identical members of a vast anonymous mass.

True, the responsibility is partially that of teachers who have failed to see pupils as individuals. But in recent years the greater responsibility for not educating young people as unique individuals lies with American society as a whole and, most specifically, with its intellectual bellwethers. Our vision has gone askew. As John Hersey has pointed out, we have not seen education as directed to the development of each individual, as involving respect for the uniqueness of each personality. In effect, American society asked for the conformist personalities that developed. Then we deplored our own products in such books as David Reisman's *The Lonely Crowd* and William Whyte's *The Organization Man.* Meanwhile, we derided the progressive movement in education that was dedicated early to the importance of the individual personality.

In American society we appropriate insufficient funds for the full development of individuals through schools. To cap the climax, we show very little understanding that our vision is distorted. Instead, we expand the depersonalization of education through abuse of educational technology.

6. *Helping each and every boy and girl develop into the best he or she is capable of becoming.*

Here the key phrase is "each and every boy and girl." In it lies the frontier.

In American education one or another group is often singled out for emphasis. Today concern for the gifted and talented still rides high; yesterday the handicapped were our special concern. The day before yesterday the drop-out was the forgotten child, and now he is mounting a comeback. Perhaps tomorrow's forgotten child will be the average child.

In a democracy, education has a comprehensive mandate that should always be taken seriously. John Gardner says it well in *Excellence,* "Our kind of society demands the maximum development of individual potentialities at every level of ability; and we would be very foolish indeed if we were to let our renewed interest in the gifted youngsters lead to neglect of everyone else." Those who would foster the education of one group of human beings while forgetting other groups do a disservice to the mandate of helping each to achieve his best.

7. *Encouraging young people to cultivate reflective thought, to use maximally the method of intelligence.*

The keystone among the democratic values, it is commonly conceded, is the use of reflective thought, the exercise of man's intelligence. If this is self-evident, where then is the frontier?

It lies partly in confusions as to how reflective thinking is best cultivated. Some confuse thinking with a squirrel's nest of miscellaneous information stored up like acorns against a hard winter by persons possessed of a yet inexplicable capacity, long memory. Thus, some mistake rote recitation for reflective thought.

The most difficult aspect of this frontier is a perennial problem. Are we willing to allow our children and youth to inquire freely and let the chips fall where they may?

For example, a new demand is made today throughout the land: teach children and youth about Communism. Agreed—they need to understand it. But are we really willing that they think hard about it, even to including Communist sources among many references studied, even to learning the case for the Communists as set forth by the Communists as well as vigorous and scholarly demolitions of the Communist case? Instead, do we propose to propagandize for anti-Communism? If so, how are we behaving differently from the Communists?

So the frontier is only partly methodological. It also involves whether Americans will accept the risks along with the reward of free inquiry.

8. *Answering the fundamental question as to human knowledge, "Knowledge for what?"*

We live in a time of an explosion of knowledge. The specialists inform us of the frightening speed with which knowledge multiplies and the equally frightening speed with which past knowledge dates and becomes invalid. To be a Da Vinci becomes ever more unattainable.

With the explosion of knowledge, the question once raised by sociologist Robert S. Lynd for his fellow scholars, becomes even more central for elementary and secondary education. "Knowledge for what?" In effect, Lynd was raising the question of the foundations upon which a curriculum should be based. How should we select content? What purposes do we have in mind in choosing knowledge to be acquired?

The genuine educational frontiers relate to what Americans want their schools to do for children and youth in the midst of ambiguous social realities.

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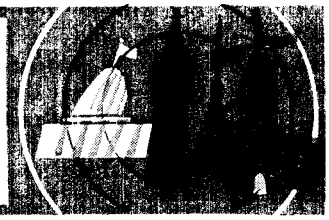
While School Keeps



Public school teachers traditionally have been barred from active participation in politics or from expressing strong opinions on political issues—at least in public. Those who have flouted the "unwritten law" have sometimes paid with their jobs. With another election year upon us, therefore, the Research Division of the National Education Association polled a nationwide cross-section of public school teachers about whether they think teachers in their own communities "feel free to take sides publicly (outside the classroom) on political issues?" Forty per cent replied that teachers are "as free as any other citizen." Almost another 40 per cent replied that teachers could state opinions on political issues, "but there is some feeling of restraint." Thus four out of five teachers feel free to step into the arena of political discussion and action. But 20 per cent of the nation's public school teachers still do not feel that they can exercise this most basic right of citizens and free men.

Libraries and librarians will be on display this summer at the World's Fair in New York. There, professional librarians from all over the country will staff a computer-equipped reference library for fair-goers. Facilities will include a ready reference service for visitors via some 2,000 standard reference books, supplemented by an electronic information retrieval system; a collection of 2,500 children's books; a theater for storytelling and audio-visual presentations to introduce young folks to the world of books; and a browsing area where adults can relax and examine a duplicate of the President's Library to be established in the White House and in the Blair House in Washington. Sponsored by the American Library Association, the automated library will be one of the features of the U.S. Government Exhibit.

College teachers are becoming hard to find and even harder to hang on to—especially in the sciences. Young scientists, by the time they have completed their Ph.D.s, are research-oriented and find it natural to step into the laboratories of industry or be recruited by research professors at large universities with the help of attractive grants. Small liberal arts colleges, therefore, find slim pickings when they go looking for first-rate young science professors.

In an effort to attract more young scientists to college teaching, the Great Lakes Colleges Association (GLCA), a cooperative association of twelve small liberal arts colleges in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, has launched a three-year experimental program to provide post-doctoral teaching fellowships annually for a dozen young Ph.D.s in chemistry and biology. The hope is that once they have been introduced to the rewards of college teaching, they will elect to remain.

The teaching interns will receive salaries competitive with post-doctoral research fellowships, teach half time, observe the teaching of others, and participate in all aspects of the academic process. Senior faculty members, chosen for their teaching skill, will supervise the interns, and conduct seminars to illuminate the psychology of learning, and the liberal arts college tradition.

Dr. Richard Yalman, chairman of the department of chemistry at Antioch College and originator of the plan, and Dr. George Burns, chairman of the department of botany and bacteriology at Ohio Wesleyan University, are serving as coordinators in chemistry and biological sciences, respectively. The program is being financed by a grant from the Kettering Foundation and contributions from GLCA's twelve member colleges.

"Good Reading," the well-known paperback guide to 2,000 "good" books in all fields of knowledge, has just appeared in its 19th edition. Prepared by the Committee on College Reading, and edited by J. Sherwood Weber, *Good Reading* (New American Library, 75 cents) offers annotated reading lists selected by specialists in each of twenty-eight subjects. For high school and college students it can serve to open many doors to knowledge in unfamiliar fields. For more sophisticated readers who like to play guessing games, a comparison of the eighteenth and ninteenth editions will raise tantalizing questions about why particular authors and books were dropped and others added.

Elementary school teachers who are "scholars in their areas of special interest" is the objective of a new Master of Science in Teaching program announced last month by the University of Chicago. Students in the program, who must hold bachelor's degrees, will have their choice of specializing in language arts, French, the social sciences, the natural sciences, and probably mathematics. Specialized graduate preparation will also be offered for teachers of the highly gifted and the underprivileged.

Francis S. Chase, dean of the Graduate School of Education, in commenting on the new program, said: "We have underestimated the abilities of children and learners of all ages to grapple with powerful and exciting ideas. We need teachers who can convert the child's natural curiosity into orderly and sustained inquiry. This can be done only by teachers who have a firm understanding of the way in which knowledge in their particular fields is built up, tested, and modified in the light of continuing research. Knowledge of the academic discipline must be matched by an understanding of how people think and learn."

The program of study for students, which will require a full year of continuous residence at the university, will consist of four major components: 1) introduction to teaching through study of the teacher-learning process, curriculum theory, and the implications for education of psychology, sociology, history, and philosophy; 2) advanced study in the student's area of specialization; 3) observation of the teacher-learning process and practice teaching in the University Laboratory Schools under the supervision of master teachers; and 4) a master's paper based upon original research and experimentation. A substantial number of fellowships are being made available by the university to students in the program.

Retarded childen can learn to read far faster and more effectively by using teaching machines than by attending regular reading classes, according to a U.S. Office of Education report of a two-year study at the University of South Florida. Sixty-six children in Florida public schools, or in institutions for the mentally retarded, learned from two to six times as many words in eight weeks using teaching machines as they did in four years under standard classroom procedures. They far surpassed thirty-three children of the same mental ages—five to nine—who continued study in regular classes, and did nearly as well as students who were given individual instruction by teachers for the same length of time. Finally, the report says, the machine-taught children improved their spelling more than students in regular classrooms, and they remembered a large majority of the new words sixty days later—a record that is close to that of normal children.

Mt. Holyoke College is offering some hard-headed advice to wives and moth-

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ers who yearn for the "glamour" of a job. In a new pamphlet prepared by the Alumnae Office and entitled "Do You Think You Want a Job?" a healthy note of realism is injected into discussion of a subject that is often more notable for the emotion it generates. In a series of seven questions, with down-to-earth discussion of the implications of each, the issues are posed for any wife or mother who is contemplating a leap from home to office or laboratory. Some samples:

► Why Do You Want A Job?
For immediate economic reasons . . . ?
Are you bored, or lonely . . . ?
Do you wish to make further use of your skills or talents . . . ?

► Can You Afford It?
In money . . .
Intangible costs to your family . . .
Intangible costs to you . . .

Far from trying to dissuade women with families from entering the job market, "Do You Think You Want a Job?" is designed to help them make informed and realistic decisions. For the woman who, after asking herself the initial questions and analyzing their implications, decides that she truly wants to seek a job, the pamphlet offers concrete advice on how to go about it most efficiently. Copies are available from the Alumnae Office, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, at 35 cents each.

"The 1963 Dropout Campaign" is the name of a new report on the effort mounted during the summer of 1963 to influence youngsters who were likely to leave school to return to the classroom in the fall. Initiated by President Kennedy and financed largely by $250,000 made available from his emergency fund, the campaign mounted a major publicity program and mobilized 1,375 counselors and other professional workers in sixty-three communities. During the summer 59,301 young people identified as dropouts or potential dropouts were contacted. More than half of them —30,361—returned to school in the fall, and 28,078 were still enrolled on November 1. The new report tells how the campaign was organized, what can be learned from the experience, and what participating school systems recommend for future action. Copies of the report are available from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., 20402, for 20 cents.

Earning while they're learning is a necessity for many college students. The poor but highly motivated youngster who worked his way through college has long been a staple in our national mythology. But with the rising costs of higher education today, a large and growing proportion of students pay part of their own way—even at the more select schools that tend to attract students from well-to-do families. The trend toward part-time student jobs is reinforced, too, by the almost mystical value that Americans traditionally have placed on the educational attributes of work. The exact nature of that value has not always been clearly defined, however, and student jobs have usually had little relation to the student's interests or his career objectives.

The Co-operative Plan of Education represents a concerted attempt to relate students' jobs more directly to their academic interests and classroom studies. Initiated in 1906 at the University of Cincinnati, the plan offers alternate periods of study and of work that is closely related to the student's major field of interest. Today an estimated 30,000 students are enrolled in work-study programs in sixty colleges and universities. They are found most frequently in the field of engineering, but have also been adopted successfully for students of liberal arts, the sciences, business administration, and education.

Northeastern University in Boston, which operates the largest cooperative education program in the country, pre-

sents a typical pattern. Virtually all full-time day students at the university are assigned to regular paying jobs as a required part of their education program. After the freshman year, which is devoted entirely to academic studies, students alternate ten- and sixteen-week periods of work and study throughout the calendar year. About 1,200 cooperating employers provide the 2,500 jobs needed to employ the 5,000 Northeastern University students enrolled in the program. Since half of the student body, from the sophomore through the senior years, is at work during any given part of the year, and the other half is studying on campus, a full-time job can be kept continuously filled as students exchange work-study places at the end of each term.

From the point of view of the college, cooperative education offers an opportunity for more efficient utilization of plant and resources throughout the year. Since the college has, in effect, two separate student bodies, only one of which is on campus at any given time, the college can admit and graduate more students without expanding facilities. From the point of view of the student, work-study programs usually make it possible to earn at least part of the cost of higher education. In fact, Northeastern University reports that, "Many student 'co-ops' earn all of their college expenses after the first year of study." Students also get valuable experience in their career fields, and experience shows that 50 per cent of the students remain with the company that employed them as co-op trainees. Informed observers have also concluded that students become more mature and their records in graduate school and employment reflect the positive nature of the education they receive.

It is not clear what effect the fractured school year and the constant change of environment have on students. It appears that highly motivated, self-directed youngsters who can tolerate frequent change are most likely to benefit from the program. However, there are indications that students who require more stable human relationships and the reassurance of familiar surroundings may be less successful in the program. There is also some question as to whether work-study programs are the most effective means of paying for a college education —especially for liberal arts students. Antioch College, for instance, has for many years operated a year-round cooperative education program and admonishes its students that the program is designed for educational purposes, not as a means for working one's way through college.

To help other colleges initiate cooperative education programs for their students, a National Commission for Cooperative Education (8 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018) was established last fall. The commission has just issued an informative manual, "Student Employment and Cooperative Education—Its Growth and Stability," by Roy L. Wooldridge, which sets forth the case for work-study programs in effective detail. —James Cass.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read 13, 3, 2, 12, 15, 8, 17, 16, 6, 1, 11, 9, 5, 4, 7, 10, 14.

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BOOK REVIEW

Averages Obscure the Differences

The Academic Man in the Catholic College, *by John D. Donovan (Sheed & Ward. 238 pp. $6), is based on the answers to a questionnaire sent to faculty members of Catholic colleges and universities. The reviewer is assistant to the president at the University of Notre Dame and former president of Hunter College in New York.*

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

CATHOLIC colleges, like their counterparts both private and public, have seen enrollments bulge despite the fact that Ph.D.s are in short supply. Soon there may be standing room only. This has meant that the traditional teaching priest or brother (Dr. Donovan does not include colleges for women in his purview) has been outnumbered by the lay professor. A number of widely discussed problems emerge, among them collaboration on the basis of relative equality.

These are discussed in a book that is in general interesting and probing, done in the manner with which American sociologists are serenely content. Unlike such beguiling sleuths as Martin Mayer, who visit schools, talk to everybody within reach, and draw conclusions that are admittedly personal even when acutely reasoned, the sociologist "structures" a questionnaire designed to elicit from the victims who respond a "profile" whose objectivity is thought "unimpeachable." Perhaps some doubts are in order. For instance, the sampling produces "averages" from which the great divergences between institutions are abstracted. These differences may, however, be just those aspects of the total educational situation that need stressing.

Thus Donovan finds that although being a professor on a Catholic campus has real advantages—short of murder and rank heresy, the recipes for being fired are now few—the chance to become president or dean is non-existent for a layman. But demonstrably on a number of such campuses the emergence of the lay dean is one of the most striking phenomena of recent years. With him there may often come a notable insistence on rigid standards of scholarship and on the "produce or perish" doctrine. If this sort of thing is not turned up by the questionnaire, something is wrong with that.

Even so, the portrait of the Catholic Academic Man drawn in the book is in many ways interesting and impressive. It would mean more if reliable comparisons with his counterpart in non-Catholic higher education could be drawn, which is unfortunately not possible. Anyhow the lay professor is seen as a creature of the relatively recent discovery that being a professor has some earthbound values in terms of our total competitive economy. No longer a wage slave, the professor is acquiring security in terms of regular salary increases and tenure. On the other hand, being generally a person with strong religious commitments (he may well have spent some years in a seminary even if he is not a priest), the environment is spiritually congenial. He senses a chance to serve both the human mind and the Church. Although his addiction to publication would scarcely startle Harvard, it is growing steadily more evident. Here again the "averages" do not reveal the full story. On campuses like St. Louis University or Notre Dame the splendid disease of research is actually virulent.

Teaching has always been difficult to assess, though if an observer stays on a given campus long enough he can learn a good deal. It is probable that the "gifted teachers" of educational romance are as hard to find as ever, but the general level of competence is probably slightly higher than it used to be. What the average smaller institution doubtless lacks badly is the opportunity for the kind of continuing cross-fertilization provided by visiting scholars of distinction or by faculty attendance at universities where genuine research imparts a special kind of luster to teaching. For this it must seek to compensate by stressing intimate concern for the individual student.

Sociologists will likewise be interested in what Donovan reports about the social and ethnical origins of his typical Catholic Academic Man. The documentation reflects the almost startling changes that have taken place during the past half century. Once labeled as the urban group that lived in the wrong part of town, the Catholic population has acquired the patina of prosperity that makes a man a suitable candidate for suburbia.

New Books

Curricular Change in the Foreign Languages. *College Entrance Examination Board (Box 592, Princeton, New Jersey 08540 or Box 1025, Berkeley, California 94701). 76 pp. Paperback, $2.* Examines the evolution of theory and practice in foreign language instruction during the past decade.

The Shape of Education for 1964. *By the editors of "Education USA." National School Public Relations Association (1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036). 64 pp. Paperback, $1.* A handbook on current educational issues.

Teaching the Gifted Child. *By James J. Gallagher. Allyn & Bacon (Boston). 330 pp. $6.95.* A report on the latest methods, written for laymen.

The Initial Teaching Alphabet. *By John Downing. Macmillan. 150 pp. $3.* An explanation of an experimental alphabet used to teach reading in some British and American schools.

Growing up with Books *and* **Growing up with Science Books.** *R. R. Bowker Company. 33 pp. each. Paperback, 10 cents each.* Listing of the best in children's books.

Classrooms in the Military. *By Harold F. Clark and Harold S. Sloan. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 154 pp. $3.95.* A comprehensive picture of the educational programs in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Organizing Educational Research. *By Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Sam C. Sieber. Prentice-Hall. 113 pp. $3.75.* An examination of the problems and barriers confronting this field.

Year-Round Education: Its Problems and Prospects from Kindergarten to College. *By Clarence A. Schoenfeld and Neil Schmitz. Dembar Educational Research Services (P.O. Box 1148, Madison 1, Wisconsin). 111 pp. Paperback, $3.* A history of the all-year school with an examination and assessment of recent experiments.

Opportunities in Teaching Careers. *By Benjamin Fine. Vocational Guidance Manuals (Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation, 800 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017). 160 pp. $1.45.* Career information on all branches of the teaching profession.

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You and Your Child's Reading, A Practical Guide for Parents. *By Charlotte Mergentime. Harcourt, Brace and World.* 212 *pp.* $5. Discusses reading difficulties and teaching techniques. Games, word lists and reading manual included.

What's Up There. *Prepared by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the U.S. Office of Education. U.S. Government Printing Office.* 144 *pp.* $1. A source book in space oriented mathematics for grades five through eight.

Modern Mathematics and Your Child. *By Harry L. Philips and Marguerite Kluttz. U.S. Department of Education. U.S. Government Printing Office.* 28 *pp.* 20 *cents.* A pamphlet for parents on the New Math.

The Automation of School Information Systems. *Edited by Don D. Bushnell. Department of Audiovisual Instruction, National Education Association.* 134 *pp.* $2.50. This first in a series of illustrated monographs compiles experiences and opinions of experts in the uses of electronic data processing equipment in the educational system.

The Undergraduate Curriculum in Higher Education. *By Paul L. Dressel. The Center for Applied Research in Education.* 110 *pp.* $3.50. An analysis of the nature of and assumptions underlying present college curriculums, with suggestions offered for their reform.

Stretching Their Minds. *By Benjamin Fine. Dutton.* 255 *pp.* $4.95. An examination of the education of gifted children, based on the program at Sands Point Country Day School, Long Island, New York.

A Design for Teacher Education. *By Paul Masoner. University of Pittsburgh Press.* 42 *pp.* $1.50. Eleventh in the Horace Mann Lecture Series.

Intergroup Relations. A Resource Handbook for Elementary School Teachers, Grades 4, 5, and 6. *The University of the State of New York, State Education Department (Albany, New York).* 48 *pp. Paperback, no charge.* Offers material and methods for introducing into the classroom information about the contributions and problems of the Negro and other minority groups.

Pushbutton Parents and the Schools. *By Paul P. Mok, Macrae-Smith.* 108 *pp.* $3.95. The author urges a reappraisal of school courses and extracurricular involvements, as well as willingness on the part of parents to devote more time personally to their children.

Binzen

Continued from page 62

he was an outstanding person, a messenger, leading people to the right way.

Q: In the Islamic religion, do you believe in any prophets after Mohammed?

A: No, Mohammed was the last. We believe that Moses, Abraham, Christ, all were holy prophets. But Mohammed was the prophet of Islam.

Q: Is it true that Moslems pray toward Mecca?

A: Yes, we believe we should look to Mecca when we pray five times a day. It is our holy city.

Dr. Shawkat, a short, smiling man with glasses, obviously enjoyed the questioning even though he'd never seen anything like it in Cairo. As for the Ogontz pupils, they clearly reveled in the program of lecturing. This school year the five international visitors spoke to all seventh-grade social studies sections and all but two ninth-grade sections. One of the ninth-grade classes was piqued at being left out. The students circulated a petition which was given to Dr. Gill. It said, in part: "We, the undersigned . . . turn in this letter to protest the fact that we have no foreign visitors speaking to our class. We hope this slight will be rectified."

This kind of response has encouraged Ogontz Plan sponsors to think of expanding the program. Philadelphia's International House has agreed to become the service agency. It will handle coordination and liaison between interested school districts and the twenty-six colleges and universities in the Philadelphia area that now enroll some 3,800 foreign students.

International House will help recruit lecturers and arrange scheduling. The foreign students must meet three basic requirements. They must speak English well enough to be understood by American pupils. They must be reasonably well informed about their country and its culture. And they must be able to devote the necessary time to the lecturing.

Dr. Norman D. Palmer, professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania and chairman of its international relations graduate program, thinks that Penn alone can provide 100 to 150 qualified foreign students each year, or perhaps each term if needed. He and others disagree with the argument, raised by some observers, that foreign students come to this country solely to study and should not be deflected from their work.

Dr. Melby, who has written a manual for the international students and for the participating schools, thinks that foreign students should get away from their formal studies occasionally. He sees the Ogontz Plan as a morale booster for them. "It does something psychologically for the foreign student," he said, "to feel that he is not here just to receive, that he has something to offer that is wanted and useful."

A similar point was made by Marjorie Penny, director of Fellowship House, a Philadelphia human relations organization. She said that many foreign students, though respected, creative people at home, find their world "greatly narrowed" in the U.S. "They often feel useless, hemmed in by lack of funds and few contacts," she said. "Most have no way at all to earn money." She said the Ogontz Plan offers the foreign student "the wonderful experience of taking his place again as a producing person."

The question also has been raised as to whether many schools could afford to adopt the Ogontz Plan. Stenzler and others are convinced that money should be no problem. The cost of the fifteen-week program is just $150–$30 each for five foreign students. They pay their own transportation.

Actually, some observers think the $10-per-half-day wage for the lecturers should be increased. However, it is about equal to the $21 that substitute teachers receive in Cheltenham Township for a full day's work. And the intent was to treat the international lecturers exactly the same as regular teachers.

Stenzler now heads a committee that International House has set up to expand the Ogontz Plan. Support has been pledged by Drexel Institute of Technology, Temple University and the Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science, as well as Penn.

U.S. Education Commissioner Francis Keppel has expressed interest. To Keppel the Ogontz Plan seems "practical, workable and capable of being adopted in most United States communities."

Carl Stenzler has talked to Keppel as well as to local and state education officials. He'll talk to anybody who'll listen. He won't rest until the Ogontz Plan, or variations thereof, has been tried by schools from coast to coast.

He believes that such mutual international education will help form the civilization of men and nations to which Dr. Albert Schweitzer referred when he said: "The esthetic and the historical elements, and the magnificent extension of our material knowledge and power, do not themselves form the essence of civilization, but that this depends on the *mental disposition* of the individuals and nations who exist in the world."

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Woodring

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teresting to speculate how history might have been changed if Johnson had gone to Harvard and Kennedy to Southwest Texas State. Perhaps neither would have reached the White House—perhaps each needed the special kind of opportunity and challenge afforded by the college that he chose.

The actual cost of instruction is no less in a state college than in a private one, but in the state college the major part of it is paid by the taxpayers. A generation ago, when the tuition rate in a typical private college was about $600 a year, state colleges charged little or no tuition to the students. Today, when tuition alone reaches $1,000 to $1,500 in private colleges, state colleges rarely charge more than $200 to $300 to residents of the state and only a little more to out-of-state students.

BUT living costs, which make up a large part of college expenses, are going up everywhere and are about the same in a residential state college as in a private one. A few state colleges, most notably those in California, are located in large cities and cater to commuters. But the great majority of those in other states are located in smaller towns and, because students come from a greater distance, most of them live in dormitories. The cost of board and room, plus books, fees, clothing, travel, and incidentals, rarely falls much below $1,200 a year in a state college today. This is about $1,000 less than the cost in a private college of comparable quality, but is still a great deal for the student who must earn his own way. Consequently the state residential college of the future will no longer be the "poor man's college." This distinction is falling to the community college, which students can attend while living at home.

Students entering state colleges today have much in common with those who enter middle-grade private colleges. They have survived the same teenage culture, and their view of life has been moulded by the same motion pictures and television programs. Many have attended the same high schools where they were athletes, valedictorians, student body presidents, cheerleaders, drum majorettes, and editors of school newspapers.

But unlike students in Ivy League colleges, where 30 to 50 per cent of the freshmen come from independent preparatory schools, nearly all state college students are graduates of public high schools. And unlike those in colleges with high entrance requirements, state college students represent a wide range of academic talent; some are bright and some are brilliant, but some belong in other categories.

Just how much of a handicap this diversity is to the bright and well-motivated student is anybody's guess—there is no conclusive evidence. Some educators agree with Admiral Rickover that a bright student is not likely to come up to his potential level of achievement unless he is cut off from association with less able students and forced to compete with others as bright as he is. But many are just as firmly convinced that a bright student is more likely to develop his talents for leadership if he can associate with members of a more heterogeneous group.

The records of graduates seem to indicate that a bright and highly motivated student can get an excellent education in any college or, if necessary, without going to college. Even the poorest college, public or private, provides an environment in which learning is possible and offers a four-year period in which a student is free to grapple with ideas and to exchange points of view with other students. It offers books; even the smallest college library has many more books than any student has time to read. Even an obscure college has a few professors who make a lasting impression on their students.

Faculties of state colleges are made up of a more complex mixture of personalities and points of view than is found in private colleges—a mixture that results from the rapid changes these colleges have undergone. In many of them, the transition from normal school to teachers' college to comprehensive state college has taken place within the past twenty to thirty years. The make-up of their faculties reflects their history.

In each state college there still are some professors who joined the faculty when the institution was a normal school or a teachers' college. Normal schools recruited many of their teachers directly from the public schools and rarely required them to hold doctoral degrees. These schools placed great emphasis on good teaching, but they assigned teaching loads much too heavy to allow time for research or scholarly writing. Consequently, some of the senior professors and department heads in each state college lack doctoral degrees, and few of them have distinguished records of scholarly publication.

Younger faculty members, brought in to teach the expanding list of academic courses, come from a different tradition; they are recruited directly from the academic divisions of graduate schools. Most of them are indistinguishable from those who join the faculties of private colleges and universities; they have the same scholarly outlook, the same high standards, the same preference for narrow specialization. Unfortunately, many of them also have the same attitudes toward teacher education, ranging from indifference to contempt.

Such attitudes reflect the fact that the American people, and particularly those within the academic community, have never been able to take teacher education seriously or to believe that a college devoted to it can compare in quality with one that educates dentists, accountants, farmers, housewives, or advertising men. An exploration of the reason for this (in a nation that stresses the value of education) would make a good topic for a doctoral dissertation in social psychology. But a fact it is: colleges that educate teachers have never been able to gain much prestige as institutions of higher learning. It is partly for this reason that the younger faculty members in state colleges have been eager to have their institutions drop "teachers" or "of education" from their names.

These younger instructors and assistant professors are eager to remake their institutions. Because they were indoctrinated in graduate school with the view that every professor should be a productive scholar, they are not prone to accept the leadership of older faculty members who do not hold Ph.D degrees and have never published. But the older professors who have devoted many years to their institutions are not eager to surrender control of the college to the new Young Turks.

THE schism between the younger scholars, dedicated to their own scholarly disciplines, and the older professors, dedicated to teaching, presents a difficult problem for state college administrators. Some have sided with the older professors, with the result that younger faculty members become frustrated and move on to other institutions as soon as possible. Some have moved young scholars into department chairmanships and other responsible positions prematurely—a move that inevitably alienates the older staff members and leads to protests from alumni that the president is jettisoning the traditions of the college. Some have recruited senior professors from other colleges whose scholarship is acceptable to younger faculty members but whose maturity makes them more acceptable to older ones. This is possible only where salaries paid to those in the upper ranks are high. A few of the more fortunate colleges have found professors and administrators who combine the best of the two traditions: men of scholarly outlook and background but who are in

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sympathy with the state college tradition and willing to build upon it.

Though it must raise standards and accept new responsibilities, the state college cannot turn its back on teacher education. In a nation with 50,000,000 children and adolescents of school age, this would be disastrous. At least a third of all college graduates must become teachers, and, because private colleges produce fewer than their share, state institutions must produce more.

But sound teacher education is in no way incompatible with high intellectual standards and a strong liberal arts emphasis. The notion that teacher education is an inferior form of higher education, and that it consists primarily of professional training, can no longer be tolerated in a state college—or in any college. And the notion that educating teachers is less important or less academically respectable than educating members of other professions must be rejected completely by college professors of all departments.

A state college cannot safely emulate other institutions with different traditions and different purposes. It should not become a pale imitation of a great university or an expanded version of a small private college. It needs the imagination and courage required to build a new and different kind of institution.

What of the future? Population pressures and the greater demand for college education, coupled with the fact that private colleges are not in position to accept their share of the larger numbers of students, make it certain that state colleges will continue to grow much more rapidly than private colleges. They will continue to expand their offerings and those that have not already done so will lose their identity as single-purpose teachers' colleges. Both the growth and the program expansions will be most rapid in those states that are least adequately supplied with strong private colleges.

But what of educational quality? Differences in leadership, in quality of faculty, in willingness of governing boards and alumni groups to support higher standards, make it certain that, by 1975 to 1980, the differences among state colleges will be greater even than they are today. Some state colleges will settle for mediocrity; they will be content to accept those students who are rejected by more distinguished institutions and will offer a modest form of higher education for students of limited aspirations. But others, those that have a clear sense of purpose and a vision of what they might become, will transform themselves into distinctive institutions with high standards and traditions of their own. They will attract first-rate students and distinguished faculty members and they will not remain obscure.

Baum

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it. If there is no courage, there is simply no withstanding the pressure.

More frequently, parents try to exert pressure directly, assuming that since they are taxpayers, the state cannot legitimately bar their offspring from attendance. The "public school" idea here, too, serves to reinforce mediocrity. The same influence is felt continually in the college admissions office. Here parental pressure has become intensified with the tremendous increase in students trying to enter college and the relatively high tuition rates of non-public colleges. It has become more difficult than ever to fend off the importunate parent, even with the help of the hurdles provided by College Entrance Examination scores. Of course, not so very long ago no attempt was made to keep the inadequate student out of the state college, and today there are not a few state colleges that still make no attempt to keep him from enrolling. But even where admissions standards are to some extent applied, they are not consistently effective. To avoid embarrassing encounters with irate taxpayer-parents, many of whom are not reluctant to suggest their available "connections" and possible influence through channels reaching to the state capitol itself, the college administrator may consider it expedient to preserve depressed academic standards and to defend his policy to the faculty by various face-saving rationalizations. A particularly baleful influence, this, compounded still further by the students themselves as they become aware of the buffer that may possibly protect them from faculty members who consider some intellectual effort necessary to meet course requirements.

The vocational bias of state colleges is abundantly evident from their characteristic programs of study. In many cases the student is enrolled immediately in a specialized field directly anticipating the work he intends to do when he graduates. In those state colleges that are still primarily engaged in teacher preparation, students at the very outset have their minds directed toward the teacher-certification requirements of the state agency for education. The conception of learning for greater significance as a human being is seldom encountered here. Students are encouraged to look upon their alma mater as a trade school. Their vocationalism is often expressed in resentment at required "general education" courses. Many years of exhortation by thoughtful educators have not yet produced in most state colleges an adequate understanding of the true meaning and importance of general education studies. When a general education program is actually prescribed, the result is typically no more than an unimaginative regrouping of conventional courses taught with the same dull textbook-clutching method. Anything more meaningful in the way of general education would, in any case, be obstructed by the argument that it would cost more money than the legislature would be willing to appropriate; for it would require an approximation of a tutorial program for honors work and a reduced faculty-student ratio. With its "public school" complex and its service-centered values, the typical state college enterprise remains dominated by a narrow social utility that reduces learning to a marketable product merely gilded by a pinchbeck philanthropy.

A COLLEGE struggling under such a syndrome of disadvantages finds its efforts to improve the academic program hobbled at the crucial point of faculty recruitment. And the problem of faculty recruitment promises to become still more acute as state colleges are called upon to handle more and more of each year's mounting population of high school graduates. State legislators, already appalled by the Gargantuan appetite of public colleges for money, will probably continue to resist voting the full appropriations needed. As in the past, they will doubtless continue to drag anchor on salary increases, even as the ratio of faculty to students grows dishearteningly unfavorable to a proper teacher-student relationship, and as teaching loads become unendurable to any conscientious instructor. In short, the unhappy conditions under which state college faculties presently operate may be expected to become scandalously worse.

It is no secret that those college teachers with attractive qualifications have always been reluctant to accept state college appointments. Even if the bait of higher salaries should be provided, it may be ineffective against the prospect of excessive teaching loads, the coddling of students, feeble standards, and anti-intellectualism with its accompanying vocational bias. Too many good professors are sensitive to the fact that in such soil neither mind nor spirit can flourish. Although the printed philosophies of state colleges often promise, and in eloquent generalities, a firm commitment to the highest possible achievement of mind and spirit, yet the daily realities of the campus are sadly uncoordinated with such a commitment. Until state colleges are able to shape their immediate realities to the legitimate aims of higher education, the achievement of excellence will have to be left to others.

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Taylor

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the Greek *polis* or for the agrarian society of Jefferson. With sublime contempt, tart old Isaiah said of the Egyptians: "Their strength is to sit still." Their strength was their condemnation, and it may be ours. The old dispensation is honorable and generous. Most of us have been trained in it. It is the mark of every liberally cultivated intelligence in the Western world. But no one honors it rightly who lets it become, as inheritance became for dumb Egypt, a Book of the Dead.

What, in a word, is the program of an education that answers to the obdurate new demands of our society? Its essential emphasis is conveyed in the idea of a *radial major*.

The fault of programs of general education has everywhere been that in the search for generality all claim to special competence in any field has been sacrificed. That sacrifice is neither necessary nor in the conditions of modern society perfectly responsible. In the education of a human being for the demands of modern life a special competency is indispensable, and neither society nor the individual is served by disparaging the actual conditions of men's labors because every condition is limited.

Authentic generality in education is not gained by an external aggregation of disciplines. It is gained by a functional employment of them in connection with critical pursuits.

The idea of a radial major is derived from two fundamental principles: 1) That any authentic attempt to broaden education must respect the legitimacy of the demand for intensive work in some special field of inquiry: in short, breadth of education must be a function of depth, not a suspension of it; 2) That any informed attempt to intensify education in a special field must inevitably employ resources that are drawn from fields beyond it.

The first principle implies that the major is an indispensable adjunct of the new education. It affords the determinate perspective from which an individual's world is viewed. Programs of general education have denied themselves any such determinate perspective. That is why their generality always appears so ineffectual: they are circles without centers. An omniscient God may be free to view the world from beyond all perspectives. Men who labor in time are obliged to view it from the niches that time affords. The liberalness of an education does not consist in having no niche, but in being aware of the niche one has.

This is the burden of the second principle, that an authentic major will radiate beyond itself. The principle affirms that all knowledge is complementary. That is its virtue, that it forbids us to treat the truth gained from any one perspective as the whole truth: it makes us aware of our niche.

The second principle states, therefore, a necessary condition of any sound education. Programs of general education have committed the error of treating it as a sufficient condition. They have suspended the major and have in suspending it suppressed the critical powers that it alone can cultivate. Socrates knew to say: "Let the argument lead us." The serious thing, if one would in these matters be led, is to have an argument afoot. Every inquiry will radiate, but only an argument will declare, in functional terms, which radii are worth exploring.

Thus, for example, the perspective of the historian is one of the rarest and most precious of all civilized achievements. But unless the historian knows enough of art to see in it the document of a style of mind, or enough of economics to see in it the material condition of any political arrangement, or enough of anthropology to discover the dialect in every culture, he works blindly.

In short, the luminousness of the historian's perspective depends upon the capacity for vision that he brings to it. But in teaching we have substituted, for the cultivation of that capacity, the arid chronicle of "History's bare Was." Ideally, the study of history is a form of critical reflection on the human condition that discovers to us what we are. We have let it become an idle collection of the residues of what others were. The fault lies not in the chronicle that is read. It lies in the discipline of perception that is omitted. The supplement that informs perception is, as every accomplished historian knows, the part of his own education that enables him to be critical. The chronicle supplies his examples; the supplement alone can discipline his sagacity and tact.

Therefore, in a wise ordering, the supplement must be made an integral part of the design of the major itself.

The relation of the supplement to the major is functional and critical, not, as we have permitted it to become, additive or fortuitous. A competent design will build into the major the cognate studies that cause it to radiate significantly, fruitfully, educatively, in a new creation.

Educationally, what is true of history is true of every other major without exception. Each of them is a legitimate and honorably confirmed path in the pursuit of an education. Each of them is the proper nurture of citizens in a free society. But no one of them—neither science nor philosophy nor the arts, neither letters nor religion nor law—is perfectly isolable for the purposes of education. Each has its essential and cognate supplements. In this they are all like history: denied their supplements, they are redundant; given their supplements, they are radiant.

The design of education in a land-grant university complies with Louis Sullivan's dictum: "Form follows function." The idea of a radial major is simply a translation of that principle into

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the terms of education. A radial major is after all simply a functional major, and the kind of education in which it appears is properly described as *functionalist.*

But to have admitted the principle of the radial major in the design of education is to have made at best only a limited advance. The radial major is the statement of a problem, not the solution of one. For the design of education is at last, like the design of architecture, a merely statutory act. It assumes that the function of education has been independently determined. It assumes that the society to which education ministers is itself clear on all questions concerning what it wants done.

Ultimately, in a democratic society, that assumption is necessary. It is in fact the radical affirmation of all democratic society, that in the long run society knows what it wants. And any loyal criticism must in the end be governed by that principle and be ready to accede to it.

But in practice a democratic society depends, as all society depends, on the positive acts of its own free institutions. Its freedom is a critical freedom, and its institutions are the agencies that gather its critical powers in order to define the positive meaning of service to itself.

The society that creates the university in its midst, and sustains the university by its support, is not competent, except in the broadest terms, to define its program. It may, since the university is its creature, place a veto on any of its acts, or suspend its acts entirely. But in this it is prepared to govern the university only negatively. What positively the university shall do, what its positive acts shall be, society in practice leaves undefined because it is not critically prepared to define those acts and has created the university to act for it to that purpose.

In that enlarged conception of service to society the land-grant university is very close to the premises of an education in the ideal spirit of the American tradition. Emerson regarded the scholar as "the delegated intellect," as "Man Thinking." I so regard the university.

The university is the gathering of society's powers of reflection in order to liberate all of its other powers. That is the plenitude of the university's task in a free society. No university in the land performs that task in its plenitude.

Very few institutions in American society can equal the respect which the land-grant universities give to the demand for relevant service. But the land-grant universities work under so limited a conception of service that they have vacated their larger calling. The land-grant university has yet to attain to a mature conception of the full significance of its own ideals. Were it ever to do so, it would be the education of all America.

In what I now say I shall be describing not the thing done, not even the thing begun, but the thing that needs doing if the questions of Covenant are to be restored, and seriously confronted, in our generation. For the brute fact is, that those questions are in process of dying and will be dead in our generation, if we do not provide systematically for their permanence. They are in process of dying not because they do not concern all men, but precisely because we have deserted the tasks of the delegated intellect with respect to them. We treat philosophy in our day, the reflection on our moral substance, as a gratuity. We leave the questions of Covenant, as the eighteenth century left them, to Nature and to Nature's God. That generous old phrasing is lost on our world. It once conveyed the unity of all serious discourse among men. It nowadays names only the range of problems that men are too desperate to face, too positivist to imagine, and too timid to analyze. Even scholarship, alas, knows its corporate estrangements. We need in our day an agency designed to remedy the unphilosophic divorce of the roles of scholarship itself.

ALL authentic scholarship is, I suppose, lonely. Mine has been so, and I would not disparage the courage of solitude in another. But the problems of the scholar are not the problems of the lonely. They are the great problems of man's social condition, and it is one of the painfully discovered facts of modern life that those problems can no longer be dealt with from our divorced perspectives.

Among the natural and social sciences the tasks of research have been so methodically organized and so systematically distributed that one may today speak, with some hope of being understood, of the community of the scientific enterprise. Among the humanities that community of effort is singularly and fatefully wanting in our world. Nor can it be had by waiting upon it as the beneficent increase of the invisible hand. It can be had, if it is to be had at all, only because it has been sought, and sought systematically, by the deliberation and design of those who search it out.

We are a sleeping Egypt. The power of science that sustains us cannot sustain itself, for the immunities that permit its free development depend on social conditions and political tolerances, in short, on human covenants, which not it but only we can renew.

Two centuries ago Adam Smith could take as his subject the wealth of nations. A topic so limited is forbidden to the twentieth century. This century has dis-

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covered in war, revolution, and ruin that the proper subject of a critical reflection is not wealth. It can be nothing less than commonwealth. The search for the conditions of human commonwealth is the presiding problem of all contemporary political and social reflection, everywhere and in all nations.

The problem is not to describe what we have but to be clear as to what, if challenged, we *would* have. It is a problem not of fact but of covenant. Suppose, therefore, an assembly of scholars charged with the framing of that covenant. Suppose an assembly of scholars, each by universal consent distinguished for his work in a primary field of humanistic inquiry; each distinguished, besides, by reason of the large sweep and consequence of his views beyond the limits of the special field to which his contribution has been made. In the last generation Arnold Toynbee, Alfred North Whitehead, Paul Tillich, Werner Jaeger, Douglas Bush, André Malraux illustrate the kind of concert that is intended.

Such an assembly is what the College of Arts & Letters intends by the title, the *Commonwealth Council of the Humanities.*

What might come if such an assembly of concerned and serious scholars were to attempt to discover among the dialects of the humanities the consequent and essential burden, the *paideia,* that is implicit in them all?

The reworking of inherited covenants out of gathered perspectives is the profoundly necessary act that the estrangements of modern life and the condition of modern scholarship prevent from occurring. A Commonwealth Council is a deliberate attempt to translate the bare neighborhood of scholars into a community of scholarship. It is a direct consequence of the belief, everywhere shared but nowhere acted on, that though the labors of scholarship must be divided, its commission is at last unitary and undivided. Henry Adams was able to see in the wedges of an arch the critical emblem of a culture. A Council is the instrument of a search for the critical emblem of human society.

The provision of some such instrument for exploring the social implications of the humanities is the mandatory act of institutions of higher learning in our generation. For, when all is said, a Commonwealth Council is simply an explicit rendering of the ideal meaning of a university, a gathering of society's powers of reflection in order to liberate all of its other powers. Its object must be:

1. To study the permissive conditions of human society, viewed not as aggregate behavior but as the scene for the emergence of the free individual, capable of realizing the inexhaustible variety of the human type and the moral dignity of the free agent;

2. To restore the function of criticism in a technological civilization;

3. To diffuse in the practice of education in America an awareness of the aims to which a rationally ordered society stands dedicated and of the rights essential to the peace of men who ally themselves under covenant in pursuit of the human commonwealth.

Covenants are the education of men. Therefore, the humanistic faculties of America, if they would educate others, must be content first to educate themselves—to cultivate in themselves a perception not only of the intrinsic values to be found in their studies, but of the institutional guarantees that are essential to the preservation of those values among the actualities of human life.

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(Continued from page 79)

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SPACIOUS 8TH FLOOR furnished studio apartment. Park view, mid-Manhattan. Air-conditioned. June-October or less. $145 month. References. Box G-604.

NEW YORK CARRIAGE HOUSE, furnished 4 rooms, suitable couple, for Fair visitors. $300 month. June-September. Box G-578.

APARTMENT WANTED

BUSINESSWOMAN wants to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Reasonable. Box F-671.

STUDIO

For Summer Rental

SKYLIGHT STUDIO. East Greenwich Village, NYC. June 1st-September 15th. Enormous working space, complete living quarters. $200 month. GRamercy 7-8616, 11-7 p.m. Box G-566.

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BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen acres bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for summer, winter or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

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CUERNAVACA, situated in world's finest semitropical climate. Group of 10 attractive houses, 8 completely furnished, everything in fine condition, each place completely private. Total of 17 bedrooms and baths. 5 servants' rooms. Two acres of beautiful gardens, additional land available. Large solar heated pool, cabana. Substantial steady income. American owners and clientele. $130,000. Terms. Robert Chapman, P.O. Box 200, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

CENTRAL VERMONT. Old stagecoach inn. 10 bedrooms, new barn, ideal opportunity for riding stables, ski tow. Swimming pond. 390 acres land, splendid view. Good business opportunity. Price $55,000. Louis Poulin, Washington, Vermont.

CAMPS

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PIONEER CAMP, Hiawatha Forest, Upper Peninsula. Challenge for older boys and girls 10-16 • Small groups develop program • Canoe trips • Work projects • Exploring • Sailing • Campcraft • Individual needs recognized. Carl Hartman, Manistique, Michigan.

CAMP ELLIOTT. Democratic Community Living. Work, Study, Recreation. Coed, 14-16. $175 per 3-week session. Brochure and application from Ethical Culture Society of Bergen County, 687 Larch Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey. 201-TE 6-5187.

WATER SKIING AND ATHLETICS. Individual development stressed. Camp Skymount, Green Lane, Pennsylvania. Coed, 6-16. 25th season. Trips, riding. Pools, lake. Fee $610. 85 miles NYC. Catalogue: Nate S. Goldberg, 460 Harrison Avenue, Glenside, Pennsylvania. Phone: Philadelphia, WAverly 7-4180; NYC, UNiversity 1-7305.

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CAMPS

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

THE ASHCROFTERS, Mountain Camp for Boys. Rugged program of Mountaineering, Wilderness Survival, White Water Trips and extensive Pack Tripping. Ages 13-17 in 4 and 5 week terms. Dave and Sherry Farny, Box 4, Aspen, Colorado.

HILLINGDON MUSIC WORKSHOP—on beautiful English-style estate. Professional instruction; modern, medieval instruments; informal. Teenager-adult. New Marlborough, Massachusetts.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

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MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Boys 9-16, two groups. Flagship trips, forty-two land, water activities. Olympic size outdoor pool. Gyms. Approved summer school available. Catalogue. Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

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CAMP ZAKELO, Harrison, Maine (Boys 7-15. Established 1928), requires schoolteachers for Camping Skills; Land and Water Sports; Crew; Sailing; Water Skiing; Golf; Tennis; Astronomy; Electronics; Journalism; Band; *Languages; Reading Dynamics; Tutoring; post-season* World's Fair. Director Zak Zarakov (Exeter '24, Harvard '27), 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts, LOngwood 6-6200 or 12 East 86th Street, New York City, BUtterfield 8-4000.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp in the anarchist tradition. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

CAMP ANNISQUAM FOR BOYS. In historic Gloucester, Massachusetts. Unique saltwater sailing camp. Excitement, adventure, open-sea fishing, swimming, boating, all land sports, exploring trips. Mature leadership. Superior accommodations. Abram Resnick, 161 Waban Hill Road, North, Newton, Massachusetts.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, forestry, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. 3 nurses. 39th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2383, Fayetteville, N.Y.

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VACATIONS

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

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ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

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(Continued on page 82)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 81)

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"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats on two lakes, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts. Saddle horses extra. Write for color folder. Quimby's Club or Inn, Averill 4, Vermont.

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WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Poltroon; modern connotation is of a certain man gifted by all the Muses in his cradle.	21 185 36 181 73 100
B. Enthusiasms.	96 196 106 79 113 23
C. Provincialism in speech.	81 30 194 132 174 22 42 9 56 163
D. What Launcelot Gobbo told his father he ought to know as his (*Merchant of Venice;* 2 wds.).	200 53 28 6 39 58 148 189
E. Shadowy; unsubstantial.	126 24 178 145 165 138 111 202 71
F. See WORD W (2 wds.).	15 2 27 180 139 123 77 65
G. Part of the clutch that can never be hatched (2 wds.).	74 43 116 176 175 183 144 186 103
H. Reindeer whose name lives only in the legends that he could change color like a chameleon.	118 173 66 13 76 153
I. Savage, dreary, wild — most scary (of "wastes").	193 137 3 149 197 99 91
J. Artificial replacement, often inferior (German, from shortages during World War I).	152 104 26 62 128 88
K. Absent-minded; inattentive.	125 31 135 131 78 82 160 19
L. Loss of ability to recognize familiar objects.	115 192 48 158 127 87 195
M. Capricious idea.	97 41 109 89 179 124
N. Early 12th-cent. Italian ecclesiastic, founder of science of canon law.	60 17 55 201 150 108 32

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Great astronomer of the Alexandria library whom E. M. Forster believes to have used a sort of telescope.	203 102 177 162 187 45 83 129 140 69 167 112
P. The color army brown.	84 59 157 68 133 154 169
Q. Where Lady Macbeth saw the stain of blood, so distressing as revealing her guilt (3 wds.).	51 170 38 1 92 54 146 182 35
R. Useless.	98 86 63 120 119 72 18 10 156 164 172 44
S. Slender; lithe; lissome.	171 151 94 8 136 47
T. Prone.	93 11 190 29 70 25 46 5 122 57 161 155 143
U. Stir or provoke to action.	37 95 159 50 199 101
V. Dewy.	61 85 12 141 147
W. Followed by WORD F, biographical program of many TV years (2 wds.).	33 7 134 49 20 184
X. Employed as, or to promote some special activity (2 wds.; common sequence, not specifically listed in WNI).	107 198 114 168 142 188 14
Y. A "grise" one served a "rouge" one during the French Revolution.	110 80 75 52 121 90 67 34
Z. Shadow-boxing.	166 16 191 130 4 105 40 64 117

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

							1 Q	2 F	3 I		4 Z	5 T	6 D	7 W		8 S	9 C	10 R
11 T	12 V	13 H	14 X	15 F		16 Z	17 N	18 R	19 K	20 W	21 A	22 C	23 B	24 E		25 T	26 J
	27 F	28 D	29 T	30 C	31 K	32 N	33 W	34 Y	35 Q		36 A	37 U	38 Q	39 D		40 Z	41 M
42 C	43 G	44 R	45 O	46 T	47 S	48 L	49 W	50 U	51 Q	52 Y		53 D	54 Q	55 N	56 C		57 T
58 D	59 P	60 N	61 V	62 J	63 R	64 Z	65 F	66 H		67 Y	68 P	69 O		70 T	71 E	72 R	73 A
74 G	75 Y	76 H		77 F	78 K	79 B	80 Y		81 C	82 K	83 O	84 P	85 V	86 R	87 L	88 J	89 M
90 Y	91 I		92 Q	93 T	94 S	95 U		96 B	97 M		98 R	99 I	100 A	101 U	102 O	103 G	104 J
105 Z	106 B	107 X	108 N	109 M	110 Y		111 E	112 O		113 B	114 X	115 L	116 G	117 Z		118 H	119 R
	120 R	121 Y	122 T	123 F	124 M	125 K		126 E	127 L		128 J	129 O	130 Z	131 K		132 C	133 P
134 W	135 K	136 S	137 I	138 E	139 F	140 O		141 V	142 X	143 T	144 G	145 E		146 Q	147 V	148 D	
149 I	150 N	151 S	152 J	153 H		154 P	155 T		156 R		157 P	158 L	159 U	160 K	161 T	162 O	163 C
	164 R	165 E	166 Z	167 O	168 X		169 P	170 Q		171 S	172 R	173 H	174 C	175 G		176 G	177 O
178 E	179 M	180 F		181 A	182 Q	183 G		184 W	185 A		186 G	187 O	188 X	189 D	190 T	191 Z	192 L
193 I	194 C		195 L	196 B	197 I	198 X	199 U	200 D	201 N	202 E	203 O						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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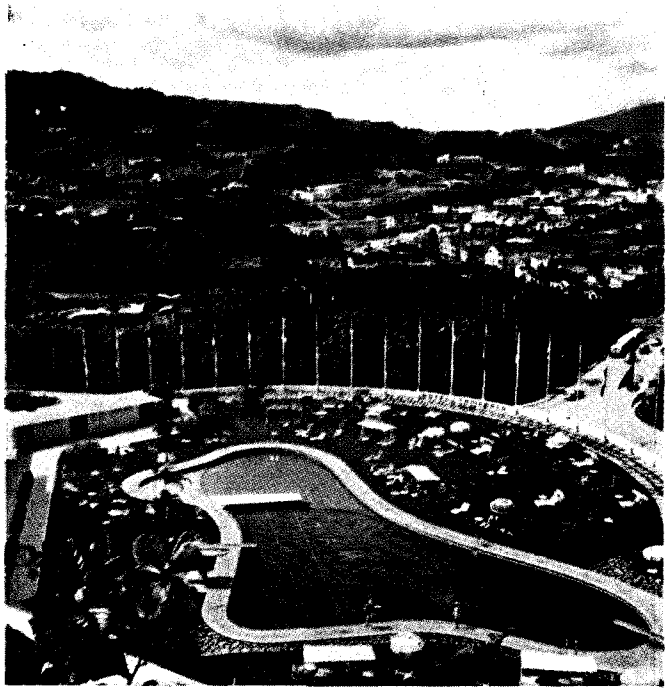
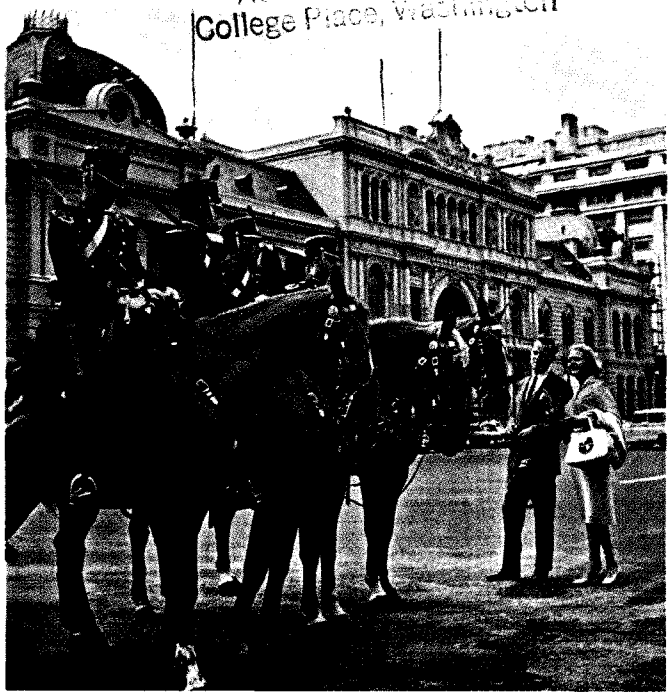
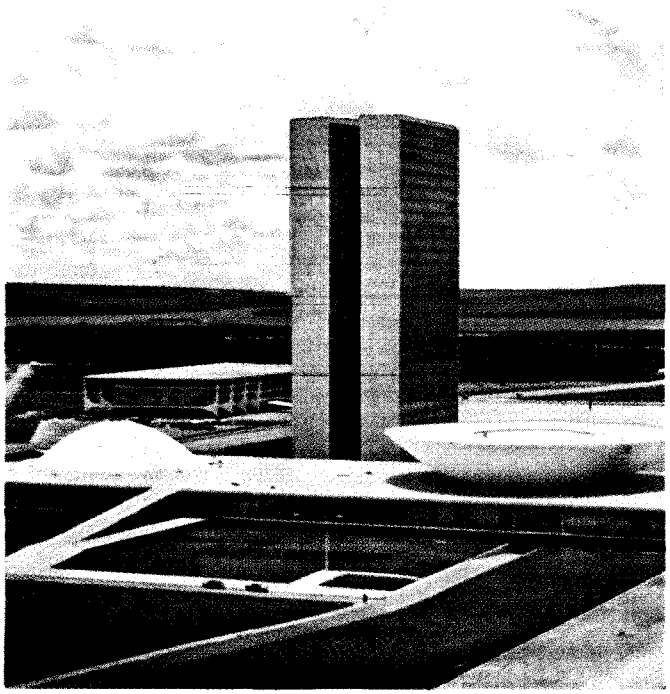


Places to stay: in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanaco.



Things to see: Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.

Things to do: go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



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